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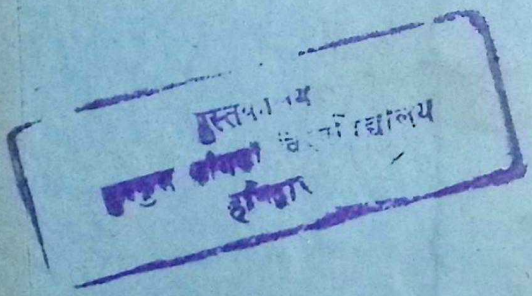


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# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY

VOL. IX NO. 12

JANUARY 6, 1963

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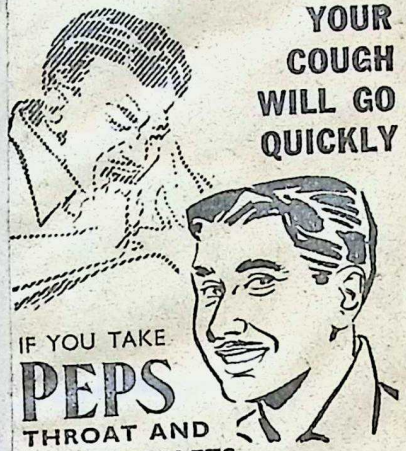

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*FORTNIGHTLY*

Vol. IX No. 1

JANUARY 6, 1963

*Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture*


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FRONT COVER :

**Kulapati K. M. MUNSHI who completed 75 years on Dec. 30, 1962.**

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

## GOD OF VICTORY

अस्माकम् इन्द्रः समृतेषु ध्वजे—
ष्वस्माकं या इषवस् ता जयन्तु।
अस्माकं वीरा उत्तरे भव—
त्वस्मां उ देवा अवता हवेषु॥

Ours be Indra when our flags are gathered;
May our arrows be victorious;

May our heroes prevail in battle;
Ye Gods! protect us in the onset.

—*Rigveda* X, 103-11

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 274

# WHAT MAKES FOR NATIONAL GREATNESS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

January 6, 1963

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

A NEW age dawned for us when the Chinese committed aggression on India in October last. The event moved every Indian worth the name to make a resolve to drive out the invader and, if need be, to suffer any hardship to achieve that purpose.

We must understand the significance of this turning point in our history, particularly in terms of the processes which go to make virile nations.

Factors like compact geographical frontiers, racial or linguistic unity, the existence of a single government, contribute to the making of a nation. But not any of them, nor all of them put together, necessarily makes a nation.

There might be geographical compactness as it was during the British rule in India, and yet no nation. There might be racial unity or unity of language as in the Arab world or in Latin America, and yet there might be different nations. We saw it during the

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days of the British Empire in India, and of the Hapsburg Empire of Austria-Hungary that a single government does not make a nation.

Nation is an organism born of a concept. Two things go to make it up: a rich heritage of common traditions and memories and the *will* to be a nation inspiring collective action.

To put it in other words, the dominant minority of a people must consciously enjoy a common heritage of traditions and be inspired by memories of collective achievements. But more. It must have the capacity to inspire collective action in the people. Then only nationalism becomes effective.

Collective traditions mould uniformity of conduct, intercourse and outlook. It leads to a general way of life; by itself, it does not necessarily lead to nationhood.

From the beginning of the century, many of us claimed that India was a nation. Englishmen denied the fact. And they proved right. Centuries of conflict had left the Hindus and the Muslims with a legacy of mutual distrust. In Mediaeval times, the Hindus treated the Muslims as *mlechhas* and the Muslims treated the Hindus as *kafirs*. Behind these labels, they had differing conventions, associations, standards of conduct, traditions and attitudes of life, with the result that whenever they came face to face with difficulties, this divergence was not slow to express itself.

Similarly, the heritage of victories won in common is an essential factor in effective nationhood. If one section of the people look upon the exploits of Rana Pratap and Shivaji with pride, and another on the memories of Mohamad Ghazni and Aurangzeb with admiration, no such common heritage can come into existence.

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In 1857, during the Great Revolt, both the Hindus and the Muslims in some parts of the country enthusiastically resisted English rule in India. However, the Muslims when they rose in revolt, in most cases, raised the green flag of Muslim domination. And Nana Saheb, when he joined it, proclaimed himself as the defender of Hinduism. The will to common nationhood was lacking.

We often find that even with a common tradition and a memory of common achievements, people fail to develop the *will* to collective action.

When Mohamad Ghazni invaded India, the people of the day had common traditions, a common social structure in *chaturvarnya,* common memories of the heroes of Ramayana and Mahabharata. Still, when Prithviraj Chauhan went to fight the invader, his neighbouring Hindu kings either stood away from him or took advantage of his absence to filch his territory.

A common culture by itself is not enough to make for a nation if the will to collective action is absent. An apt illustration is furnished by the conduct of the Naga Bavas at the Battle of Panipat in 1763.

For some centuries they had defended Hindu shrines in North India at the cost of their lives. But they accompanied the Nawab Wazir of Awadh, in whose pay they were, to help Ahmad Shah Abdally, the Afghan invader. The Bavas helped the Afghans to destroy the Hindu army of the Peshwas.

Only when the dead bodies of the Hindu generals killed in the battle were prepared for obsequial rites, they became culture conscious. They got ready to protect the sanctity of the funeral pyres of the very generals whom they had helped to destroy, lest they might be

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contaminated by the touch of a Muslim. They had no objection to Hindus being killed with their help; they were only concerned with the purity of their dead bodies!

It is the collective will to action in face of a critical situation that is at the root of nationhood. It is entirely a modern group sentiment, perhaps the most powerful in the world today, in spite of a general development of an international outlook.

A nation comes into existence under two circumstances: first, when distinct groups of people combine under the leadership of one of them to commit aggression, as in the Franco-German War of 1870; secondly, when the different groups combine to resist a common foe.

England and France both became nations as a result of the Hundred Years War and by the resistance which they offered to each other. In the case of England, the heritage of memories was enriched by the exploits of Henry V, and in that of France, by those of Joan of Arc.

In the same way, Netherlands became a nation when it resisted the supremacy of the Catholic Spain.

In India, the urge to nationhood came into existence only when the dominant minority educated through English came out of the universities. It was drawn into the current of Western nationalism and many of them were inspired by the national achievements of England, France and Italy.

This English-educated minority was not only united in a common desire to be a nation, but recaptured the inspiration of Sanskrit and revived the memories of our glorious past by reconstructing the achievements of the Mauryas, the Guptas and the Moghuls.

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Dayanand restored to us our cultural self-respect through religion. Bankimchandra invested the country with the living form of the Mother Goddess. *Karma Yoga,* which till then signified only a performance of rituals, was accepted as implying martyrdom for one's country. Tilak gave a patriotic turn to the Hindu rituals.

The chapter of collective resistance began when Tilak was arrested in 1898; when the revolutionaries cheerfully gave up life to resist foreign rule; when Sri Aurobindo taught militant nationalism.

Then came Gandhiji. His non-violent movements led to the growth of national resistance. Self-invited martyrdom on a large scale in the cause of freedom created a new heritage of heroic memory, which was enriched by the exploits of the I.N.A.

But still the common traditions and memories of these movements had not inspired the collective mind of the people as a whole. When we attained freedom, there was no collective urge. In consequence, India was divided. Pakistan became separate.

Some time back, we thought that linguism would split the country as it is, but the Chinese aggression came—a blessing in disguise. In one week, the spirit of resistance which we had never conceived, much less developed, swept over the country. Partisanship comparatively disappeared. Inter-State conflicts were shelved. Linguism lost its venom. There was only one urge to drive out the Chinese. Such a spontaneous expression of the will to resist is a milestone in our progress.

It would be a mistake to remain under the impression that the conflict with China will be short or easy. The donations in money and gold and the demonstrations are not enough. The whole national mind must be dominated by the will to resist. It must be powerful

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enough to revolutionize the whole of our life.

The nation will have to emerge strong and determined. Parochial differences will have to disappear. The ways of living would have to undergo a change and a military-minded people in the modern sense of the term to emerge.

National greatness is not achieved by enjoying life or delivering speeches or making elaborate Five-Year Plans unrelated to the Emergency. It comes of self-imposed discipline which represses hedonism and develops readiness to live and, if necessary, to die in defence of the nation..

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

---

**There comes a time in the history of a nation's progress, when every man may verily be said to have a mission of his own to accomplish.**

**Such a time has now arrived for India.**

**The fiat has gone forth.**

**The celestial mandate has been issued that every Indian must now do his duty, or stand condemned before God and man.**

**There was such a time of stirring activity in the glorious annals of England, when Hampden offered up his life for the deliverance of his own country, when Algernon Sydney laid down his head on the block to rid his country of a hated tyrant, when English Bishops did not hesitate in the discharge of their duty to their Fatherland, to descend from the performance of their ecclesiastical functions and appear before the Bar of a Criminal Court. These are glorious reminiscences in England's immortal history, which Englishmen to this day look back upon with pride and satisfaction.**

**There is now a stern duty to be performed by every Indian.**

**And he who fails in his duty is a traitor before God and man.**

**—Surendranath Banerjea**

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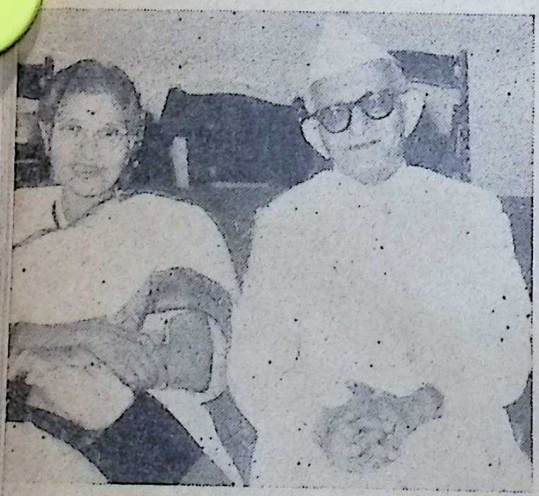
# MANY HAPPY RETURNS

On December the 30th last, our Kulapati Munshiji completed seventy-five years of age. His has been a dedicated life in the cause of renaissance of our ancient culture and an active instrument for the leavening of our moral and spiritual life.

To few has been given the inspiration to plan in a big way; and to fewer still the good fortune to see their successful fruition in one's own life-time. Yet, in pious humility, Munshiji has always been conscious that whatever fashioned itself through his hands has been the work of God and that he has been but God's instrument.



It was a coincidence of auspicious significance that the Bhavan celebrated its Silver Jubilee on the eve of Munshiji's 76th birthday. Munshiji has the satisfaction that the seeds of Indian culture that he planted 25 years ago are spreading in full measure and are developing into a mighty tree of plentiful fruit and foliage in several parts of the country and outside.

The members of the Bhavan's family which includes all workers and friends of the Bhavan and the readers of the Bhavan's publications rejoice in the celebration of Kulapatiji's birthday and devoutly pray to God to preserve him along with his noble partner, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, in health and strength to guide them in all ways of a purposeful life and lead them to greater and richer fulfilment.

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*Vedic Battle Hymn*

# SMITE OUR ENEMIES

अग्निर्नः शत्रून्प्रत्येतु विद्वान्प्रतिदहन्नभिश-
स्तिमरातिम् ।
स सेनां मोहयतु परेषां निर्हस्तांश्च
कृणवज्जातवेदाः ॥
यूयमुग्रा मरुत ईदृशे स्थाभि प्रेत मृणत
सहध्वम् ।
अमीमृणन्वसवो नाथिता इमे अग्निहर्येषां दूतः
प्रत्येतु विद्वान् ॥
अमित्रसेनां मघवन्नस्मां छत्रूयतीमभि ।
युवं तानिन्द्र वृत्रहन्नग्निश्च दहतं प्रति ॥
प्रसूत इन्द्र प्रवता हरिभ्यां प्रते वज्रः
प्रमृणन्नेतु शत्रून्
जहि प्रतीचो अनूचः पराचो विष्वक्सत्यं कृणुहि
चित्तमेषाम् इन्द्र सेनां मोहयामित्राणाम् ।
अग्नेर्वातस्य ध्राज्या तान्विषूचो विनाशय ॥
इन्द्रः सेनां मोहयतु मरुतो ध्वन्त्वोजसा ।
चक्षूंष्यग्निरा दत्तां पुनरेतु पराजिता ॥

Let the wise Agni go against our foemen, burning against ill-will and imprecation.

Let him bewilder our opponents' army. Let Jatavedas smite and make them handless.

Mighty are ye for such a deed, O Maruts. Go forward, overcome them and destroy them.

The Vasus slew, and these were left imploring. Wise Agni as our messenger assail them!

O Maghavan, O Indra, thou who slayest friends, and, Agni, thou,

Burn, both of you, against these men, the foeman's host that threatens us.

Shot down the slope, with thy two tawny coursers, Forth go thy bolt, destroying foes, O Indra!

Slay those who fly, slay those who stand and follow. On every side fulfil these men's intention.

Indra, bewilder thou the foemen's army.

With Agni's, Vata's furious rush drive them away to every side.

Let Indra daze their army. Let the Maruts slay it with their might.

Let Agni take their eyes away, and let the conquered host retreat.

—*Atharva Veda, III*-1.

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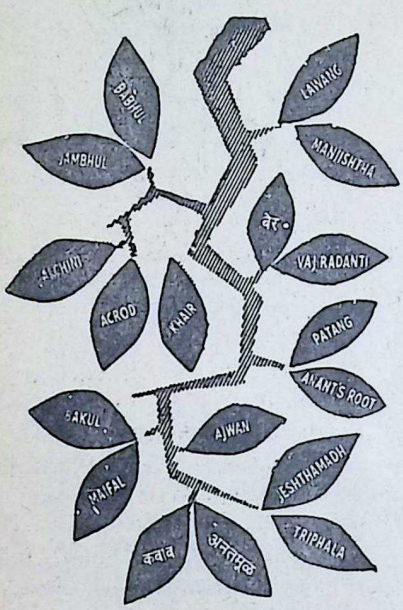


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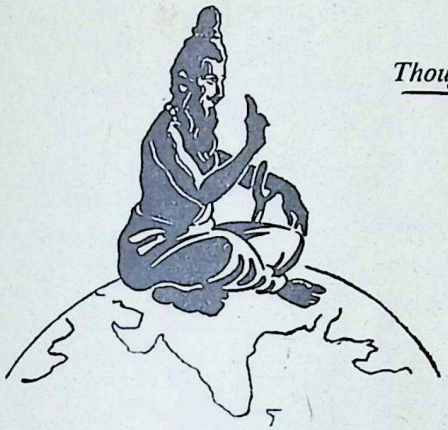
*Thoughts from Tiruvalluvar—13*



# INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

**A RULER** should have ears planted all over the world, as he must know, at first-hand, all that happens at the ends of the world as faithfully and quickly as possible.

Indeed a wide, well-organised and efficient intelligence service is the *sine qua non* of a ruler's survival, even as a respected political text for his day-to-day guidance. These two may be said to constitute his two eyes. The ruler who ignores them both is purblind and he who boasts of one without the other is cock-eyed.

There is no substitute whatever for the success attainable by action undertaken on planning based on the disclosures of his intelligence service.

The allegiance and confidence of the intelligence service are to the ruler alone. No person is exempt from its probing eyes and ears; no place too sacred; no ruse too profane and no reprisal too deterrent for the enterprising intelligence agent.

Before transmitting his information, however, the successful agent checks upon every aspect of his information. The ruler on his part must be careful to get confirmation of each such news from at least another intelligence agent before taking action on it.

It is implicit that the intelligence service should be a large network, widely cast and the personnel made to work independently, utterly unknown to one another. When three such agents report identically, the ruler may be sure that he is having the correct news.

Finally, the intelligence service must be made an attractive proposition to rope in the fittest, by pitching its rewards high. But the ruler who makes, at the proper time of course, those awards openly, creates a chink in his own armour of secrecy.

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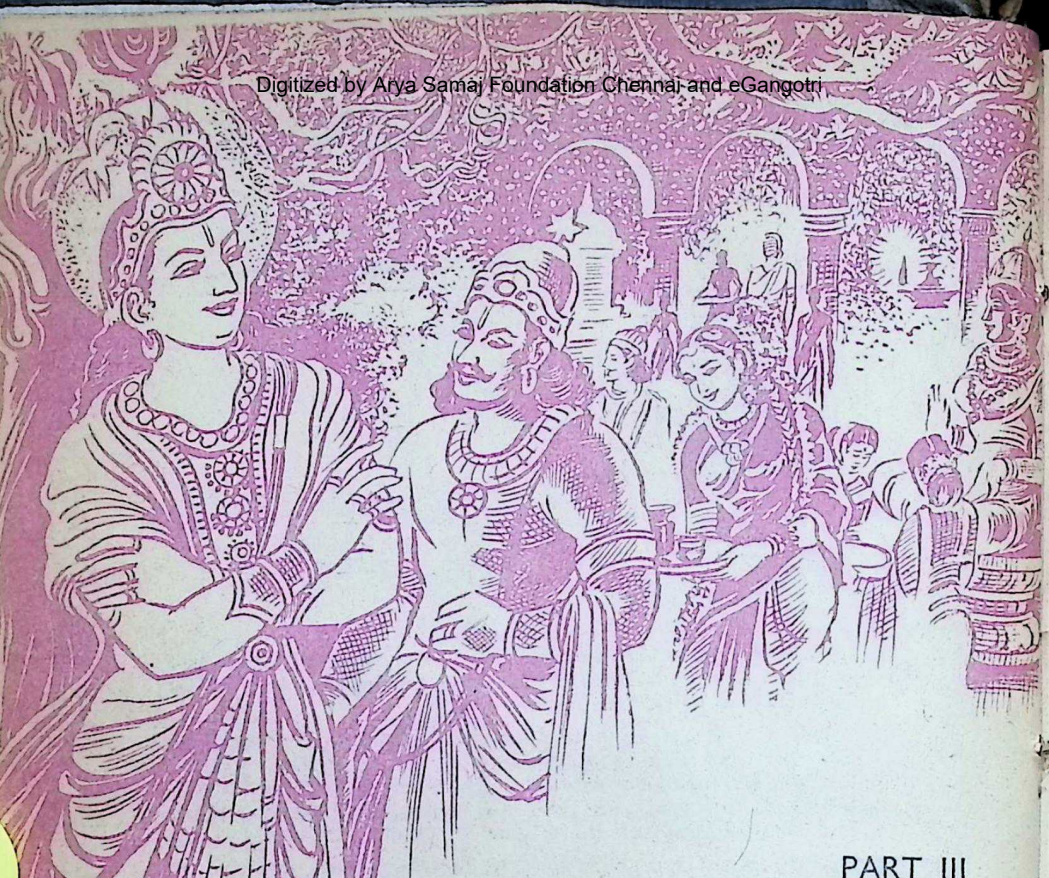

PART III

# Krishnavatara

K. M. MUNSHI

CHAPTER XI

## GAURI PUJA

DURYODHANA and his companions led Krishna to his mansion which was at the far end of the palace grounds. They crossed over to a small secluded garden in the rear which was surrounded by a high hedge of flowering creepers.

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This garden was reserved for Bhanumati, who almost daily performed the worship of Gauri with song and dance in the fashion of her native country. In the centre was installed a stone image of the Mother Goddess under a canopy of silver.

The garden was lit by torches tied to posts, which fitfully illumined the garden. In front of the Goddess, burnt four lights on silver pedestals fed by ghee. In the middle stood a huge jar filled with aromatic wine, with a number of silver and gold cups lying on the ground around it.

Krishna, with his sense of the beautiful, had taken a liking for Bhanumati, who chirupped happily like a bird which has tasted the elixir of the *shimal* flowers in the month of *Phalgun*. From her sprightly talk, he learnt that she performed Gauri Puja every day with some of her women friends; that was for the health and glory of her husband. Only sometimes some princes and princesses came to see the strange ritual.

'In Hastinapur they think that every one else is a barbarian. Do I look like one?' she asked Krishna, her little face tilted ravishingly.

'If you are a barbarian, we are worse,' replied Krishna.

'*Aryaputra* comes rarely to the puja,' she complained. 'I want him to come always. He never listens to me. Today he has come only because you have come. I am very angry with him', she said laughingly. 'He has also brought his friends,' she added, pouting her lips in unconcealed disgust at the type of friends that he had brought. 'And their wives have also come—for the first time to the puja—to welcome you, Vaasudeva. They are dying to have your *darshan*. They were terribly excited when I told them what the ballad singers have been singing about you in my father's court,' she said and looked at Krishna with a show of anger. 'Why did you not bring your flute with you? Next time when you come to Hastinapur, you must bring it,' insisted Bhanumati.

'I will have to fetch it from Vrindavan,' said Krishna smiling in response to the appealing request of Bhanumati. His eyes for the moment had a distant gaze. Another loving childish figure—Radha's—stood before his mind. 'But it is so far, far away,' he said reminiscently.

'*Aryaputra* has ordered so much *madira*. Can you drink it all?' asked Bhanumati, pointing to the jar which lay in front of the Goddess.

'It is enough to drown me, I confess', said Krishna.

Six or seven young chiefs in different stages of drunkenness stood there, laughing without restraint in a manner scarcely appropriate to the occasion. Krishna acknowledged their greetings with distant formality.

When Duryodhana and Bhanumati led Krishna to the shrine, two maidens of striking beauty were performing the ritual of *arti* by waving the lights before the Goddess; four others were singing an appropriate hymn to the accompaniment of hand-claps. Two of them could easily be identified as having come from Kambhoj, Bhanumati's country, from the style of the dress they were. The others evi-

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dently belonged to high families of Hastinapur.

When the *arti* was finished, every one touched the flame with their finger-tips and touched their eyebrows with them. Krishna offered worship by placing flowers at the feet of the goddess and recited an appropriate hymn.

Bhanumati, laughing all the while, distributed the cups to the persons present, who drank the wine copiously. Krishna, never tempted to depart from his well-regulated habits, took only a few sips from the cup which Bhanumati held to his lips. In any other young woman, this would have been unforgivable brashness, but Bhanumati did it with such childish glee that Krishna was inclined not only to forgive her, but to like her for it.

A few hand-drums were then brought forward by the young women, who began to sing in honour of the goddess. As they began dancing in groups or in circles, beating time with their feet or whirling in pairs with extended arms held together, their swaying figures cast artistic patterns on the ground in the flickering light of the torches. The dances and songs continued for a long time with intervals in which the young ladies replenished their strength by sipping wine.

Of all the young women there, Bhanumati was by far the most striking. She sang in a melodious voice of great richness. As she danced, her small graceful body swayed with perfect rhythm. Her gleeful laughter resounded at intervals over the songs and the drum beats. It showed how thoroughly she enjoyed the festivities and her happiness proved infectious for every one including Krishna.

The young men stood on two sides, giving time by clapping their hands, admiring the sensuous movements of the graceful bodies rather than the dance or the song. But they soon passed the limit of sobriety and their eyes were lit with fire which had little to do with the religious or aesthetic attraction of the festivity.

Krishna saw that the festivity was soon taking a different turn. The women stopped at short intervals to drink wine and also to force it on the young men, who reciprocated the compliment. Krishna did not like what he thought was an outlandish festivity and detached himself from the crowd of young men. Only Bhanumati came now and again to press him to drink with such affectionate insistence that not to make her unhappy, he sipped the wine a little.

Both men and women, Krishna could see from their eyes, were intoxicated not only by wine, but by passion. This surely could not be the routine puja which Bhanumati performed every day. It must have been specially staged by Duryodhana. Was it for his benefit?

The dancers, thoroughly exhausted, gave up dancing and now and then threw themselves on the ground or rolled on the grass laughing shamelessly. When they stood up, they were unsteady on their feet and their eyes were rolling in drunken animality.

When the dance came to an end, four young women extinguished some of the torches. The scene was then dimly lighted only by the feeble, flick-

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ering green-lights which stood in front of the goddess.

Krishna was getting disgusted at the shape which the festivity was assuming. He had felt equally disgusted when his Yadavas indulged in such unrestrained drinking. He could put up with Balaraama's habitual massive drinking only because of his unbounded affection for his brother and because it only made the Big Brother expansive, never drunk. His disgust, however, was mixed with compassion for the foolish unfortunates who courted temporary insanity in a vain search for happiness.

The women, some of them lying exhausted on the ground, clapped their hands hysterically and shouted: "Victory unto Mother Gauri". The young men shouted in response.

All the women then began to shout in merry excitement; their vague, dark shadows were seen pursuing the young men; their giggles and laughter and words of endearment were heard as they sought one another—not necessarily their married partners. Soon they were all chasing each other or rolling on the ground in pairs.

The festivity was evidently coming to a climax and Krishna almost decided to withdraw, but he had no heart to leave Bhanumati unprotected. She must be saved, he felt, from herself, from the possible promiscuity which he thought was likely to follow once the remaining lights died out.

The lights went out. Most of the company lay on the ground, some blabbering, some in each other's arms —not necessarily of those of their married partners.

Krishna heard the guttural voice of Duryodhana as he lay on the ground, whispering to someone, who, from her voice, was clearly not Bhanumati. It was no longer a ritual; it was an orgy. Suddenly a woman fell on him. There was no mistaking it; it was Bhanumati. She threw her arms round his neck, trying to find his mouth to make him drink with unsteady hands. Her flower-laden body was quivering with passion.

Krishna realised the terrible implications of the situation. Duryodhana had exploited his wife's unthinking childishness to trap him into a situation which would bind him forever as his boon companion!

In this home of proud Kurus, canons of *dharma* were being flouted shamelessly. He had seen Yadavas, during some of their festivities, behaving as bad. But this orgy was terrible and unforgivable in a Crown Prince of the Kurus. His heart went out to the solitary old Bheeshma, who, by sheer strength of character, was trying to uphold the traditions of the ancient Kurus.

However, there was no time to think. The situation must be saved. He lifted Bhanumati in his hands—she was as light as a bundle of flowers. She clung to him, nestling her head against his chest, whispering all the while: 'I am your *gopi*; I am your gopi.'

Krishna held Bhanumati in a close grip against his body, as if she was a very naughty child bent on mischief or a wild animal. Even her endearments were stifled by the way he kept her pressed against his chest.

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A vast compassion for this lovely, girlish beauty swept over Krishna. All her gifts were wasted in the arms of the self-willed, thoughtless Duryodhana. Keeping her body locked to his by the vigorous pressure of his arms, he stalked out of the garden.

Bhanumati was too intoxicated to know what was being done with her. Guiding himself slowly by the dim star-light, Krishna made his way to Duryodhana's mansion and slowly proceeded towards the mansion of Dhritaraashtra. Whatever happens, the reputation and happiness of this poor girl, and with it the prestige of the Kuru house, must be maintained and her sense of decency mobilised.

On the way, Krishna stopped for a moment to adjust the skirt of Bhanumati which, in her struggle, had curled up to above her hips. The flower buds had all but dropped off. The bodice at one time or the other had fallen off, the knot which tied it having been loosened during the vigorous dances. In the dim star-light, her exquisite body shone as if she was made of pearls. Krishna sighed; all this was to go waste, with Duryodhana as her husband.

Krishna introduced himself to the watchman who stood at the gates of the King's mansion and explained that Bhanumati had taken ill at the Gauri Puja, and it was most important, he said, that she should be with her mother-in-law, Gaandhari. The watchman was shocked that at that time of night the distinguished visitor should bring the Crown Princess dead drunk. But he knew the vagaries of the Crown Prince and was in the habit of making allowances for unexpected situations in connection with his married life.

The watchman brought an elderly maid-servant, who, after hearing the strange mission of the distinguished guest, went into the mansion, and after some time led the blindfolded Gaandhari out of the enclosed garden in which, with Dhritaraashtra, she had been sleeping.

'V*aa*sudeva, you! At this time!' she exclaimed, utterly surprised.

Krishna waved the watchman and the maid-servant away and whispered: 'Yes, Mother. Forgive me. I have brought Bhanumati. She is in a terrible plight and must be saved.' He then explained to her all that had happened and added: 'When I saw that the Gauri puja was transformed into a bestial orgy, I thought it necessary above all to save the reputation of Bhanumati. If she was found in the morning lying drunk in the garden with men and women in compromising positions, you could imagine how Hastinapur—and perhaps the whole Aryavarta—would have been shocked. The only way, I thought, was to save her at any cost. She is a harmless, little child.'

Bhanumati was now fast asleep, only whispering at intervals some words which were incomprehensible to others, but which Krishna understood. She was happily dreaming that she was a *gopi*.

Gaandhari asked the maid-servant to lift Bhanumati and place her on her own bed by her side. It was a piece of good fortune for the Queen that she was blindfolded; otherwise she would

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have seen her daughter-in-law in a condition which she would have never forgotten.

'*Vaa*sudeva, you have conferred a boon on the Kurus. I will never forget it, my son,' said Gaandhari. 'And who knows, this may become a turning point in the poor girl's life.'

Krishna left the sorrowing mother-in-law to ponder over the future of her family. Bhanumati slept on, unconscious, lying in the same bed with her mother-in-law, only the word 'I am a *gopi*' escaping her lips now and again. Mother Gaandhari loved her sons more than she cared to confess, but shuddered at the fate of the Kurus if these frivolities were to be a feature of their family life.

In the morning, Gaandhari got the maid-servant to wash the face of Bhanumati with cold water. Slowly consciousness returned to her. She opened her eyes, found herself in the bed of her mother-in-law, who was sitting by her side. She looked at herself, clothed only in a torn skirt, and cried as bitter tears sprang in her eyes. 'Oh, Mother! What has happened to me?' she said and clung to Gaandhari.

'My daughter,' said Gaandhari in a sad voice, putting her hand on her head. 'Don't fear. Everything is all right. Thank God, Krishna *Vaa*sudeva brought you to me last night. If he had not brought you to me, the whole royal line of Bharatas would have been in disgrace for ever.'

Bhanumati broke down and clung to Gaandhari helplessly, as the scenes of the previous night came to her mind. 'Mother, Mother, what can I do? *Aryaputra*, your son, wanted me to win *Vaa*sudeva and I did my best.'

'My child, I know you would not have done it of yourself. You are too immature. But remember one thing: The woman who tries to win friends for her husband by shedding her sense of propriety, ends by making an enemy of him as well as of her own self. Thank God, in this case it was *Vaa*sudeva. What would have happened if there had been another man?'

The dawn broke. The retainers who looked after Bhanumati's enclosed garden, when they came to prepare for the morning worship, followed by two priests with worshipping materials, saw a strange spectacle. Men and women, with scarcely any clothes on, were sleeping off their drunkenness on the ground in all manner of compromising positions. Among them they recognised the Crown Prince.

They were frightened. They did not know what to do. Not to perform the puja at the proper time would be a sacrilege. With those men and women lying in front of the goddess, it was difficult to perform the puja, and highly-placed as the drunken people were, they had no courage to remove them.

The priests hurriedly went to Vidura, the Minister, whom everybody had a respect for, and told him of what they had found in Bhanumati's garden. He came there with three or four men of his confidence and was struck aghast at what he saw.

His first care was to remove Duryodhana from the garden to his own mansion. But it was difficult to do so. He was a strong, well-built man, still dreaming of his experience of the pre-

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vious night and was very angry at being shaken prematurely out of his enjoyable torpor. The others were removed by Vidura to his own house in the palace ground, where, with some difficulty, he awoke them to the situation in which they had placed themselves.

Most of the young men and women in the garden were persons of high rank. Naturally, therefore, the scandal took the palace by storm and convulsed the whole Hastinapur by its impact.

When Bheeshma heard it, he became verily terrible. He called the Parishad and the principal courtiers, and issued his commands, at which every one trembled.

Duryodhana and Dushaasan were to go to Kurukshetra to perform penance for a month. The other young men had to go to Badrinath for a year's penance.

The two young relatives of Bhanumati who had accompanied her to Hastinapur, had to return to their homes. All other young women were to perform *chandrayana vrat* every month for twelve months under the supervision of the high priest of the Kurus.

Two of them, who were found in the arms of men other than their husbands, had an additional penalty to pay: if their husbands and fathers-in-law did not accept them even after purification, they were to enter fire.

The garden of Bhanumati was uprooted. The plot of land on which it stood was purified by appropriate lustrations and a regular shrine of Gauri and Her lord, Shankar, the Great God, rose in its place.

Bhanumati, thinking of the fate which she had narrowly escaped, developed high fever.

*[To be continued]*

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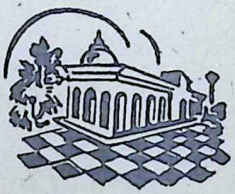

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# Bhavan's Silver Jubilee: December 20, 1962—January 1, 1963

**The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan celebrated its Silver Jubilee from December 20, 1962 to January 1, 1963.**

A representative All-India Jubilee Committee with Dr. Rajendra Prasad as President and Kulapati K. M. Munshi as Chairman had been formed some six months earlier and the Committee had also drawn up an elaborate programme for celebrating the event in a befitting manner. However, as a result of the national emergency that arose since, the programme had to be pruned to austerity in consonance with the situation obtaining in the country.

In accordance with the revised programme, the function started on the morning of December 20, 1962, with the chanting of Vedas, singing of Bhajans and the performance of the Satachandi Yaga at the specially erected pandal near the Bhavan's Central Office Building at Chowpatty. Fifty-one pandits participated in the Yaga, the purpose of which was to invoke the blessings of Goddess Durga not merely for the successful conclusion of the celebrations, but also for the removal of the threat to the nation.

In the evening Rashtrapati S. Radhakrishnan, President of India, inaugurated the Jubilee before an all-time record audience consisting of the cream of Bombay's society—diplomatic and consular personnel, ministers, industrialists, politicians, educationists, religious men, artistes, etc.—and over 20,000 people were present on the green lawns of Brabourne Stadium grounds at Churchgate where it was held.

A special rostrum had been put up for the purpose with a back-drop of Bhavan's replica.

Seated on the dais besides Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, President of India, who inaugurated the celebrations and who was flanked by Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Governor of Maharashtra, on one side and Sri C. Rajagopalachari on the other, were: Sri H. K. Chainani, Chief Justice of Maharashtra High Court and Smt. Chainani; Central Food Minister Sri S. K. Patil; Maharashtra's Chief Minister Sri M. S. Kannamwar; Sri Jairamdas Doulatram, former Governor of Assam; Swami Akhandananda Saraswati, Swami Chinmayananda; Sir H. V. Divatia, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-Presidents of the Bhavan; Sri Jaisukhlal Hathi, Union Minister of State for Labour and Employment and Vice-President of Bhavan's Delhi Kendra; Sri Sriman Narayan, Member of Planning Commission; Sri Dharamsey M. Khatau, Sri Jaswantlal Matubhai, Sri Pravinchandra Gandhi, Trustees of the Bhavan; Sri Motilal Tapuriah,

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Hon. Treasurer of the Bhavan; Shriyans Prasad Jain, President of the Federation of Indian Chamber of Commerce and Industry and Hon. Treasurer of the Bhavan and others.

Near the entrance to the stadium grounds, Bhavan's books were on display.

Kulapati Munshi, President of the Bhavan and Chairman of the Silver Jubilee Committee, received Rashtrapati Radhakrishnan at the entrance. After the singing of 'Jana Gana Mana' by students of Hansraj Morarji Public School, Andheri, on their school orchestra, signalling the arrival of the President on the grounds, the distinguished guest was taken to the rostrum.

Bhavan's students sang Bhavan's prayer.

After Vedic invocation by Panditaraja Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar, Principal, Bhavan's Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, Swami Akhandananda Saraswati gave benedictions. The students of the Bhavan's Sangit Shikshapith sang in a lilting tune a song about the Bhavan specially composed for the occasion.

Deputizing for Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of the Silver Jubilee Committee who could not be present at the occasion owing to a sudden setback in health, Kulapati Munshi welcomed Dr. S. Radhakrishnan and other guests and said:

## Kulapati's Welcome Speech

Before welcoming you all, I owe an explanation for deputizing for Dr. Rajendra Prasad. He, as well as we, looked forward to his being with us on this occasion, but a sudden indisposition has prevented him from doing so.

Dr. Rajendra Prasad actively assisted at the birth of the Bhavan and has been its Founder Member. Since then he has been taking an abiding interest in its activities. He laid the foundation-stone of the Bhavan's Delhi Kendra in 1952. From the establishment of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad in 1951, an association allied to the Bhavan, he has been its President and has led the movement for the spread and popularisation of Sanskrit, which the Bhavan has been carrying on.

On this occasion, in spite of indifferent health, he cheerfully shouldered the responsibility for heading the Silver Jubilee Committee. I am sure I express the feeling of all members of the Bhavan and all of us that we miss him very much on this occasion.

I take this opportunity of giving you all a hearty welcome. To you, Rashtrapatiji, we are especially beholden for finding time to inaugurate this function. You have been a great friend of the Bhavan from its early years. You declared open the first building of the Bhavan in 1941. Since then you have honoured us by your company on several occasions and invariably encouraged us by your advice. I cannot adequately express my deep debt of gratitude to you, Sir, for

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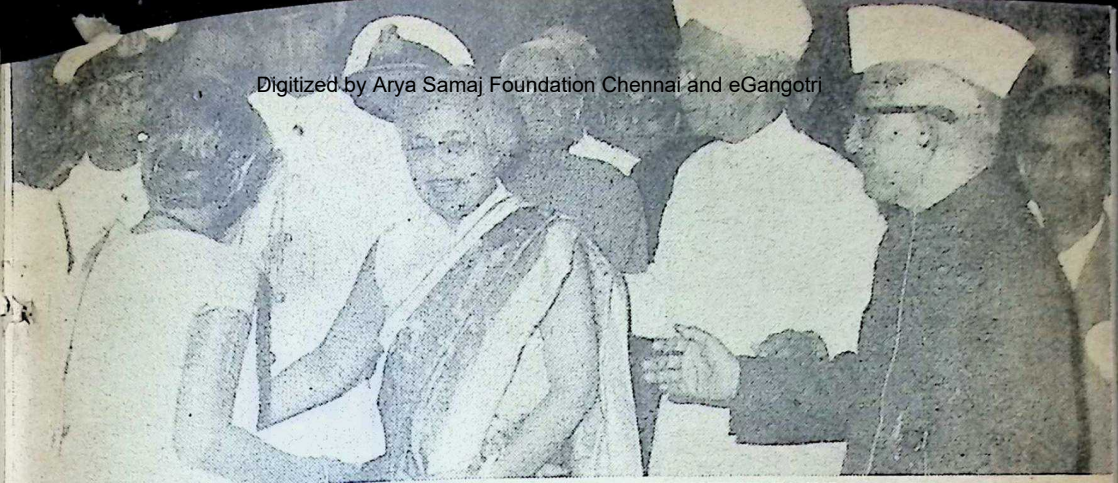
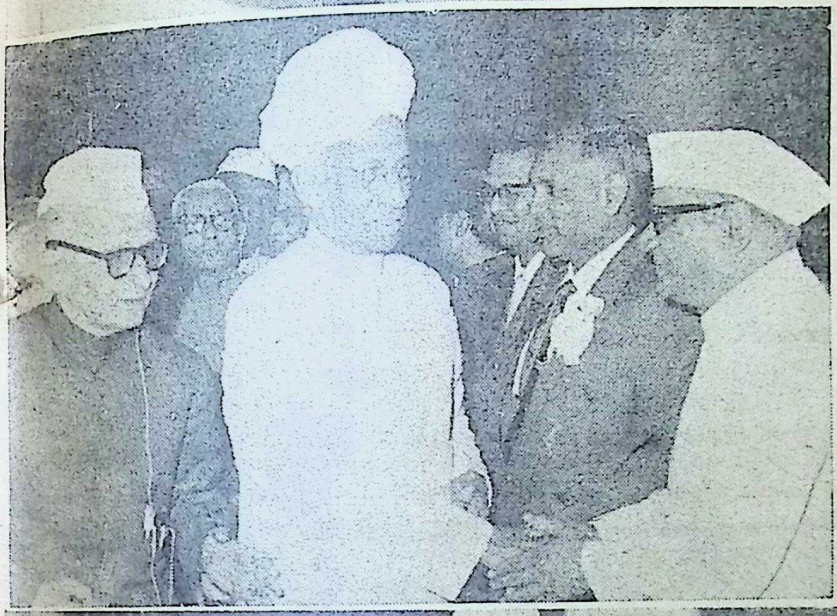
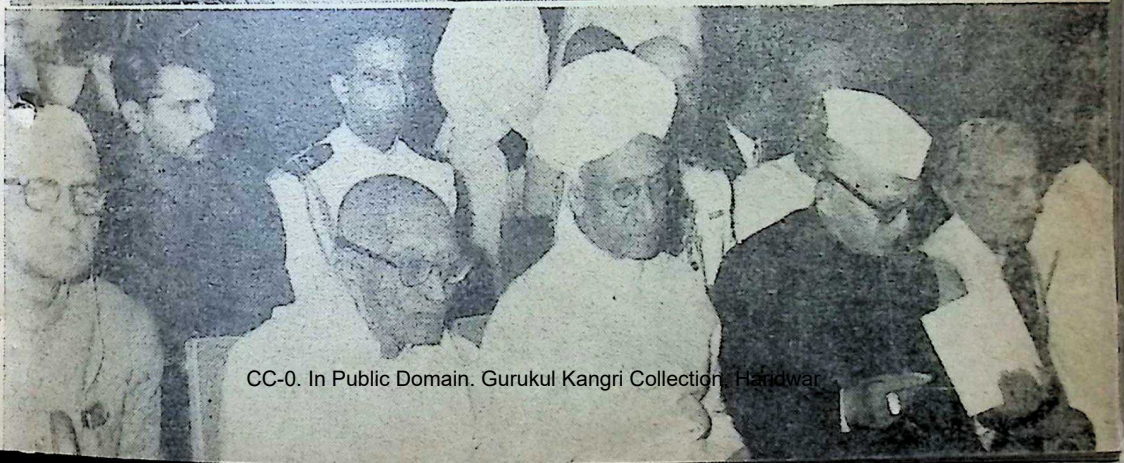




**Top:** President Radhakrishnan and Governor Vijayalakshmi Pandit being received at the Brabourne Stadium.

**Left:** Office-bearers of the Bhavan are being introduced to the President.

**Below:** On the dais (L. to R.): Sir H. V. Divatia, Rajaij, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Kulapati Munshi, Governor Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Chief Minister M. S. Kannamwar and others.



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accepting our request to inaugurate this function and agreeing to lay the foundation-stone of the Bhavan's English-medium Public School at Baroda which, when completed, will be the twenty-second addition to the Bhavan's family of institutions and units.

It is extremely kind of you, Sri Rajaji, to have come all the way from Madras to give us your blessings on this occasion. You have been its unfailing friend. When Governor-General, you had opened the Bhavan's Central Home in Bombay in 1949 and the success of the Book University is in a large measure due to the volumes which you, in your mature wisdom, have contributed to the Series.

It is a source of pride for the Bhavan that three such eminent representatives of Indian culture who are so closely associated with the Bhavan—in fact, all the three are associated as its Honorary Members for meritorious services rendered—should be successively the Heads of State during the last sixteen years. It indicates, if need be, that above all, India stands for the values enshrined in our culture and which the Bhavan is trying in a humble way to re-integrate and uphold.

The Bhavan's growth has been very rapid. At the same time it is also doing its best to ensure that the institutions which it conducts, take steps to develop the right attitude in the students as much as to impart useful knowledge: *Sheela Vritta Phalam Srutam*—Knowledge which yields good character and noble conduct.

The Bhavan can also look back with satisfaction that it has found a place in the hearts of men and women in India as well as abroad through its branches, its centres for Sanskrit examinations spread all over the country and its family of journals and its books on the history and culture of India.

The Bhavan is not merely an educational institution. It is not only a publishing house or an academy of dance, drama and music. Its outlook is founded on the belief that in spite of the technological age in which we live, the values which ennoble man have a paramount claim on all human activities.

These values which the Bhavan seeks to uphold—though feebly and falteringly—are: *Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram* and *Sraddha*—Truth, which is absolute sincerity ; Love which comes by widening the circle of familistic relations ; Beauty which is born of purity of body and mind ; Faith in God, without which life is no better than an insect's with its aimless existence.

The appreciation of these values and the courage to stand for them are all the more necessary at the present time. At present, not only our borders, not only our freedom, but our very way of life is threatened by ruthless aggression. We are fighting for our frontiers, not merely for national existence, but for those values which have made Indian heritage so inalienable an asset for man. The aggression is not merely a secular menace, it is a spiritual challenge. In that spirit alone we should stand firm in our determination to resist the aggression at all costs.

As you must have seen from the Appeal which Dr. Rajendra Prasad as

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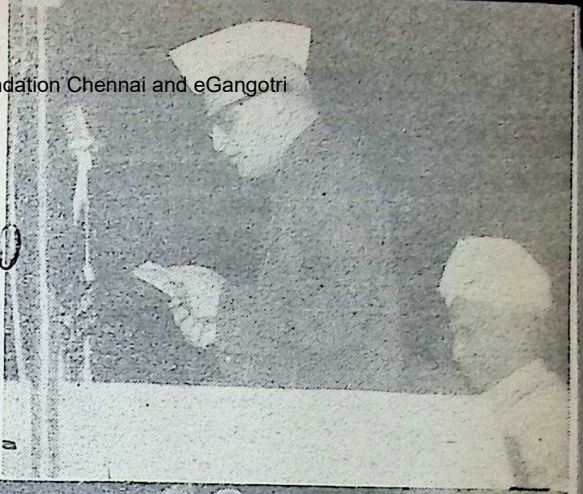
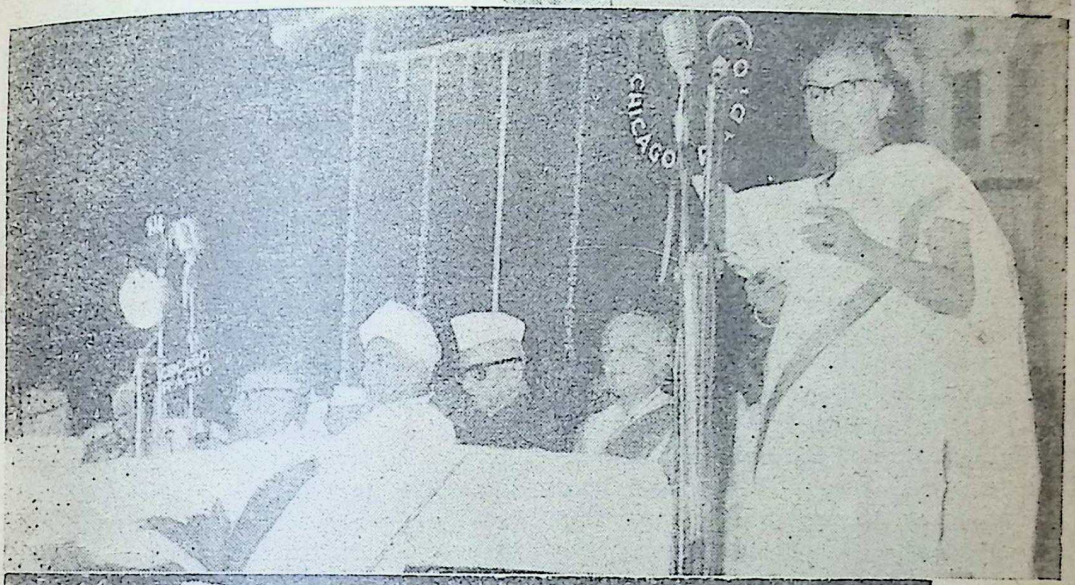
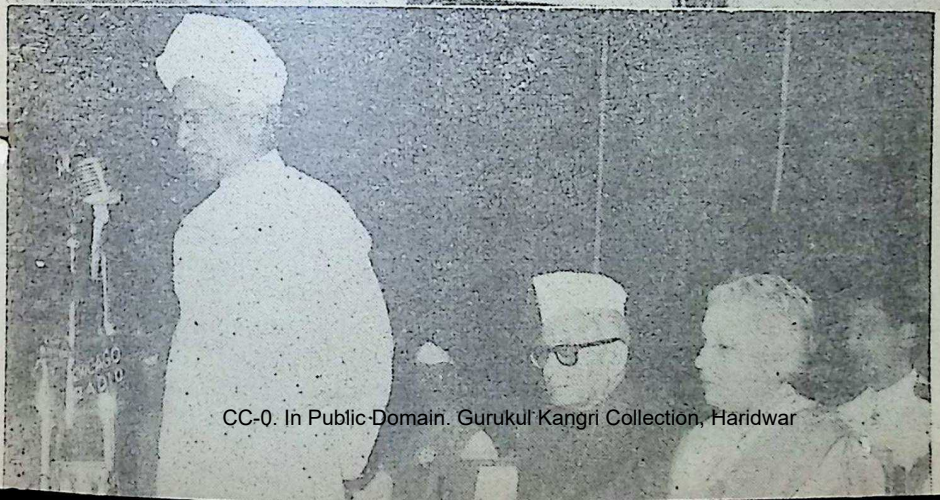
Right: Kulapati delivering the welcome address.

Middle: Smt. Lilavati Munshi presenting the Jubilee Report.

Below: Dr. S. Radhakrishnan delivering the inaugural address.







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President of the Jubilee Committee has issued, the Bhavan has a plan to fulfil. It may look ambitious. But barring adverse developments arising out of the war, we look forward, God willing, to its fulfilment. In that work—which we believe to be God's work—we rely upon the help of friends who have stood by the Bhavan; upon the tireless work of dedicated men; and upon the generous response from all interested in the vindication of a higher life.

I take this opportunity to invite you all to the several functions which have been planned in connection with this Jubilee, and which, under the circumstances, have to be held on an austerity basis.

With these words, I welcome you all and in particular those friends of the Bhavan who have specially come all the way to Bombay to attend the Jubilee.

Again, Sir, I thank you for the great honour you have done us by coming here to inaugurate the Silver Jubilee. And your blessings, I am sure, will come true in the future, as they have come true in the past.

## Jubilee Report

Smt. Lilavati Munshi next presented the following report of the Bhavan:

It is my proud privilege to present a brief report of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan for the past 25 years.

In 1938, a small circle of friends decided to found the Bhavan as a Centre where art and culture are fused with fundamental values of our Culture to prevent its being corroded, both by the inhibitions of the past and the modern passion for change for the sake of change. Its Founder Members include Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the late Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, Sir Harsiddhbhai Divatia and others.

In 1939, the Bhavan launched a small Indological Institute and the Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya on a modest scale and, in 1941, you, Sir, performed the opening ceremony of its first home at Andheri.

Thereafter, the Bhavan has grown from year to year. The Singhi Jain Series and the Library were inaugurated and the Itihasa Vibhag (Department of History) and the Gita Vidyalaya were established from the years 1941 to 1945 when the beginnings of research work were made. In 1946, the late Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel inaugurated the Bhavan's Megji Mathradas College of Arts and Narrondas Manordas Institute of Science.

The year 1947 saw the birth of the Sangit Shiksha Pith and Saraswati Mandir and the Museum with its collection of valuable manuscripts. In 1949, the Central Home of the Bhavan at Chowpatty was declared open by revered Rajaji.

In 1951, the Bhavan organised an all-India Sanskrit Conference at Prabhas Patan on the historic occasion of the restoration of the shrine of Somnath, when the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad was founded. The same year the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competi-

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tion, an annual event, was inaugurated.

The Bhavan's Book University Series of paper-back editions of books revealing the deeper impulses of India was also founded the same year. MAHABHARATA by Sri Rajaji, the first book published in the series, has gone through seven editions registering the sale of over a lakh of copies, probably an all-India record for a book of this type. This book as well as some others have gone into several editions.

With the publications which you, Sir, will be releasing to-day, the total number of titles published in the Book University Series would come to 105 and other general publications numbering 215 during a period of ten years. The number of copies sold has crossed the million mark.

We have also recently made a beginning to publish Hindi, Gujarati, Marathi, Tamil and Bengali books in the Book University Series.

In 1952, Dr. Rajendra Prasad laid the foundation of the building of the Delhi branch which, in 1957, was opened by the Prime Minister, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru. It conducts a school, preparing students for the Cambridge examination, and a school of European languages.

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL—a fortnightly in English devoted to Life, Literature and Culture and its Hindi and Gujarati counterparts BHARATI and SAMARPAN were started during this period and have a total circulation of over 65 thousand.

The installation of Lord Chandrasekhar at the temple in the Campus at Andheri in 1958 gave the Bhavan a centre of sanctity.

The years 1957, 1958 and 1959, saw the establishment of Kendras in Kanpur, Madras and Bangalore.

In 1961, the scope of the Academy of Printing—the Associated Advertisers and Printers, founded by Sri S. K. Patil—was expanded and converted into a College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing ; the first college of its kind in India, it was inaugurated by Sri Morarji Desai.

During the year, the Gujarat Kendra was inaugurated by Nawab Medhi Nawaz Jung, Governor of Gujarat, and the College of Arts & Science at Dakor by Dr. Jivraj Mehta, Chief Minister of Gujarat.

The Bhavan is starting an English-medium Public School at Baroda. As you know, Sir, you are going to lay the foundation-stone of its building on the 24th as part of the Jubilee Celebrations.

Donations have also been forthcoming to start a branch of the Bhavan at Ahmedabad.

In August 1961, Sri Y. B. Chavan, now Union Minister for Defence, laid the foundation-stone of the Bhavan's Sardar Patel College of Engineering at the campus at Andheri, which was inaugurated in August, 1962, by the Prime Minister, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru.

The campus has also a hostel for 300 students besides staff quarters. Further accommodation is being planned.

We have all along realised that no cultural movement in the country would be worth the name unless linked to Sanskrit, the store-house of our

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**BHAVAN'S JUBILEE AT MADRAS**

**The Bhavan's Madras Kendra has organised a function on the evening of Wednesday, 9th January, 1963, at the Rasika Ranjani Sabha, Mylapore, Madras, to celebrate the Bhavan's Silver Jubilee and to felicitate Kulapati Munshi on the completion of 75 years.**

**Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar will preside.**

**Sri K. Kamaraj, Chief Minister of Madras, has kindly consented to inaugurate the function.**

**Sri C. Rajagopalachari will speak on the occasion and also release the "Munshi Felicitation Indological Volume" to which eminent Indologists from all over the world have contributed articles.**

Editor,
BHAVAN'S JOURNAL.

in our fateful present and our inspiration for a glorious future. To popularise this language and spread its knowledge, the Bhavan started Saral Sanskrit examinations. To spread the message of *Bhagavad Gita,* our noble scripture, we have also instituted Saral Gita Examinations. These together are taught in 472 centres in India and abroad.

In the monumental 10-Volume series of "History and Culture of the Indian People," seven volumes have already been published, many of which have gone into several editions and found their place in most of the leading libraries and universities in the world.

From the Bhavan have so far gone out 61 Acharyas and 155 Shastris ; 133 Sangeet Visharads, 27 Ph. Ds. ; 1,986 Graduates of Arts & Science ; 1,78,407 students in Saral Sanskrit and 2,816 in Saral Gita Examinations respectively. Its Kala Kendras have produced 22 ballets and 58 dramas. In its Annual Drama Competitions held in twelve languages, 8,500 students have taken part.

To sum up: The Bhavan's staff of 11 in 1939 with an annual salary bill of Rs. 9,324, has now expanded to 807 with an annual bill of Rs. 18,07,440. The annual budget of Rs. 13,000 in 1939 has gone up to Rs. 1,10,29,000 this year. The assets have increased from Rs. 54,000 to Rs. 1,09,79,000 today at cost.

The Bhavan has eight Kendras and 21 constituent units. The number of students studying in these units rose from 12 in 1939 to 4,050 ; besides nearly 40,000 students are appearing this year for our Saral Sanskrit and Gita Examinations.

As this report shows, we can look back with some satisfaction on the record of the past 25 years. During this period, the Bhavan has come to be recognised as one of the foremost institutions in the country in the field of education, art and culture, offering facilities for developing an integrated personality. It has also become an all-India movement. Its influence has reached out to several parts of the country and to some extent outside India too ; through its branches, kendras and centres ; through its journals and other publications as also through its efforts to popularise Sanskrit in India and abroad.

We have to offer our humble thanks to God for whatever little fulfilment He has been pleased to vouchsafe to us.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi presented the President with a bouquet.

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पुस्तकालय गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

# Dr. Radhakrishnan's Address

Rising amidst thundering cheers and clicking cameras, the President delivered the inaugural address of the Silver Jubilee.

I am delighted to be here today and inaugurate the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

Sri Munshi's contributions to our public life have been manifold. He was a valiant fighter for freedom; he was a Minister in the Bombay State; he was our representative at Hyderabad during difficult times; he was a member of the Central Cabinet; he was Governor of Uttar Pradesh; he is a great lawyer; but, the most important service he has rendered to our country is the establishment of this Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan (*applause*) which has many centres and the publication of the books in this Book University which enlighten, instruct and inspire us, give us some knowledge of the great culture of which we are the inheritors. It is the greatest monument to his life, and I have no doubt it will make his name remembered in this country, for many, many decades (*applause*).

We speak about Bharatiya Vidya. What is Bharatiya Vidya? Indian wisdom, Indian culture. If you take the sciences, there is nothing characteristic of our country in them—physics, chemistry, mathematics, all the Vidyas enumerated in the Upanishads, Kshatravidya, Nakshatra Vidya—nothing which is specifically Bharatiya about all these sciences. But there is one important feature which distinguishes Indian culture and Indian wisdom. It makes out that all the disciplines are intended to reveal to the human being the truth of things:

सर्वशास्त्रप्रयोजनं तत्वदर्शनम् ।

The purport of all the sastras is the knowledge of the Ultimate Reality, for the *Gita* tells us अध्यात्मविद्या विद्यानां. Of all the disciplines, of all the systems of knowledge, the knowledge of the Self must be regarded as the most supreme. In other words, we had from the beginning a spiritual orientation — an orientation which looked on the whole world as being rooted in an Ultimate Reality.

If you merely look at the surface of things, only things that pass away while all-devouring time is supreme, where death rules, where we are subjected to disease, old age, etc., we will all be pessimists, we will all say, 'Is this the end of things?' Vanity of all vanities! Man is born, grows up, declines, decays and dies. Is this the end of things when we say तत्वदर्शन the knowledge of Ultimate Reality? Unless it is possible for us to penetrate behind the surface show of things and understand that there is some kind of reality in which this show is rooted, a principle which informs, animates and inspires —this whole passing show—unless we realise that, we will be the victims of fear.

If we are to get freedom from fear, 'Abhaya', then it is essential for us to know that the passing show is not all; but there is something behind and which man is called upon to understand, even if he does not understand,

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he must aspire to understand. The search must be there. Whether the search results in achievement or not, it is that search which distinguishes a human being.

So, if we are to acquire tranquillity, peace, freedom from fear, we must realise that this world is rooted in something else. And the great saints of our country, the seers, are those who took their stand on this fundamental affirmation, passed through austere living, suffered so much of desolation, so much of isolation, deprivation, lacerated their bodies, ascended to all sorts of monasteries and mountain tops, and tried to reach the peak and tried to fulfil themselves. It is that fulfilment which makes them complete human beings. We are incomplete and imperfect.

This Bharatiya Vidya, though it arose in this country, is not exclusive, is not provincial; it is universal in its outlook. The fundamental bequest starts from a dissatisfaction with the world of unreality and asks us to probe into this world to get at that Ultimate Reality. Those who ascend the peaks, whatever religion they may belong to, beckon to one another, they climb the heights and they see that they belong to one family.

Here is a book which is to be released today—"All Religions are True" by Mahatma Gandhi (*aplause*). When he says that all religions are true, all that he means is if human beings undergo discipline that is prescribed for them, they will reach the goal and they will reach an experience of reality. Experience unites, words divide. When you try to express that experience in logical propositions, you come into difficulties. Our great seers have taught us 'Don't try to express the ultimate mystery in words and propositions.'

यतो वाचो निवर्तन्ते अप्राप्य मनसा सह।

The words along with your mind return baffled, unable to comprehend that mystery. Says Buddha:

अनक्षरस्य धर्मस्य श्रुतिः का देशनाकरा

Paradharma or Truth which cannot be expressed in *aksharas*. Where can there be scriptures or teaching? The achievement is the individual's own. The teacher, the books may point to us the path, but the path has to be trodden by the individual himself. It is this which gives us catholicity of outlook so far as Indian culture is concerned. It does not quarrel about dogmas, about propositions. It is this which makes it what one may call a universalist in its outlook and spirit. That is one feature of our strength. If this is so, we have to participate in the agony of the world, in the vicissitudes of this life, in all the troubles and conflicts which go on there. It is not expected of us to abstain from participating in the work of the world. We are called upon to engage ourselves. "*Samsara yatra* is *moksha-yatra, mokshayate samsar.*" Travelling through the road of Samsar leads you to the goal of realization. It enables you to acquire the supreme bliss. You should not look upon the world as mere vanity or illusion. It would have been that if there had not been a fundamental principle underlying it all. There has been a gradual evolution. It is Sankara who tells us:

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Right: (1) Sri S. K. Patil, Union Minister for Food & Agriculture, speaking during the Jubilee function. (2) Sri Chinmayananda of Uttarakasi speaking on the occasion.

Below: Sri M. S. Kannamwar, Chief Minister of Maharashtra delivering his speech during the inaugural function.

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एकस्यापि कूटस्थस्य चिन्ततारतम्यात् ज्ञानैश्वर्याणामभिव्यक्तिः परेण परेण भूयस्त्वं भवति ।

There is one fundamental reality which is unfolding itself in a scale of values: materiality, vitality, animality, intellectuality and spirituality. We are intellectual beings on the threshold of attaining spiritual bliss. We are called upon to complete ourselves because what we are is an imperfection, is an incompleteness. We are called upon to complete it. We are, therefore, required to take part in the work of the world but with detachment, 'Asanga,' without getting emotionally involved in our activities which we perform. In addition to 'Abhaya', we have the next feature of 'Asanga.' The greatest of our teachers were people who taught us how we should cure ourselves.

विवेकी सर्वदा मुक्तः कुर्वतो नास्ति कर्तृता ।
अलेपत्वादमात्रित्य श्रीकृष्णजनकौ यथा ॥

Even as Sri Krishna and Janaka participated in the work of the world without getting attached too much, without getting involved, everyone of us, whether he is an aspirant, a *sadhaka* or a *siddha,* is expected to work in this world with detachment. It was Janaka who said:

मिथिलायां प्रदीप्तायां न मे दह्यति किञ्चन ।

Mithila is burning; nothing that is essentially mine is being lost. In other words, he had hoped what was there that was essentially his will realise itself and it is this hope that kindled him to believe that Mithila will again be restored to its glory. It cannot be lost.

The third quality which comes from this is 'Ahimsa,' non-violence. Understand what is meant by non-violence: तत्सन्निधौ वैरत्यागः । Renunciation of hatred. It does not say that you should not inflict pain. It does not say that you should be cowardly and contract within yourself when the demand is made on you to engage in some kind of pursuit. It tells you whatever work you do, do without ill-will, do without malice, do without hatred, do not degrade yourself, do not make yourself a beast, try when you have to, do things, adopt the attitude of love for all, of non-hatred, *vairatyaga*; never do a thing with your mind full of hatred, that is not what you should do.

'Abhaya', 'Asanga', and 'Ahimsa' may be regarded as the three cardinal principles of Bharatiya Vidya. It is these things which have sustained us all these centuries. It is not military glory, it is not industrial power or agricultural prosperity that has led this country to survive all these centuries in spite of several vicissitudes through which this country passed; it is the adherence to these fundamental principles by a few individuals who formed the beacon light, so to say, the spearhead of our culture. It is these things that have sustained us. Whatever may be the problems that agitate us, whatever may be the questions that obsess our minds, whatever may be the immediate needs of the occasion, let us not forget that our fundamentals require us to develop tranquillity of spirit, non-attachment, non-hatred.

If we are able to live according to

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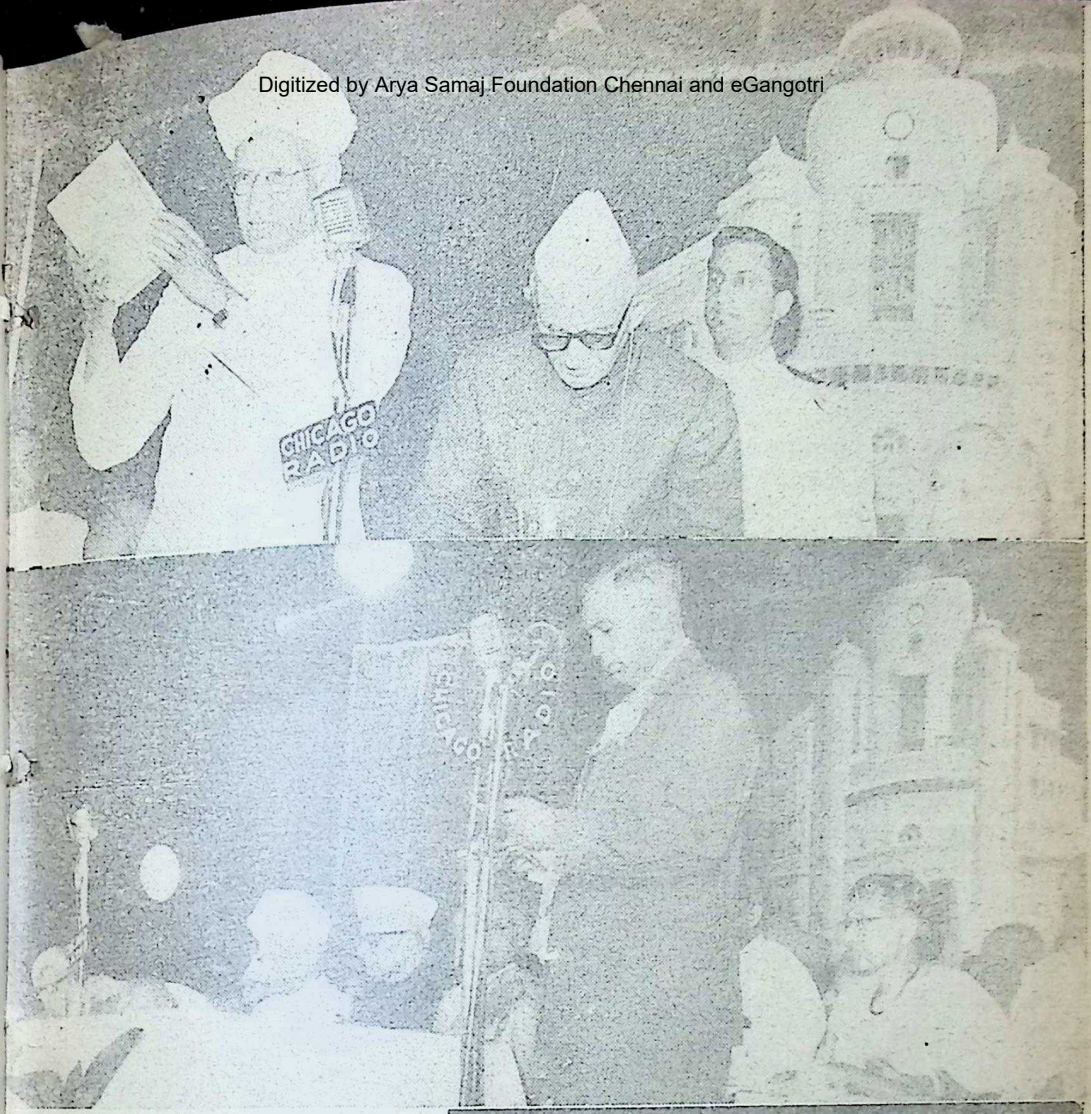

*Top :*

**Dr. Radhakrishnan releasing new publications of the Bhavan**

*Centre:*

**Sri Pravinchandra V. Gandhi, Trustee of the Bhavan requesting the President to present the awards**

*Bottom :*

**Sri Ramanath Shivratan, oldest employee of the Bhavan receiving the award from the**

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that this country will survive, as it has survived for centuries, for many more centuries and its philosophy will make such a healing of nations and bringing of people together.

All men are brothers. That is the fundamental principle of 'Ahimsa.' But the states are hostile to one another, religions sometimes fight with one another—all due to misconceptions—and it is these illusions that have to be dissipated if we are to understand the fundamental basis that humanity is one. That is the ideal which is beckoning to us from the horizon. It is bound to happen. It is God's purpose. It is the universal will. It is the basis on which Bharatiyá Vidya is founded.

If we are able to remember these things, I have no doubt we will pass through all the changes and troubles which now face us and realise our own fulfilment.

There are several speakers to follow and I don't want to teach you more. I wish merely to say that Mr. Munshi deserves the warmest congratulations of the people of this country (*applause*) on the work he has achieved and I do hope that people will be there to follow up that work and carry it out to its devout consummation.

## Rajaji's Address

Speaking next, Sri C. Rajagopalachari said:

After the elevating address which you have now heard, it is totally unnecessary for any other speakers to follow. The only thing that I should say now is that on behalf of all and along with all the rest of us, I tender my admiration and my appreciation and congratulations to Mr. Munshi, the founder of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, and to his colleagues, to the management and to the staff who have worked loyally under him and have brought the 25th year to its illustrious position today.

Mr. Munshi has done a great deal, as the President has reminded you, but during these latter years of his life, he has shown a spirit of growing younger rather than growing older. He has built so many institutions now during the last few years. The building of these institutions demands the imagination of a very experienced person. The influence that successful building up of these institutions demands can only be given by a man of experience and age but the achievement itself is due entirely to the youthful spirit of Mr. Munshi. Age gave him imagination and influence but youth gives him the dynamism that all this requires. Very few of us have the dynamism that Mr. Munshi has and that is why he has succeeded in founding this great, big institution.

Our congratulations, and when so many of us are assembled, our good wishes to that great institution and that is what we shower on Mr. Munshi and on his colleagues.

As regards the level to which the gathering has been taken by the President, no words are needed from me. We have a President who can teach us every day of our life.

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*Right :*

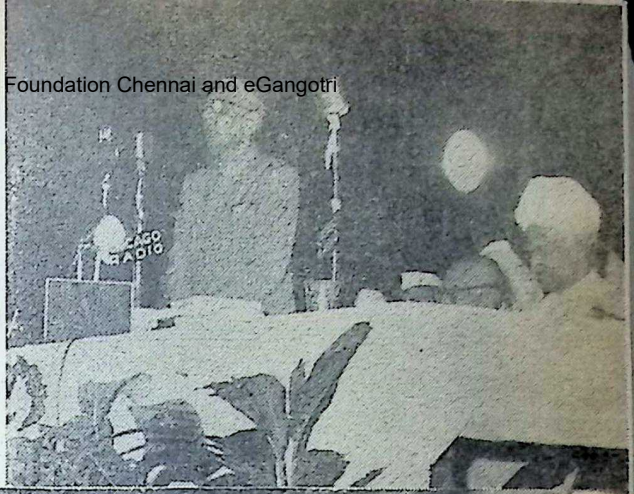
**Sir H. V. Divatia proposing the vote of thanks**

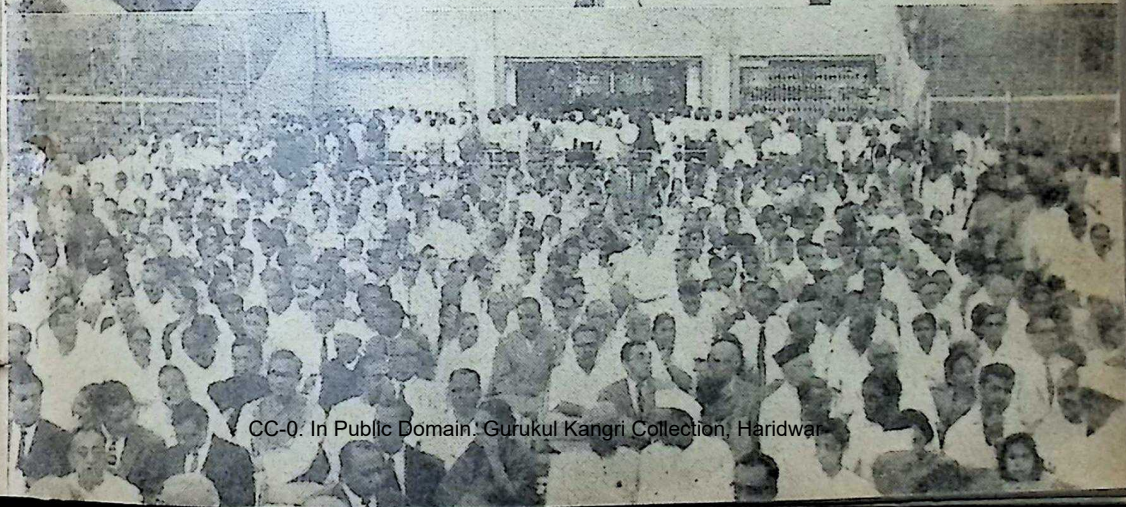
*Centre:*

**Jana Gana Mana**

*Bottom :*

**A Section of the audience at the inaugural function**





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# Chief Minister's Address

Sri M. S. Kannamwar, Chief Minister of Maharashtra, addressing the gathering on the occasion, said:

After the words of power and beauty that have come from the illustrious speakers preceding me, whatever I may have to say must sound feeble and inadequate. Yet, I derive strength from the greatness of the occasion, which cannot but inspire even the smallest among us. For, as I rise to speak, my thoughts go back to the ancient times when our sages and rishis, our architects, our town planners, social reformers, had all toiled hard to bring glory to our land. The life-like images of Ellora, the breath-taking frescoes of Ajanta, the magnificence of the Taj, the grandeur of the Qutub Minar, the elegance of Sarnath architecture, the majesty of the palaces of Fatehpur Sikri, the devotional songs of Mirabai, the piety of the Sufis and the Bhagats, and the musical excellence of Tansen are among the facets of our culture which must send a thrill through us all as we contemplate their true significance.

The history of the evolution of Indian culture is indeed a unique one. Our beloved Prime Minister, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, has described it in the following words: "India has a basic cultural outlook of her own, but it has been enriched in the distant past by numerous streams coming from various parts of Asia and, in later years, from the Western world. All these are intimate parts of India now and have been woven into her rich and intricate pattern. It is this composite culture which is our proud heritage and which we have to preserve and develop. If we try to deprive ourselves of something that has grown with us and is part of us, we grow the poorer for it and we start a process of disruption which is bad for us politically and in the domain of the spirit."

This fundamental unity of our composite culture has not only to be maintained but consolidated. Sustained efforts are required for achieving this national objective. The damage done to our cultural evolution during the years when we had no control over our affairs, has to be repaired, and new, strong and solid foundations must be laid for strengthening our cultural base. Realising the importance of this basic concept, a social reform movement and social regeneration campaign was started by great reformers like Lala Lajpatrai, Lokamanya Tilak, Gurudev Tagore, Swami Vivekananda and Gandhiji. The establishment of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan 25 years ago was a continuation of this ceaseless effort for reviving and consolidating our ancient cultural traditions. Through its Sanskrit institutions, its educational organisations, publication of books and translations of Indian epics and holy scriptures, seminars, discussions and discourses, the Bhavan has endeavoured to make the people conscious of our rich cultural heritage. This is a necessary and a laudable effort, and deserves every encouragement from all sections of society. No

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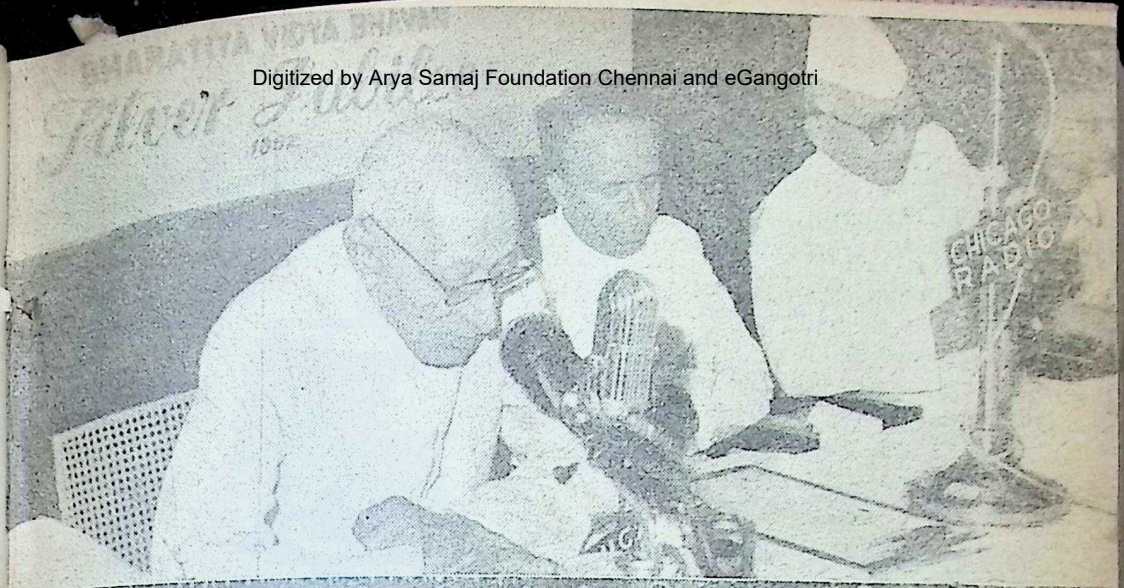

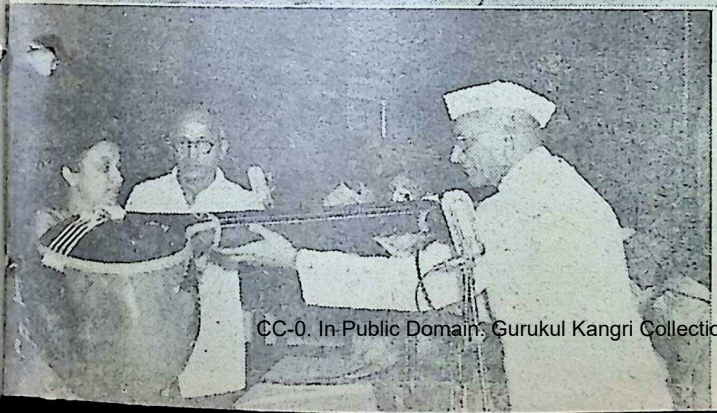

*Top :*

**Rajaji delivering the Munshi Endowment Lecture: Next to Rajaji is Sri Humayun Kabir, who presided**

*Centre:*

**Sri Morarji Desai, Union Finance Minister, delivering the Convocation address.**

*Bottom :*

**Tambura being presented to the best student of the Sangeet Sikshapith**

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wonder the role played by Dr. K. M. Munshi in this great cultural renaissance has been recognised all over the country and abroad.

The need of the hour is to strengthen our cultural traditions at the grass roots. Folk songs, folk music, dramas and dances must be revived if our cultural renaissance is to be complete and sound. Government for its part is doing all it can, but, obviously, this is largely a task for voluntary bodies, which can prompt enthusiastic popular participation. It should assume the form of a people's movement. Therefore, I take this opportunity to appeal to one and all to see that this aspect of our cultural life is not lost sight of in our struggle for economic development. In this age of the nuclear weapons and the space ship, it is more important than ever to remember that man does not live by bread alone.

We see everywhere around us today an increasing accent on the material comforts of life at the cost of deeper, subtler, more substantial values. Perhaps the state of the world makes this inevitable to an extent; but, equally perhaps, the state in which the world finds itself, is itself a result of this materialistic drift. However that may be, it is not a happy trend. Fear of God (which really means love of God), appreciation of truth, beauty and goodness, and adherence to the principles of Dharma, are very important. When the individual is good, righteous and has a healthy outlook on life, society as a whole will naturally reflect this goodness. Our epics and holy books provide ample inspiration to us for leading a good and pious life. In this context, the efforts of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in bringing the *Ramayana*, *Mahabharata* and other ancient books within the reach of the common man deserve high commendation.

Another important aspect of our cultural development is religious tolerance. Since time immemorial, Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Sikhs, Buddhists and Jains have lived amicably, like brothers. The common man still believes that all religions, through different paths, lead to the same goal, that is, the realisation of God. God is Truth, and Truth is nobody's monopoly. We in India believe firmly in this proposition. We may profess different religions but we are all children of Bharat, or Mother India. Just as children of the same parents, while having their individual personalities, are still members of the same family, and owe allegiance to it, we, the children of India, have a common destiny, which is what we make of it.

It is this consciousness that has made us stand like one man against the present aggression on our borders. This is an example of the solidarity of Indian culture as it has developed over the years. The solid foundations of our culture, the brotherly spirit and the burning patriotism of the people are the guarantee for safeguarding our Indian way of life based on democratic principles. Cultural organisations like the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan have a

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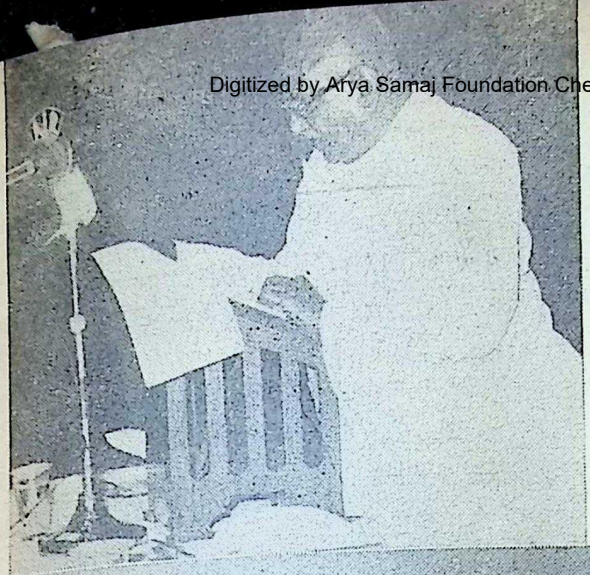
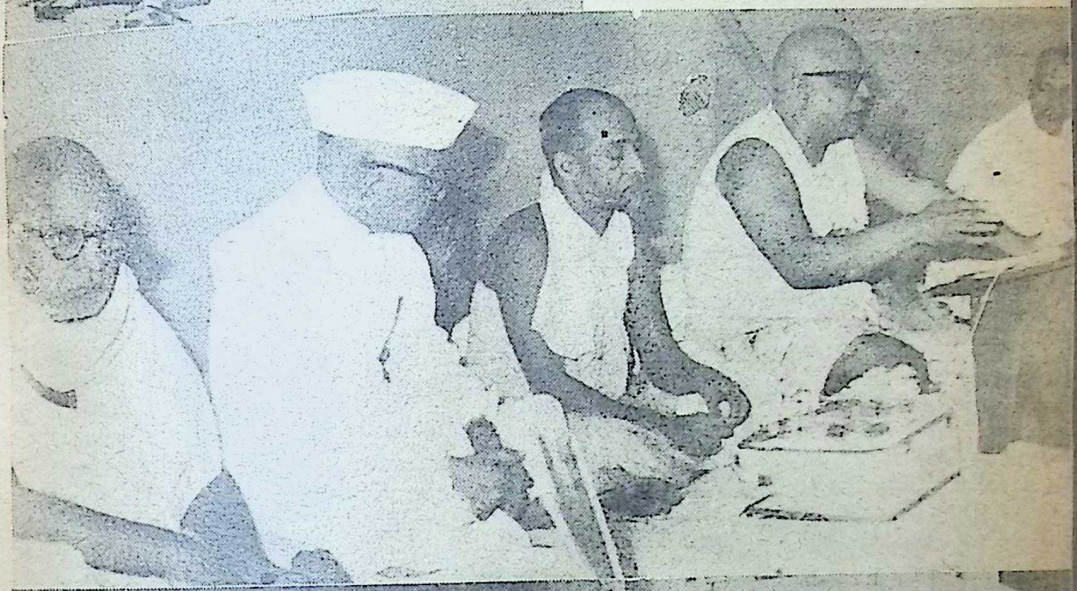
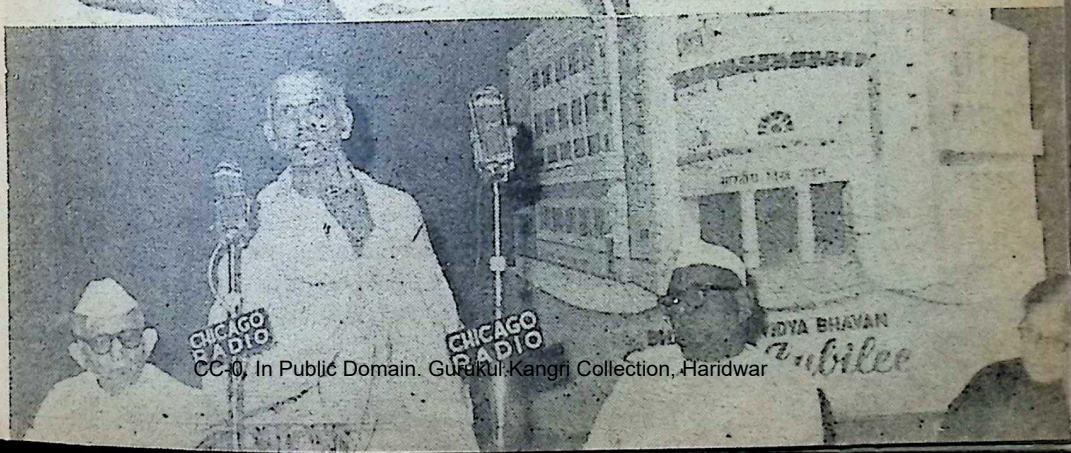


*Left :*
**Dr. Sampurnanand delivering the Birla Endowment Lectures**

*Centre:*
**Swami Akhandanand delivering *pravachans* on the Upanishads (20th to 26th Dec.)**

*Bottom :*
**Swami Ranganathananda delivering the Gita lectures (27th to 29th Dec.)**
**(L. to R.: Kulapati, Swamiji, Dr. Sampurnanand & Smt. Munshi)**



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great responsibility in strengthening our national unity. They are discharging this responsibility in a manner which prompts our pride, and also a desire to help. We owe it to India to lend a hand to such efforts. I have every hope that more organisations of this kind would come forward and take up the work of promoting cultural unity.

## Books Released

Others who spoke were Sri Jairamdas Doulatram and Swami Chinmayananda of Uttar Kashi.

Kulapati Munshi then presented Tamra Patras to the Hon. Members of the Bhavan—Sri C. Rajagopalachari and Mahamahopadhyaya P. V. Kane.

He then invited Dr. Radhakrishnan to release Bhavan's ten titles of new books. The President then declared the following titles as released:

(1) *All Religions Are True*—by Mahatma Gandhi;

(2) *Whither India*—a Gandhi Marg Symposium by Sarvashri Vinoba Bhave, C. Rajagopalachari, Jawaharlal Nehru, K. M. Munshi, R. R. Diwakar, J. B. Kripalani, Jayaprakash Narayan, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, V. V. Giri, Hiren Mukerjee. R. K. Patil, D. V. Gundappa, G. Ramachandran and T. K. Mahadevan:

(3) *Krishnavatara*, Vol. I—by Dr. K.M. Munshi;

(4) *Facets of Indian Culture*—by Prof. R. Srinivasan;

(5) *Stories of King Madana Kama*—by Sri V.A.K. Ayer;

(6) *War Without Violence*—by Dr. Krishnalal Shridharani;

(7) *Pearls of Wisdom*—by Prof. D.S. Sarma;

(8) *Ends and Means*—by Mr. Aldous Huxley (Condensed by Sri N.S. Taparia);

(9) *Prithivi Vallabham*—by Dr. K.M. Munshi (rendered into Sanskrit by Sri B. K. Limaye);

(10) *Narasimha Yugna Kavio* (in Gujarati)—by Dr. K.M. Munshi.

## Staff Benefit

Sri Pravinchandra V. Gandhi, Trustee of the Bhavan, requesting Dr. Radhakrishnan to present the staff award, said:

I have great pleasure in requesting you now, Sir, to present the staff award. But before I do so, I have to make two relevant announcements.

Among the assets of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has been its staff which has worked for it even in difficult times with whole-hearted and exemplary loyalty.

In appreciation of their services, it has been decided to commemorate this Jubilee by constituting a Jubilee Staff Welfare Fund with a nucleus, in the beginning of Rs. 25,000/-. The rules and regulations of the Fund will be made by the Executive Committee hereafter.

The Trustees have received a letter

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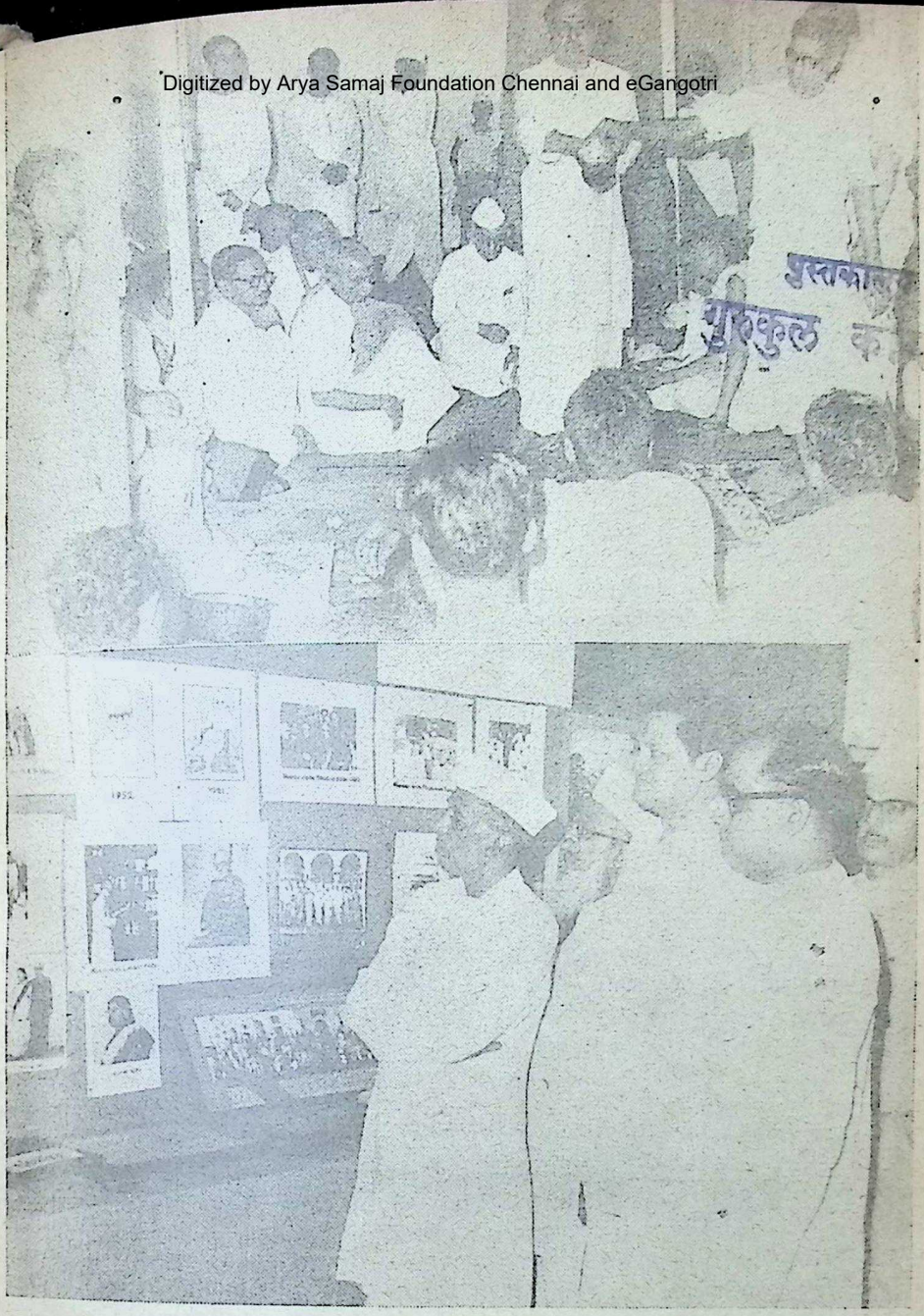

*Top :* **Prof. J. H. Dave, Hon. Director of the Bhavan offering 'Poornahuti' at one of the Yagas**

*Bottom :* **Sri Shantilal H. Shah, Minister of Maharashtra State who opened the Exhibition of Bharatiya Kala Paintings, Manuscripts and Books and Kulapati's Life in Pictures, having a look at the exhibits.**

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from Sri Munshi to the following effect:

My dear colleagues:

As my humble contribution on this occasion, I have decided, subject to your acceptance, to make a gift to the Bhavan of my property at Matheran called by name *"Naimisharanya"*, consisting of 2 bungalows and grounds. I acquired the property as a Holiday Home for me and my family. It, therefore, cannot be put to better use than provide, among other things, a Holiday Home for the staff of the Bhavan, many members of which have been good enough to look upon me and my wife as elder members of their family.

Yours sincerely,
K. M. Munshi

In this connection, I may mention how deeply the Members of the Bhavan appreciate this gesture of Sri Munshiji. Besides founding the Bhavan and nursing and building it up with paternal solicitude, he has made donations and gifts of the order of Rs. 7 lakhs. He and Smt. Munshi have also gifted to the Bhavan their works numbering 80, which give an annual income of over Rs 15,000/- Since 1957, he has also given his net professional income to the Bhavan. We are, therefore, deeply touched by the fact that he has decided to give to the Bhavan the only immovable property that he possesses.

I now, Sir, present to you, Bhaiya Ramnath Shivratan, who joined the Bhavan on the first day of its coming into existence and has served it with unique loyalty, devotion and reliability. He is a symbol of the dedicated work which the Bhavan has been doing during all these years. I invite you to present him with a purse of Rs. 1,001/-, a watch and a shawl.

He then requested Dr. Radhakrishnan to present the awards to Bhavan's oldest employee who had completed 25 years of continuous service Bhaiya Ramnath Shivratan. The President presented Sri Ramnath one shawl, one watch and a purse of Rs. 1,001.

With a vote of thanks proposed by Sir H. V. Divatia, Vice-President of the Bhavan, and the singing of 'Jana Gana Mana' by Bhavan's students, the day's function came to a close.

Rashtrapati Radhakrishnan was then conducted to his car and seen off by Kulapati Munshi and others.

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit and other V.I.Ps later dined at Kulapati Munshi's residence.

The highlights of the remaining days were daily Vedagaan and Bhajans in the morning; the Convocation on the 23rd (details will appear in the next issue); Rajaji's lectures in the Munshi Endowment Series (this will be published in a book form soon); Dr. Sampurnanand's Birla Endowment Lectures (to appear in book form soon); Swami Akhandanand's lectures on the Upanishads; Swami Ranganadananda's lectures on the Gita (will appear in book form soon) and a Symposium on Chinese Aggression are worth mentioning. In the latter, eminent persons like Cardinal Gracias, Kulapati Munshi, Dr. C.P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Sri Jairamdas Doulatram and Sri N.H. Bhagwati participated. Their speeches are also being issued in book form. Dramas, dance and music were the entertainments offered in the evening each day.

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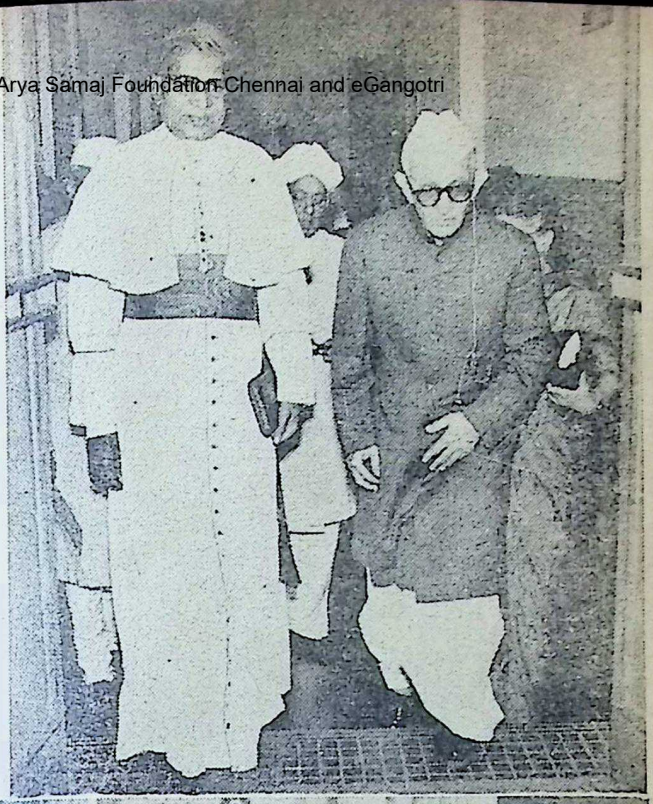
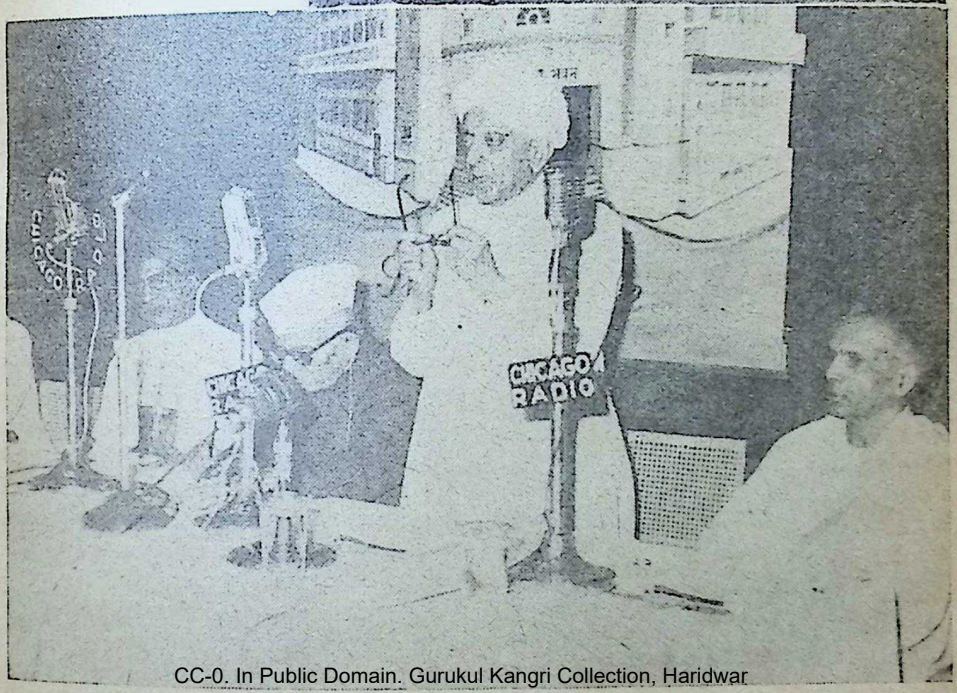
*Top :*

**Cardinal Gracias on his way to address the Symposium accompanied by Kulapati**

*Below :*

**Dr. C. P. R. Aiyar speaking in the Symposium on Chinese Aggression**



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# Munshiji's 76th Birthday Celebration

In the evening of December 30, 1962, the citizens of Bombay gave a reception to Kulapati Munshi at the National Sports Club, Hornby Vellard, to felicitate him on his 76th birthday. About 2,000 guests attended the function.

Dr. C.P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Vice-Chancellor, Annamalai University, presided.

Sri Shantilal H. Shah, Chairman of Dr. K. M. Munshi's 76th Birthday Celebration Committee, welcomed the guests as follows:

It is my first duty to accord to you all a hearty and sincere welcome and to thank you for having so kindly responded to our invitation for this function.

We have met here this evening to tender our felicitations to Munshiji on his 76th birthday. We are happy that Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar has been good enough to agree to our request to preside over this meeting; for like Munshiji, Dr. C. P. himself has filled the public life of our country in a number of roles which are as varied as they are conspicuous. He too like Munshiji did not fancy a judgeship of the High Court when it was offered to him. Dr. C.P. is also, like Munshiji, a profound scholar of the classics as well as modern letters and is one of the best representatives of our culture. We are grateful to you, Sir, for coming over to Bombay for this purpose.

Munshiji, it is my privilege as Chairman of your Birthday Celebrations Committee, to convey to you our feelings of joy on your 76th birthday and to wish you many more returns of this happy day. You have made Bombay your home for the best part of a life-time; and in honouring you today Bombay is doing its duty by one of its prominent and respected citizens.

You come to this city, Sir, in the early years of this century, to seek a living as several young men did in those days. By dint of perseverance combined with your extraordinary and keen intellect and based on an abiding faith in God, you rapidly rose to an eminence which has been the admiration of your compeers.

Bombay saw you first as a struggling student of law who blossomed into an Advocate. Working in the chambers of the giants in that profession, you quickly rose to an eminent position at the Bar and came to occupy a leading rank in the profession. For the rest of your life you have made your mark in several aspects in the practice of law.

Though a jealous mistress, the profession of law could not confine your restive and ambitious spirit in her precincts. A journalist even in your young days, you gave evidence of literary talent which you exercised with conspicuous success, as the years passed, through the medium of Gujarati, your mother tongue and English. Your services to Gujarati literature have invested that language with a [illegible] and a new direction which

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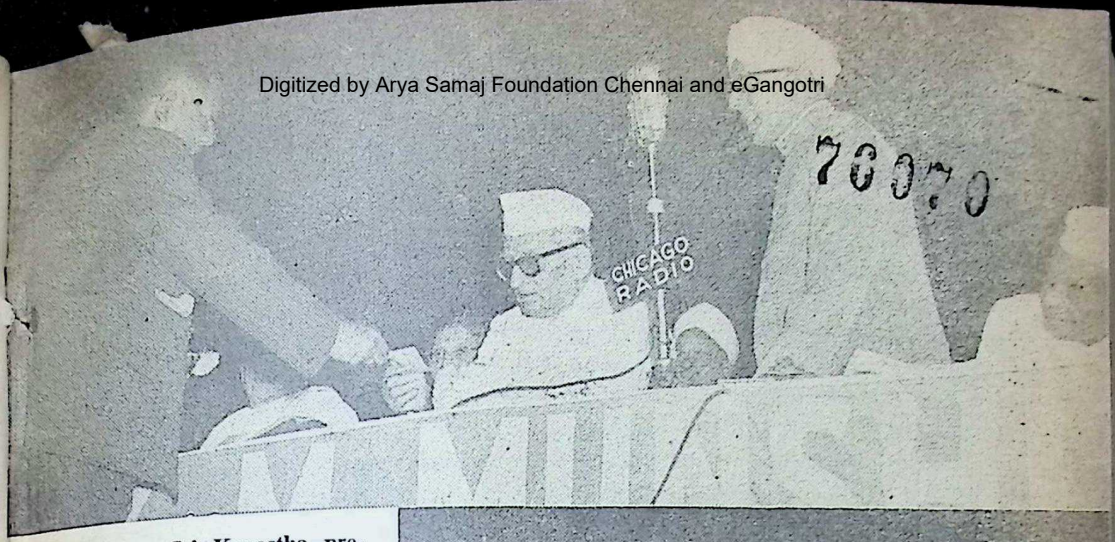
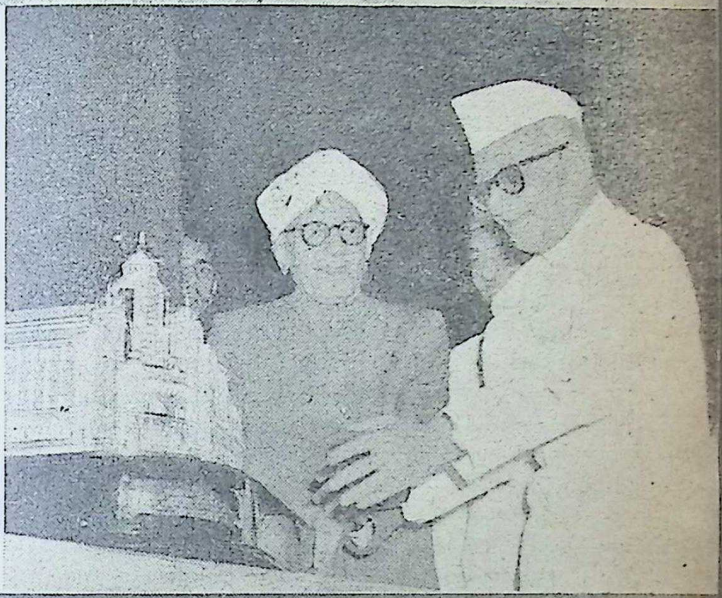
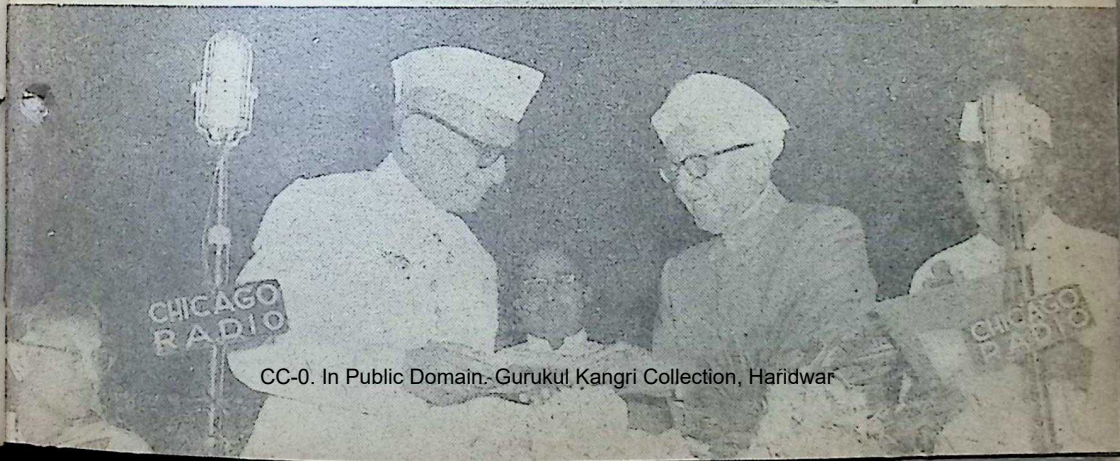



*Top :* **Sri Kayastha presenting a cheque on behalf of Jethalal Amrutlal Trust of Ahmedabad to Kulapati to found a Kendra of the Bhavan at Ahmedabad**

*Centre:* **Kulapati Munshi being presented with a silver replica of the Bhavan**

*Bottom :* **Dr. C. P. R. Aiyar presenting Kulapati with the volumes "Munshi at Seventy-five" and "Munshi's World of Imagination"**



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have left an indelible mark on it. I have always marvelled how in the midst of your exacting professional preoccupations, you were able to find time for your literary pursuits which have borne fruit in so prolific a measure to such lasting effect and in which you have both discovered and fulfilled yourself.

Like many others in the country, you also plunged into the struggle for freedom. Your patriotism, however, had roots other than the merely political. To you, love of the country is a religion whose creeds you have imbibed from the immortals of our land. Your part in the Bardoli Satyagraha under the leadership of the Sardar and the letter that you wrote to the Governor of Bombay to intervene before it became too late, to retrieve a situation which was worsening every day, have been recorded in the pages of history. Making your debut into politics in the Home Rule League, you later became one of the prominent members of the Congress under Gandhiji. And yet, you were not a blind follower. You had the courage and the honesty to differ from the Congress and even from Gandhiji when you felt that you must, risking criticism from several quarters.

The end of the freedom struggle and the dawn of independence brought out your ability for constructive work. The big three of the Congress, Mahatmaji, Jawaharlalji and the Sardar selected you to play an important role in the framing of our Constitution. The Hyderabad episode discovered you as a diplomat of great tact and daring, in a position of extreme intricacy fraught with danger.

After we settled down to rule ourselves, you were called into the Union Cabinet to be in charge of the Ministry of Food & Agriculture, a post of extreme difficulty in the then context of the country's affairs. But you brought with yourself the dynamism which earlier marked your Home Ministership in Bombay and initiated programmes based on a scientific appraisal of the problems.

Your nationalistic spirit and patriotic fervour could not be contained within the frontiers of politics or administration. Underlying all that you did in any sphere of your activity has been your desire to recapture for our people the cultural heritage of their past, to remould it to the needs of the present and to educate them in the appreciation and acceptance of these values in their daily life and conduct. This desire has been the prime motive of all your activities. It was in 1938 that you conceived the idea of giving a concrete shape to your yearning to rehabilitate our ancient culture in its different aspects. The result has been the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan which has now become one of the foremost national institutions embodying our achievements in the past and our aspirations for the future. Day and night, with anxious thought and ceaseless labour, you have nourished this child of your imagination with the assistance of your countless friends. Along with the Shrine of Somanath, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will remain for

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ever as a great institution reared in a great way. I must not omit to mention in this connection another movement of vital national importance born of your foresight and fervour, viz., the Samskrita Vishva Parishad, to revive the hegemony of that sacred and ancient language and literature in the confederacy of Indian languages.

A recital of all the details of activities which have come out of your genius and by which you have enriched the country will engage me too long. They all bear testimony to a virile intellect, which initiated them and a powerful will which implemented them, undaunted by obstacles. But the magic of your achievements lies deeper than your intellect and your will. It lies in the warm heart, embosomed in your being, by which you are able to attract men devoted to the execution of the many schemes that you have carried out to such remarkable fruition. Having widely travelled alike in the pages of the best literatures of the world and in many countries, you have developed a perspective and a forbearance with men given to few. The touch of the romantic in you draws men to you with a rare devotion. Your easy accessibility and your concern for the welfare of persons in your vast family regardless of rank or age invests you with the halo of a paterfamilias.

Renouncing his throne, King Edward VIII of England plaintively wrote to his brother: 'You have a great advantage over me. You have a happy home with a loving wife. I feel I cannot discharge the obligations of royalty without the assistance of the woman I love.' That episode shows what great and significant part an understanding and affectionate wife plays in the life of a person devoted to public service. In this respect you have been fortunate to have in Smt. Lilavati Munshi a lady of charm and diligence who has shared your labours in loving partnership.

It is not for me to dilate at length on the human qualities, the *Kalyana gunah* (कल्याणगुणाः) that have endeared you to one and all who came in contact with you. This gathering is eloquent evidence of the affections and love that you have evoked in many a heart drawn to you with reverence and affection. You have been able to command such love and regard by one quality, more than others, which you have made the ruling principle of your life adopting the Upanishadic maxim (तेन त्यक्तेन भुंजीथाः) "Enjoy by renouncing". This sense for sacrifice has governed your life and found its consummation when, the other day, you divested yourself of your last immovable property bequeathing it to the Bhavan.

May I, Sir, on behalf of your friends and admirers all over India convey to you once again our affectionate felicitations on your 76th birthday and couple them with our prayer to God that you may be vouchsafed many more years in health and strength in all the ways of a purposeful life.

While doing so, we wish to convey to you the assurance of immortality

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pronounced by Sri Vyasa, your favourite Rishi, who declared:

दिवं स्पृशति भूमिं च शब्दः पुण्यस्य कर्मणः ।
यावत् स शब्दो स भवति तावत् पुरुष उच्यते ।।

'The fame of a virtuous deed spreads on earth and reaches to heaven. A noble man lives only so long as that fame survives.'

As a humble token of our rejoicings on this auspicious day and as a tribute of our high regard for you, we request you to accept this replica in silver of the Central Home of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan with which your name will live in the memory of your countrymen.

I request you, Mr. Chairman, to be pleased to offer it to Sri Munshiji on behalf of all the friends and admirers of Munshiji.

I thank you.

*OTHER SPEAKERS*

Sarvasri H.V. Pataskar, Governor of Madhya Pradesh; H.K. Chainani, Chief Justice of Maharashtra High Court; Jairamdas Daulatram; S.G. Barve, Finance Minister, Maharashtra Government; Justice N. H. Bhagwati and Moinuddin Harris spoke praising the services of Sri Munshiji to the country.

Dr. Munshi was presented with a replica of the Bhavan in silver which he gave away to the Bhavan.

Other presentations to Dr. Munshi were: "Munshi at 75," a volume of articles by his contemporaries about him and "Munshi's world of imagination."

4 *LAKH DONATION*

The Patel Jethabhai Amritlal Trust of Ahmedabad announced a donation of Rs. 4,00,000 to the Bhavan for the founding of a Bhavan's cen-


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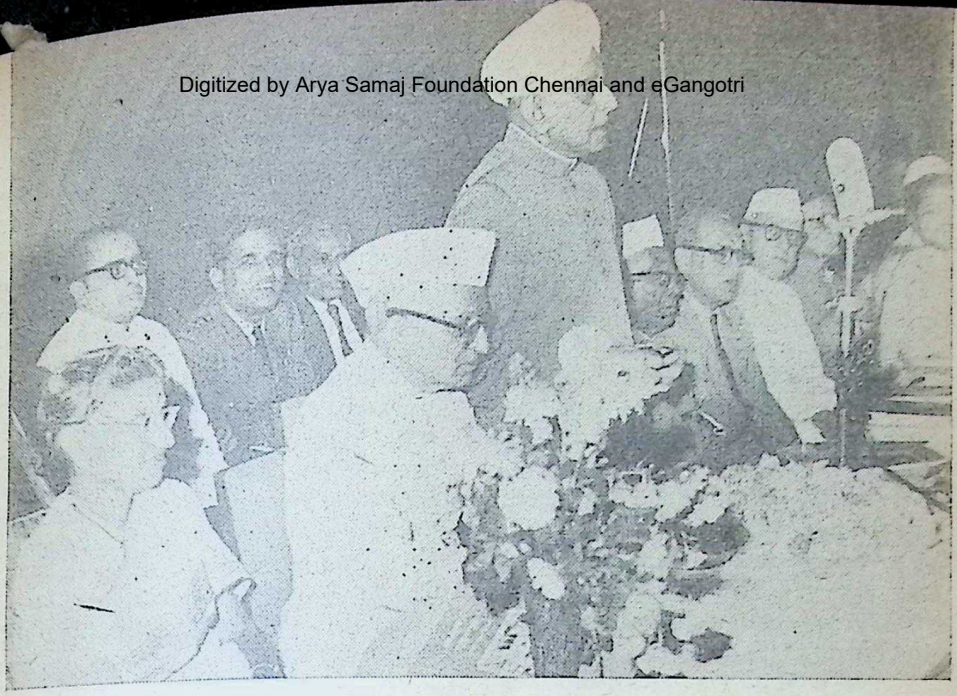

**Dr. C. P. R. Aiyar felicitating Kulapati Munshi at the Citizens' meeting at the National Sports Club of India**

tre at Ahmedabad. Its Trustees are Sarvasri Pari Keshavlal Jamnadas (Managing Trustee), Patel Mohanlal Kuberdas, Patel Chimanlal Ishwarlal and Sheth Babulal Gordhandas.

In his presidential speech on the occasion Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar spoke with great emotion as follows:

## Dr. C. P. R. Aiyar's Speech

A MODERN Sanskrit drama contains this statement: *"Utsavasya Parakashta Sukthi Labhobhi Sajjitha."* It means that occasions of rejoicing that serve us are characterised by the sayings and wise dicta of well-known savants.

This afternoon we have heard speeches and discourses by persons who have had personal acquaintance with Dr. Munshi and his works. Those tributes that emanated from such men who have had personal contact with Dr. Munshi also emphasised and rightly underlined the great good fortune which accompanied his later career in the matter of his help-mate and devoted spouse.

I am glad on this occasion, at the beginning of what I am going to say, to repeat what fell from my friends and to wish you, Sir, many, many happy returns of your birthday and my blessings as I am ten years your senior, and my blessings to you and to your wife for a long life, to continue your active and fruitful career of public benefaction and public good.

Friends, I have known Sri K.M. Munshi at a time when he was a very young man, trying to gain his foot-

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ing in the legal field. I believe it was in 1916, 46 years ago, that as a young man, he joined the Home Rule League of which at that time I was the General Secretary under the leadership of Dr. Annie Besant. It was in Bombay that we met and I have watched his career from that day to this with unabated interest and unceasing admiration.

It has been said by the great English poet, Wordsworth, in his poem, "The Happy Warrior" that there are not many people who can count back upon the years of their lives with the consciousness that they have wrought their lives, that they have fashioned their careers and lived their existence in fulfilment of their dreams, their aspirations and the yearnings of their youth. To few of us has it been given to cherish our ideals, to pursue those ideals, to await and await with patience the fruition of those ideals and to be present when those ideals are reaching their culmination.

Mr. Munshi is one of those happy and fortunate few.

I do not propose on this occasion to deal with his legal career.

I was a contemporary of Sir Chimanlal Setalvad and had many legal conflicts with him, have appeared against him in the old, old days. And I may say that as a senior lawyer, I was watching the tremendously eventful legal career of Mr. Munshi with interest, and, as I said, with admiration, but it is not on that legal career that I wish to say much. He has been what very few lawyers succeeded in being, viz., a constructive jurist in addition to being a successful and verdict-getting lawyer.

In the matter of the working of the Constitution, in the matter of the formulation of the ideals underlying the Constitution, in the matter of laying down the principles culled from several Constitutions and making a synthesis of those principles and making it possible for this country to be governed under the aegis of the Supreme Court, borrowed from certain Constitutions of the West, of a Parliamentary system following the British model, and of those fundamental rights and directives derived from other great jurisprudences, Mr. Munshi's part has been formative and creative and he will live long as one of the founding fathers of the Indian Constitution. I do not decry the contributions made by others, but there was a kind of dashness about the manner in which Sri Munshi piloted the Constitution, the cheerful way in which he took criticisms and mastered them without a feeling of any exhibition of pedantry or otiose learning. That was one of the great points about Mr. Munshi's piloting of the Constitution through its various stages.

There is another aspect of his life I should like to dwell upon for a moment. It is not often that a literary man, devoted to the arts of drama, of novels and of historical romances, it is not often that such a literary personage has got a critical faculty developed in him by way of parallel exhibition. He is not only able to evolve dreams and to clothe those dreams with shapes of living and moving images and characters but is able to devote his powers of

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criticism to dissect, to analyse and to see history and literature in their proper perspective.

I regard as a great work done by Dr. Munshi the bringing into existence of those histories of India, of those chronicles of the heritage of India, the cultural and historical heritage of India, which are remarkable; as I say, not only the unfolding of the picture of India's eventful march from age to age, but also consider those books enshrine very just criticisms from time to time of what has been done, what should have been done, what our failure is, what we failed to do and the price that we paid for our failures. He has revived for us great and historical figures. He has revived in us the glories of Vikramaditya, Harsha and those great leaders of Kanauj and Upper India who have made us realise that the Chakravarti ideal of the past was not an ideal of despotic monarchy, but was an ideal of rule by Dharma which was as powerful in its greatest days, in its most creative days, as the directives and fundamental rights of today. It was Dr. Munshi's historical analysis and historical perspective that made those epochs live before us.

And further, I cannot dwell on his merits as the founder of modern Gujarati prose, an epithet which I have seen unanimously bestowed upon him, but I have had some occasions to read some of his works, not in his own language, but in translations and also I have been a student of Kulapati's letters.

You have brought into existence in the *Bhavan's Journal* a new type of journalism—a journalism which can be familiar journalism but which does not soar into pedantry or which does not descend to common place. You have brought into existence a lively narrative of passing events and criticisms—sometimes caustic, sometimes pleasant, but always with a sense of humour. You have brought a new type of literature into being, and we are grateful to you for it.

In that *Bhavan's Journal* and practically everything that Dr. Munshi has written, there is an abiding love for our ancient traditions. That abiding love in a characteristic manner is united with the vivid consciousness of the manner from which from time to time we have fallen away from our ancient ideals so that in whatever he writes, there is not only a chronicle, not only an apotheosis, but also a kind of gentle and friendly comment upon what should be done in the future to avoid the mistakes of the past.

And in doing all this, he has been guided by the great basic principle: a love of the mother country as a whole. I should like to underline that as a person who has had a great deal to do quite recently with what is called integration—emotional or national, regional or linguistic and so forth. Mr. Munshi has always stood for the ideal of a united India, diversified by the richness of various languages and adorned with various types of literary and artistic excellences—regional and local—but nevertheless tending towards the ultimate unity of India. That was a great

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point about him.

Very few people realise today when talking of integration that the Chakravarti ideal, that ideal for which Mahatma Gandhi stood and for which others fought, that Chakravarti ideal was not an ideal of a despotic monarch. Not long ago, I was speaking on an occasion when I was to speak about Kalidasa. You will remember that when Raghu started on his career of conquest, his horse went round the whole of India, so Kalidasa says. But you will also remember that in Orissa, that in Kerala, that in the far North-West, when the symbolic suzerainty of Raghu was recognized, not only did he restore the ancient king to his kingdom but he fought for peace and the renaissance and the restoration of the glory of the country over which his horse passed—in other words, reconciliation. *'Samavaya'* as our ancients called it, was the ideal of the ancient Chakravartins. That was quite consistent with that great ideal for which our patriots have fought. Mr. Munshi has been an exponent of that ideal.

There is another direction in which Munshi has excelled and that is, in a lively consciousness of the value of our hoary, ancient traditions plus a dynamic desire to effect those social changes which alone can preserve in freshness the old traditions because all old traditions, all old cultures, with the passage of years, gather excrescences around them. There are awkwardnesses and many difficulties that arise, and there are many back-strivings and fallings away like an old building. Cracks appear and trees grow in all sorts of awkward corners and you have to prune those trees, to lop off those excrescences and to fill up those cracks.

Those who really love our ancient traditions, those who love our ancient culture, must be the foremost to see that the ancient culture lives an organic, dynamic and really vivifying life, and those, therefore, who are oblivious to the needs for constant change are not doing the right service to the country.

Both Munshi and his wife have been pioneers in that direction of revivifying the old traditions and at the same time adjusting them to the conditions of the present day.

I, therefore, congratulate you, Sir, as a literary figure, as a great constructive lawyer and statesman, as an administrator, and, above all, as one who in the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and in the many, many institutions which you are founding, you unite love of humanities with a love for science. I say in all these institutions you are attempting to do that work of renaissance for which India has been awaiting for a long time and for which many people have contributed, but your contribution will not be the least of those many contributions.

With that consciousness and in the hope that you will be spared and that you, and your spouse will continue your fine work, I wish you godspeed and all prosperity.

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# Dr. Munshi's Reply

Visibly moved by the unstinted tributes paid by eminent persons who spoke before him, Sri Munshi said:

I am overwhelmed by the kindness of friends who have spoken on the occasion, as also by the generous appreciations of distinguished contemporaries who have written about me in the volume just released. With my heart so full, I do not know what to say in reply.

However, we cannot escape certain forms. One of them dictates that I should say something on this occasion. But what can I say? Platitudes would look graceless. To say "Thank you" would appear trite. If I had my way, I would only rest content by saying: "I thank God that I have been given kind friends".

If I am to speak at all, you must permit me to speak what I feel on this occasion, though it would be rather unconventional.

This I feel: Whatever I have spoken, written and accomplished, whichever the way in which I have lived, I owe it not to myself, but to the forces which moulded and inspired me throughout life.

On an occasion like this, thoughts, reminiscences and memories rise in my mind. Many and varied are the personalities and forces which have tossed me about on the ocean of life. Each had its influence on me in its kaleidoscopic context. All have left an imprint on me, more or less permanent, but some are indelible.

I owe a debt of gratitude, first, to this great city of ours—the city of slums, palaces and shrines—to which I came in June 1907 seeking a career. Its bubbling life was a challenge to the puny, penniless, friendless newcomer. Walking in its streets, reading in its free libraries, satisfying a thirst for glamour in the foul-smelling pits of its various theatres, receiving friendly and unfriendly impacts, I developed a zest to work unremittingly.

The Bombay Bar, that great institution with its high standards and eminent leaders, opened its arms to me. Though proverbially inhospitable, it sheltered me and gave me scope for intensive hard work, and introduced me to the hates and passions, to the greed and crime, to the lures and hopes of its vast and varied life.

I became familiar with wealth transferred from one man to another through the judicial process; to malice which preferred mutual ruin by spiteful litigation; to justice vindicated or, not unoften, denied.

The Bar brought me in living contact with the city's business world, where often men lost money for no fault of theirs or acquired it for no merit of theirs. There was scarcely a trading transaction in which wealth was acquired by uncanny shrewdness or by instinctive appreciation of the laws of the market, into which, as a lawyer, I was not initiated. This world gave me friends, astute, competent and generous; some of them often accepted my demands on them

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with the same alacrity with which Sri Krishna, as Shamalsha, accepted the *hundis* of Narsi Mehta.

The libraries of the City gave me a glimpse of the literary and academic world. Several rising literary men encouraged me to write in Gujarati. Its press and journals gave me the much-needed monetary relief, and incidentally provided the facility to read proofs, write leaders and articles, and to attempt novels. When the time came, many were the friends whose admiration gave me the urge to excel myself in pouring out my soul through literature.

Bombay's political life attracted me to public service. Some of its political leaders led me into the battle of freedom. Sometimes the people of Bombay, by their very confidence, attracted me to the thorny path of sacrifice.

In the thirties, the Bombay University, my *alma mater,* gave me an insight into the role and technique of higher education, opened for me the mysteries of how the mind and character of the young were formed and created an urge in me to make experiments on the ways to impart knowledge, of which nobility and character are the fruits—*sheela vritta phalam srutam.*

Bombay, therefore, was my school of life. It showed me the way and gave me scope. It was the springboard from which I plunged into life's endeavours.

Whatever achievements you have credited me with, I repeat, are not mine; I was but a sea-shell thrown up by the mighty flood of Indian Renaissance. Those who gave me momentum and direction were some of its great architects: Dayanand Saraswati, who restored in me the pride of ancient race and undying culture; Bankimchandra, who fired my romantic imagination to go in search of new worlds; Sri Aurobindo, who taught me the love of Bharat Mata, the Eternal Mother, and aroused aspirations for spiritual self-fulfilment. Then came Gandhiji; he opened for me vistas of national greatness, which can only be acquired through a dedicated life.

Indian Renaissance, as you know, has many facets—political, cultural, religious and spiritual. I was hypnotised by all of them into becoming the vehicle of its expression—feeble and imperfect though it was.

Without my knowing it, I was landed into the arena of political strife, into gaol, into the legislature, into the Constituent Assembly, into Parliament, into offices of some importance.

Similarly, I strayed into the field of romance and into trying to fathom the mysteries which gave Indian culture its strength and tenacity.

Looking back at my life, I see it as an adventure—by no means meteoric, but certainly colourful. Now that it is nearing its end, I can view it standing as it were on the bank of a flowing stream.

To say that it was *my* adventure would be arrogant. Hopes and disappointments, achievements and frustrations, which came my way, were not of my making; they only expressed the will of a Higher Power.

The adventure, however, was very interesting. Spread over seventy-five years, it had its thrills—thrills ex-

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perienced at the partition of Bengal and the rise of militant nationalism; at the rise of the Home Rule movement and of popular consciousness; at the Bardoli satyagraha and the birth of non-violent resistance; at thousands courting gaols to vindicate their right to freedom; at hundreds of thousands being swayed by patriotic impulses in mammoth meetings; at wielding power and maintaining order; at the trials and tortures which accompanied the transfer of power by the British; at the glorious work of the Constituent Assembly; at the Hyderabad episode with its intrigues and dangers.

Such a thrill I felt recently when, at the challenge of the Chinese aggression, a giant wave of resisting will swept over the country as never before in history. I have no doubt that the Will to Resist, which has developed in the country, will make the Motherland stronger and greater than she ever was.

I am happy that I have found a sense of fulfilment in having been actively associated with the wonderful revolution in our social life which brought about the emancipation of our women and the removal of untouchability; also in the creative and co-operative effort to help build shrines of learning and culture, of which the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is one.

At the same time, I am filled with a sense of mystery on account of things which I planned going wrong and things unplanned being accomplished. But the hand of God is always there.

The adventure again was not only interesting, but filled with human warmth. Throughout life, God has been pleased to give me friends whose unfailing confidence and support have made my task easy; young men and women who have enriched our life by giving us the affection due to parents; also a family which uniformly surrounds us with care and respect: for all of which we are humbly beholden.

My life would not have been what it was and is without the three women who have given me love and devotion in unbounded measure.

The first gave me birth and presided over my life during its first forty-nine years with a rare wisdom.

The second shared my early years of struggle and success with a unique self-surrender.

And the last has partnered my struggles and achievements with a spirit of unity which I dreamt of in fiction, but little hoped to realise in life. In giving her to me, God fed my hungry soul and made the course of years a pilgrimage of joy.

They have, each in her own way, surrounded me with understanding and encouragement; to them must mainly go the credit for whatever I have been or done.

The adventure has also its wonderful aspect—beautiful, I may say. Side by side with the real world, from 1910 up to now, I have lived in a world of my own—unshared by anyone else—inhabited by mighty men and women of the Vedic and Epic ages—

Vasishtha, Viswamitra, Parashurama, Agastya and Lopamudra,

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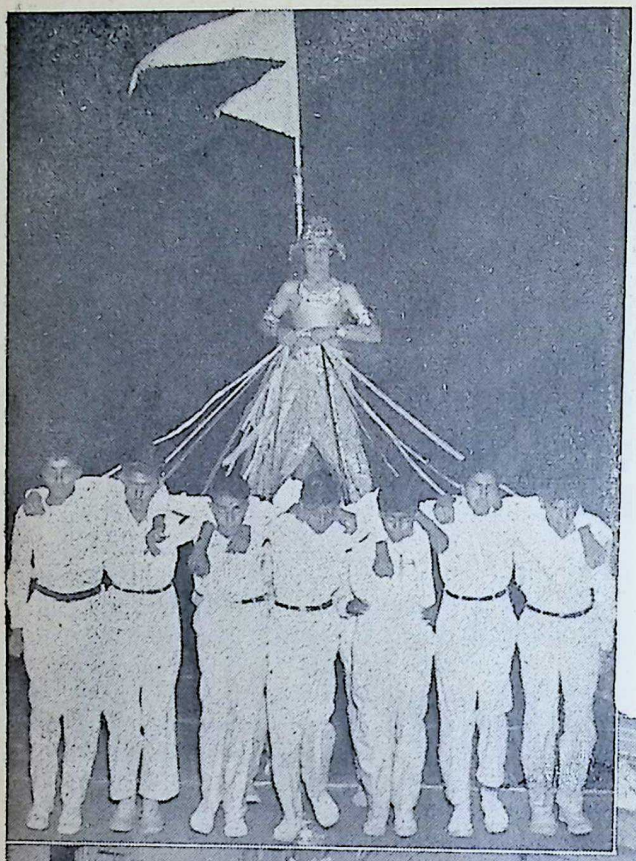
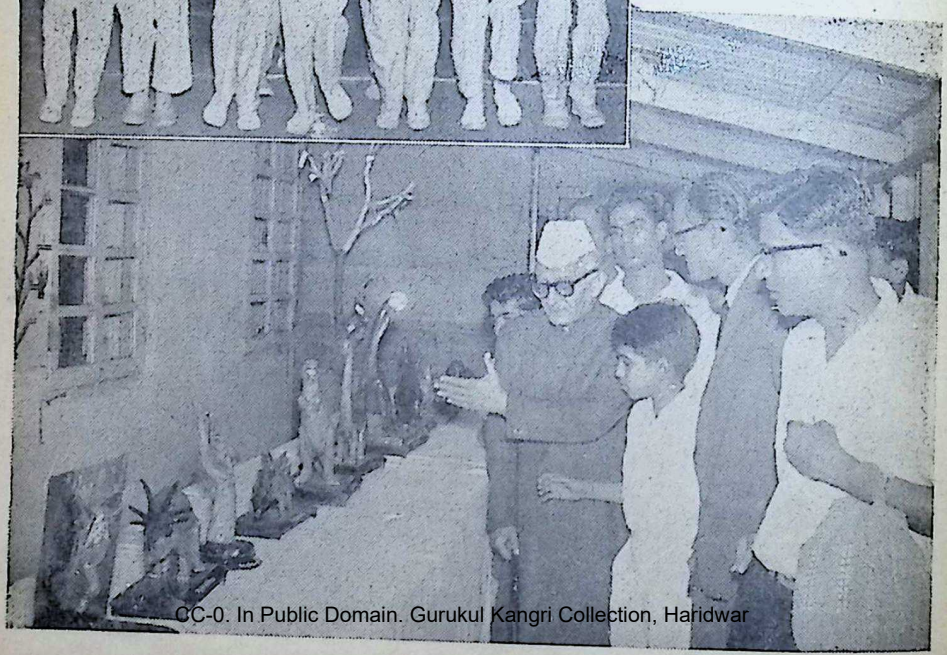


*Top:*

**Moonlight Drill**

*Bottom:*

**Exhibition of Handicrafts (both at Andheri)**



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Krishna and Rukmini, Balarama and Uddhava.

As also men and women of the golden prime of the Chalukyan era of Gujarat—Munjal, Kak, Khengar, Ranak, Manjari, Chaula, Bada Maharaj.

Trying to capture their lives, habits and adventures in words all too feeble, I have found fulfilment. Whether they will remain in the memory of men or not, is no concern of mine, but as I shared their joys and sorrows, my life acquired the rainbow hue of beauty. By and large, the dreams and ideals which have inspired my life, I believe, are vital for maintaining India's ageless culture. And I may be permitted to hope that the inspiration behind what I have thought and worked for, would ever continue to activate not only those who have been in contact with me, but others who may in future come into contact with them.

I have also had moments of inspiration, as when the heart of our Culture stood revealed to me in *tapas*, the constant endeavour to keep the mind and body pure, and in *Ishvara Pranidhan*, learning to live in His presence, by a total surrender to His will. And in those moments, I have learnt with humility that His will alone determines both the adventure and outcome ; we are but instruments.

In that faith I have lived and hope to live hereafter. And whenever His mandate comes, I am ready to depart and leave the task to be carried forward by kindred spirits.

Once again I thank the Lord, and you all.

The evening's programme concluded with the performance by the Bhavan's Kala Kendra of a scene each from Munshiji's dramas, *Vare Ma Vah and* Prithvi Vallabham.

At night in the Bhavan's Kanji Khetsi Sabhagriha, the Gujarati drama 'Mari Pachchi Kon' was presented by the Bhavan's Kala Kendra.

*December* 31: As in the previous morning, Vedagaans, Bhajans and Maha Rudra Yaga were held.

The Agri-Horticultural Society held a garden show at the Campus of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan at Andheri.

Sri N. S. Rao of the Society welcomed the Chief Guest, Kulapati K. M. Munshi.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi, President of the Society, delivered the Welcome address.

The Chief Guest, Kulapati Munshi, in his speech exhorted the gathering to take greater interest in flowers and gardening.

Thereafter Kulapati, Smt. Munshi and the guests went round the garden beds.

Another feature of the evening's programme was an exhibition on biological subjects held on the second floor of the Bhavan's College at Andheri.

The most exhilirating feature was the moonlight drill performed by students of the Hansraj Morarji Public School who also staged a mock-fight between Indian and Chinese soldiers.

With the singing of the National Anthem, the function came to a close.

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# LOVE as summum bonum

**Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin**

LOVE furnishes considerable driving force to the total power of each of the highest values of human life: to the power of truth and knowledge, of beauty, and freedom, of goodness, and happiness.

Each of these end values has its own power that tangibly effects, enriches, and ennobles the life of individuals, of groups, and the course of human history.

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Entering as a component into each of these values, love adds to their power. Thus *love of truth* makes the search for truth more forceful, enjoyable, and indefatigable than a pursuit of truth either coercively imposed or contractually stipulated.

Most of the valid truths of humanity have been discovered through the love of truth rather than through coercion or obligation.

The love of truth not only stimulates scientific discoveries, inventions, philosophical and religious verities, but love directly contributes to our knowledge and learning.

Through empathy and communion with, and co-participation in the experience of all who are loved, love enormously enriches our poor individual experience.

When love embraces the whole of humanity, each man becomes a co-participant in the richest experience of all generations.

This empathic, sympathetic, loving way of learning is possibly one of the surest and most efficient methods of cognition and most fruitful way to truth and knowledge.

Love, then, transforms itself into truth and knowledge.

In these two ways the power of

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love greatly reinforces the power of truth and knowledge.

Similarly love greatly increases the power of beauty. Love of beauty is a pre-condition of all the innumerable actions of aspiration, enjoyment, and creative achievement of the beautiful in human life, in the fine arts, and in human history.

In a sense love is beauty's indispensable component. Anything that one loves and looks at through loving eyes becomes "lovely," that is, beautiful.

Anything unloved appears "unlovely," often ugly.

Since the love experience is beautiful in its very nature, everything that love touches becomes beautiful.

Love generates the search for beauty and supplies an immense driving power to the energy of beauty itself.

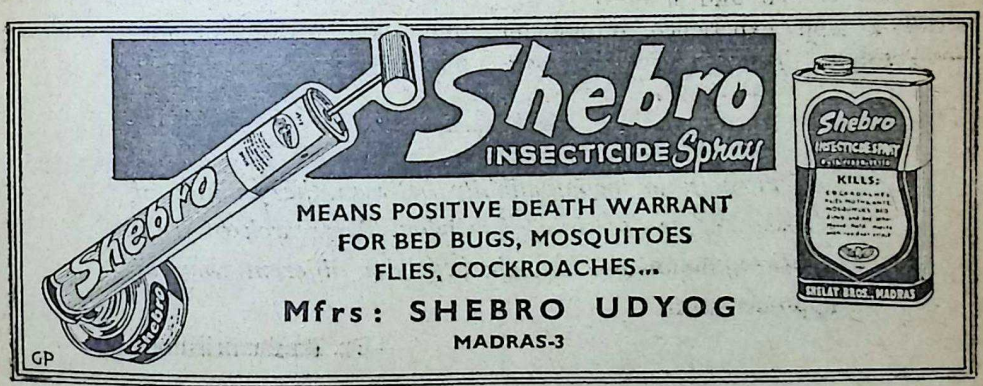
Through the factor of beauty, love notably affects our life and the course of history.

Love-power has been working in and is embodied in all the fine art phenomena, beginning with the enjoyment of a sunset and the beauty of the beloved, and ending with Homer's epic poems, Shakespeare's tragedies, Beethoven's and Bach's music, Michelangelo's sculpture, and all great paintings and architecture.

Likewise, love for freedom has been instrumental in all movements for the realization of freedom in human history. Even more: love experience is freedom at its loftiest and best. To love anything is to act freely, without compulsion or artificial stimulation. To be free means to do what one loves to do. In this sense, love and true freedom are synonyms.

Compulsion is the negation of love. Where there is love there is no coercion; where there is coercion there is no love. And the greater the love the greater the freedom. Without love, all the Bills of Rights and all the constitutional guarantees of freedom are but empty shells.

There is no need to argue that love is the heart and soul of ethical goodness itself and of all great religions. Their central command has always been love of God and of neighbour.

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Their main verity is "God is Love and Love is God." Without Love there is no morality and no religion. If the stream of love in religion or ethics dries up, both become empty and dead.

Finally, love-experience is the supreme form of happiness. Love contributes to it in many ways; first of all, as the most powerful antidote against fear and insecurity. Love "beareth all things, endureth all things ....never faileth." Love does not fear anything or anybody. Love transcends our ego; it identifies our self with the Infinite reality-value. Disarming fear, love contributes to our happiness by blessing us with the highest peace of mind. When love is slight and impure, its peace of mind is impure and vulnerable. When love is unbounded and pure, it is "the peace of God that passeth all understanding."

The experience of a truly great love is the highest form of happiness itself. It is the *summum bonum*. Each experience of loving and being loved, however simple and impure, is already a happy experience, "a moment of sunshine" in our grayish life process. An experience of a great love is the highest bliss of human life. And *vice versa*. Any life deprived of love is a mere miserable existence. Such a life becomes often unbearable and leads its victims to suicide.

Thus the power of love generates, inspires, reinforces, and operates in all the individual and collective actions of the realisation of truth and knowledge, of goodness and justice, of beauty and freedom, of the *summum bonum* and happiness, throughout the whole creative history of humanity. When all the manifestations of love power are rightly understood, one can but agree with Gandhi's and Dostoievsky's restatements of the old truth on the power of love. Dostoievsky wisely counsels: "Love all God's creation, the whole and every grain of sand in it. Love every leaf, every ray of God's light. Love the animals, love the plants. Love everything. If you love everything, you will perceive the divine mystery in things. Once you perceive it, you will begin to comprehend it better every day, and you will come at last to love the whole world with an all-embracing love."

---

*There is no incompatibility between the findings of science and the doctrines of religion. The search of truth is their common goal though they have different ways of approach to it.*

—Dr. Radhakrishnan

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PART III

# Tapaswini

K. M. MUNSHI

*Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel,* I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

## CHAPTER 99

## The Prison Cell

IN the first week of August, 1932, Ravi was sentenced to two years rigorous imprisonment and sent to the jail at Bijapur. He welcomed the sentence as if he had won a victory! For seven months, he had succeeded in converting Bombay into a fortress, such as Chitor had been in medieval India, invincible. Because of his efforts, popular enthusiasm had been sustained and nourished and that in its turn had given strength and support to the movement in the rest of India.

Ravi was kept in the condemned prisoners' yard along with a number of leaders from Bombay. The prison used to be a caravanserai in the days of Adilshah. In former years, this yard used to be occupied by prisoners sentenced to death. The old gallows could still be seen in the backyard.

Ravi was greeted warmly by his former colleagues of Bombay, who celebrated his arrival. Every new arrival and every release was festively celebrated.

During this particular movement, Government had tightened up its regulations. Most of the leaders were down-graded from 'A' Class to 'B' Class and were made to wear prison clothing and eat prison food. Ravi was placed in the 'B' Class.

In the condemned yard, there were four small cells and a verandah. In one cell were kept the prisoners' foodstuffs; in the second were housed Katpitia and Madhusudan, the third was allotted to Dr. Joshi, the fourth to Kapadia. The rest had staked their claims on the verandah by spreading their beddings and books.

The welcome over, Ravi's colleagues surrounded him and piled him with questions. "Is the movement still

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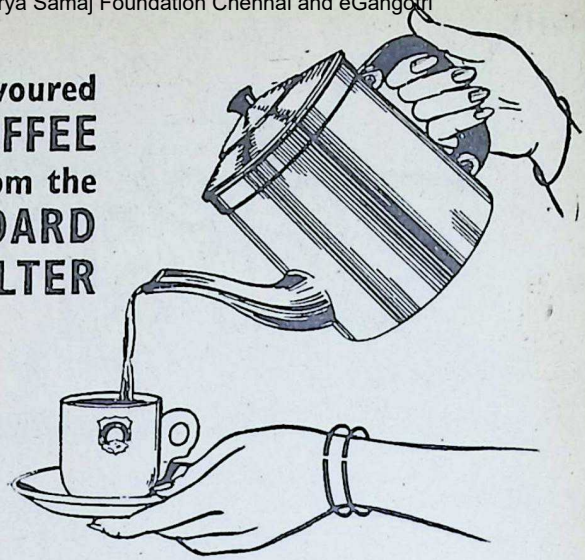

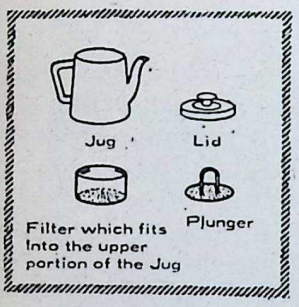


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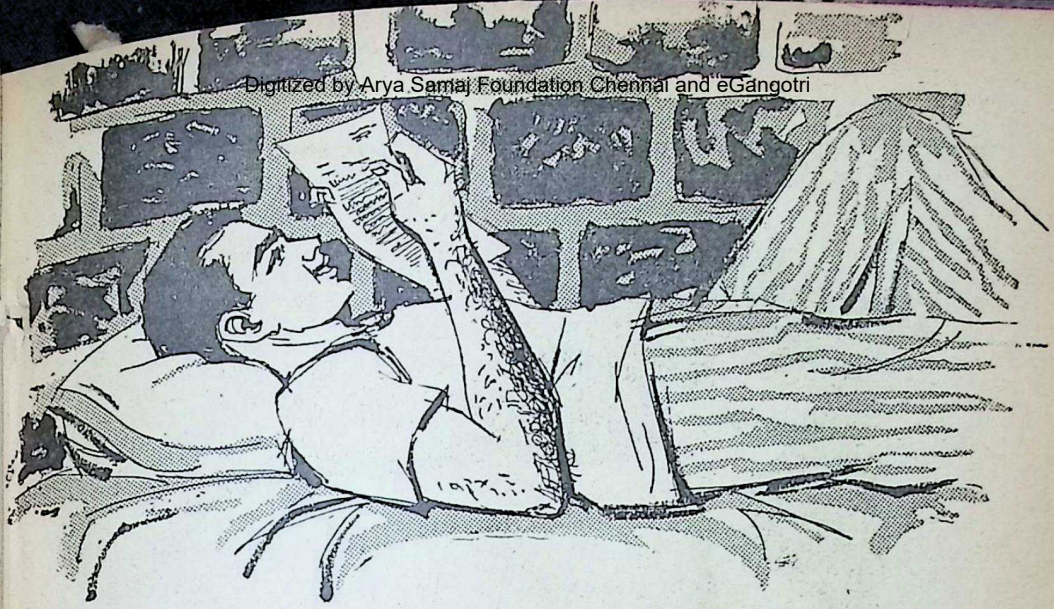

alive or has it collapsed? How long are we going to rot here? Do you think we can get swaraj this way? Why does Gandhiji continue to be obstinate and make the lives of thousands of people miserable?" Ravi was taken aback to hear such questions from men who had made others take the pledge of sacrifice. When he could bear it no longer, he said, "You don't know what you were talking about. This is our last fight. There is no room for compromise." He saw Dr. Joshi and Kapadia exchange meaningful glances. They considered him crazy.

Ravi was anxious to get some rest after his hectic activity over many months, and to make up for lost sleep. He wanted time for reflection, to take stock of his activities in the last few months, so he contented himself by taking only a nominal interest in the collective life of the yard.

But sleep eluded him. He found pleasure in projecting on the screen of his memory pictures of his experiences of the past few months. One who occupied the central place in every episode was Rajba, the light of his life.

It was on the very day he returned from Karachi after attending the Congress session there that their relationship was first put on a happy footing. When Raj told him that she would have nothing more to do with him, he woke up to reality, shed his vanity and confessed his errors. It was then that he realised the deeper significance of Raj's devotion to her main objective. All her endeavours were directed to build a better future for Uday. No sacrifice was too great for her, not even the sacrifice of her love for the man she loved.

Uday and Sheelabehn had reached the depth of unhappiness, but Rajba's supreme sacrifice had brought them out of the slough of despond and tossed them on the sunny-sands to play like little children.

When Gandhiji went to London for the Round Table Conference, Ravi used to spend his week-ends at Uday's country house at Bandra. He was al-

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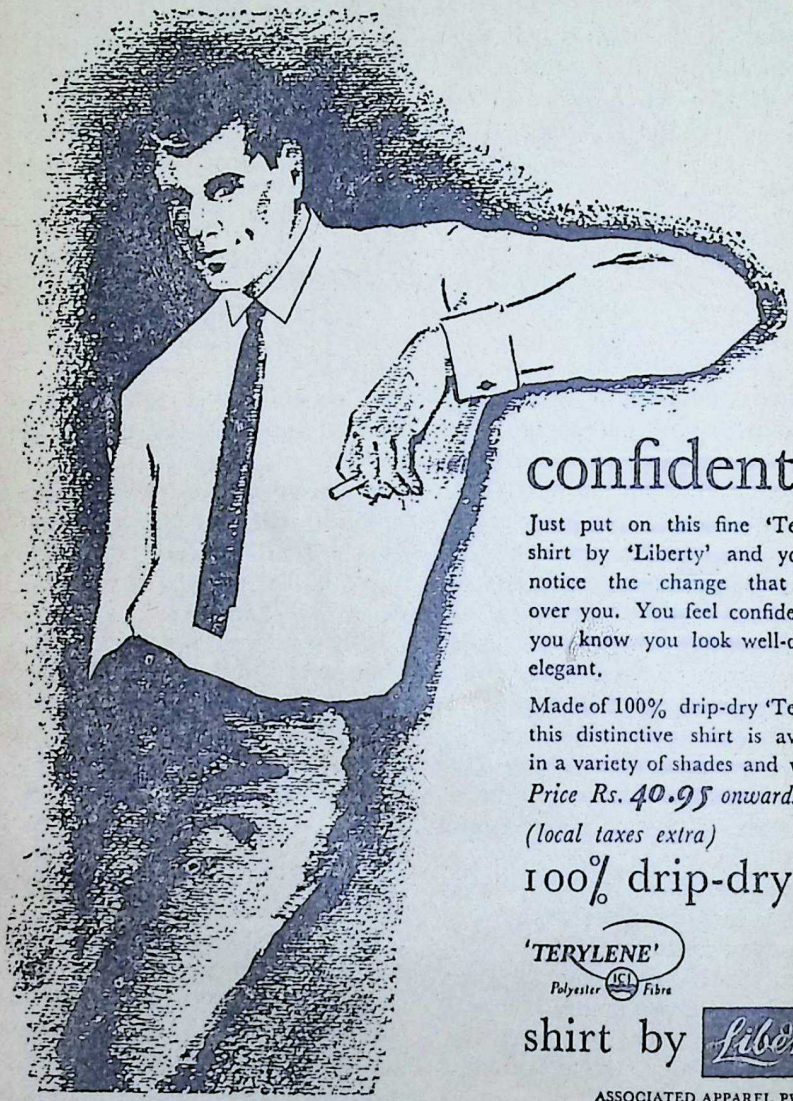

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ways welcomed affectionately. He would spend hours walking on the beach, listening to the sweet music of the waves.

It was Raj's faith in him that had been responsible for his transformation. He reflected upon his past, felt how poor in character his life had been. One day he had realised a new truth! Life cannot be fulfilled by mere action, but by realisation of one's true self. He mused on the events that had followed this discovery.

Gandhiji was arrested on his return from England at the beginning of 1932. The next day Congress leaders throughout the country were also arrested. At the time Ravi was at Jambusar with Dinkarbhai Jani. He returned to Bombay and in order to keep the movement alive, went underground.

For six months, he met Raj clandestinely every evening, and had long discussions with her. It was only the night before he was arrested that he discovered that she loved him, though he had always loved her. In his prison cell, these thoughts of her, the memory of her smile set his senses tingling. The moment he had longed for months, the memory of her touch of how she had held his hand in hers...of how he had pressed her hand to his eyes...these thoughts made him tremble with delight. He had dreamed of those magic moments even during his journey in the police van between two armed policemen.

Raj, sweet, wonderful Raj! So spiritually pure, a goddess. An amazing inspiration to so many—Bhagwandas Master, Jagjivan, Dr. Joshi, Sheela—she was their saviour...and that wonderful woman loved him. No one had aroused her...only by his touch had she been converted from a being on high to a woman of flesh and blood. Thinking of her, of how he had won her, Ravi thrilled to a pleasure never before experienced.

For three days, awake or asleep, he lost himself in this reverie. Then slowly he came back to earth and began to take notice of what was happening around him.

Dr. Joshi spent his time reading the *Bhagavad Gita,* preaching and telling everybody what was good for them! Kapadia shut himself up in his cell and was busy writing a book to prove the folly of Gandhiji's political philosophy. Mohan Mangaldas feared that he would contract T.B. in prison and spent his days in sleep and rest. Madhusudan remained engrossed in literature, convinced that his was an extraordinary personality. Finally Katpitia was bemoaning his fate, having been jilted by a girl.

Their life in a restricted area, away from the world, and circumscribed by the four walls of their prison cell, in the same company day in and day out, with nothing to do beyond speculating when they would be released, affected each one of them and had brought out the worst in their natures. They quarrelled at the slightest pretext, wounded one another's feelings with bitter words. Ravi alone was unaffected by the hard life that they were leading, by what he ate or where he slept. When he saw his colleagues breaking up over trifles, he felt scornful towards them.

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CHAPTER 100

# Ravi's Odyssey

THE effect, even on well-educated and cultured people, when they are cut off from life's pleasures, social responsibilities and the company of friends, was a revelation to Ravi. All the pettiness and meanness in one's temperament come out on top. If he had not given up his long-cherished ambitions under the influence of Raj's personality, he too might have been similarly affected. Now he was repulsed by the ugliness he saw around him.

Body and soul, he was still under the enduring effect of Raj's personality. His thoughts frequently kept returning to her. At meal times he would think of the times he had dined with her. Whenever he took his constitutional walk in the prison-yard, he imagined that Raj was silently walking by his side. His ears seemed to be hearing her voice, his eyes kept seeing her image. When he went to sleep, he felt her touch and he saw her in his dreams. He remembered her before he fell off to sleep, and she was the first person he thought of on awaking. In the sordid atmosphere that surrounded him, it was only the thought of Raj that buoyed him up.

The following week Ravi was sent for by Ghanekar, the superintendent of the jail. He asked him if he knew Raj Solanki. "Why, she is Barrister Uday Solanki's sister," replied Ravi, as the very sound of Raj's name awoke a sensation of pleasure in his body.

"She has asked for permission to see you next Sunday. Is she any relation of yours?"

"No, but I treat the Solanki family as my own and they treat me as one of them."

The worldly-wise superintendent smiled. He could guess Ravi's relations with Raj.

"Are you engaged to her?" he asked.

"No, why do you ask?" Ravi was aghast at the mere suggestion of his being engaged to Raj.

"From her letter it would seem as if you know each other extremely well. Is she a friend of yours?" inquired the superintendent, laying a significant emphasis on the word 'friend'. Ravi's first impulse was to say 'Yes', but he was angered at the suggestive question of the superintendent.

He replied instead, "Raj saheb is not my 'friend'."

"I see. She has a lot of affection for you," remarked Ghanekar with a wink.

"She is my mentor. She is a yogini. She is one of the fortunate few to whom God has revealed his image."

"I am afraid, I cannot permit her to see you."

"Why, are not others allowed to see their friends?"

"The rule is to permit only close relations to meet the prisoners. For other political prisoners we treat their

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friends as relations, but in your case, Government has passed a special order that I must not let you meet any one other than your nearest relations. I am sorry, Mr. Tripathi."

"I have no relations at all, none who would want to come and see me."

"Government are aware of that," said Ghanekar with a laugh. "They have passed a specific order that no one from Uday Solanki's household should be permitted to meet you. You probably know that Uday Solanki was arrested last night."

"What! Why?" asked Ravi in surprise.

"Because he was collecting money for the movement."

Ravi ground his teeth. It was his own fault. Uday did not wish to have anything to do with the movement, but against his will he had been dragged into it. Sheela, who was pregnant, was separated from her husband.

"We do not expect decent behaviour from the British Government," commented Ravi.

"I am indeed sorry. I know how very unhappy a prisoner feels when no one comes to see him even once a month," Ghanekar spoke sympathetically. "In any case, here is this letter from your *guru*," he concluded as he extended Raj's letter to him.

Ravi's heart began to beat fast as he took the letter. His imagination took him back to the moment when he had clasped Rajba's hand in his own.

When he returned to his room, he felt as if Raj's special fragrance enveloped him. He shut his eyes and tried to picture her. In his imagination, they greeted each other. She smiled, and the radiance of her smile seemed to light up everything.

For a long while, Ravi could not bring himself to read the letter. Then he touched it with his lips. He read:—

My dear Ravi,

I hear that you have been taken to Bijapur jail. I hope you are well. Sheelabehn, Uday and I keep talking about you. Sheelabehn never tires of talking about your organising skill and I never tire of waiting for your return.

I don't know what prison life is like, but I can well imagine it. Its four walls have cut you off from your life's work. How can you see beauty in such conditions?

Selfishness, vanity and cruelty exist everywhere, but you see more of them in jail. They make your days unbearable and give rise to anger, fear and passion. But I am sure that you will overcome them and experience beauty even in your dark prison cell.

What else can I talk about? The monsoon has set in. When thunder ceases, sometimes the sky looks as if the sun were swinging in a cradle of gold. When the rain stops, I see in the vanishing drops the multi-colours of the rainbow.

One evening I was looking out of the window and watching the moon spread its light on the sea. I was completely engrossed. I felt I was face to face with beauty. Some nights, the sky is full of stars, and when I think of the worlds beyond, I feel extraordinarily happy. How am I to put all this in words?

Even if there is neither rain, nor sky, nor stars to help one perceive beauty, I wish that you and I together see beauty in our hearts.

Yours,
Raj.

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Ravi read the letter again and again. When he went to bed he kept it in his hands and was lost in dreams of Raj. He kissed it. He shut his eyes and saw a beautiful river and there sailing on it a boat of flowers. It was not the boat which held his attention, but Raj standing on the opposite shore, calling out to him with laughing eyes. Suddenly the river ceased to flow, the boat stopped moving and Raj remained on the other bank, and he could not go across to her. Ravi woke up and rubbed his eyes. Was he becoming a poet? He had yet to acquire power, prestige, only then could he hope to win Raj as his wife. The very idea, however, of Raj making him a wife—Raj, a wife, running his home—the thought made him smile.

He got up, drank a little water and went back to bed. Sleep evaded him. He pictured himself kissing Raj. Her sari had slipped from her shoulders, revealing her charms. He wanted to embrace her. But the very idea terrified him. What was happening? Mona took the place of Raj, Mona whose naked body he was holding close to himself. He woke up trembling. His heart was beating fast. He was bathed in perspiration.

Ravi was frightened. He was a heel, unfit to be the dust under her feet. Mona had said that he was unable to see wherein lay the truth; he realised now that he was incapable of seeing beauty. He was full of self-contempt. What a petty creature he was, selfish, egoistic, mean. Rajba had done everything she could in her own affectionate way to see that he became noble. She had inspired all his activities and gave them and him an idealistic motif. She had served him with the devotion of a mother, a sister and a wife. She had given him shelter when he was hunted. She had given him strength. Yet he had remained a veritable devil. He had made her his *guru*, worshipped her as the goddess of learning, yet, awake and asleep, he could only look upon her with desire.

Lying there, thinking, introspecting, his passion for the freedom of his country cooled. His prison companions were egoistic wretches, but was he less of a wretch? He had no longer any desire to serve anybody. All he now wanted was to be one with Raj, in body, mind and soul. But he lacked self-abnegation, a spirit of renunciation to be able to achieve that oneness.

As he tossed about in bed, he realised that in his aimless prison existence, it would be quite impossible for him to forget Raj, equally impossible to make himself worthy of her. He had also succumbed to the disease of 'jailitis'!

*[To be continued]*

---

*Differences of opinion should never mean hostility. If they did, my wife and I should be sworn enemies of one another. I do not know two persons in this world who had no difference of opinion.*

— Mahatma Gandhi

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# OUR BOOK SHELF

*WELFARE STATE AND SOCIALIST STATE.* By Prof. M. Venkataragaiya. Published by Triveni Publishers, Madras. Price: Rs. 3.

THIS is a collection of three University lectures delivered by the author and their clarity and compactness make their appearance in book form welcome. The Socialist pattern of society is the goal towards which India is heading but very few of us know exactly what the phrase connotes. Is it the pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp, involving a disastrous break with the past? Or, is it the outcome of a lively social conscience?

The author provides the answer. The Welfare State—the first concept to emerge—was the logical outcome of growing industrialism and that, in its turn, led to the Socialist State. From tackling economic inequalities, the State proceeds to re-order society with a view to a just distribution of benefits. The concentration of wealth—and, as a consequence, of power—in the hands of a few was a growing menace which had to be resolutely met.

In dealing with his subject, the author naturally came up against the theories of great men to whom industrialism was anathema but he is not overborne by illustrious names. He faces the problem squarely and argues —convincingly—that there is no running away from it, and that there is no need to run away from it. The astonishing advance in scientific exploration and in the sum of human knowledge makes standing still impossible.

A useful book, very well expressed. Also it is well got-up, the paper is good, so is the printing; and printer's errors are so few as to be negligible.


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*LOKAMANYA BAL GANGADHAR TILAK*. By N. G. Jog. Published by the Publications Division, Government of India. pp. viii + 208. 1962. Price: Rs. 2.

IN its 20 short chapters the author has provided a substantial and stimulating basis for a fuller and deeper study of Lokamanya Tilak's nation-building work from all points of view. Mahatma Gandhi declared that the Lokamanya's life was an open book. Sri Jog has succeeded in holding up a mirror to the mind and heart of Tilak in this lucid and well authenticated biography.

The latter half of the last century and the first two decades of the present century constituted a momentous period in our national history. Like all formative epochs it was full of turmoil and afflictions. But it also produced giant personalities who moulded and inspired a new life with a wider outlook and higer vision. Lokamanya Tilak was undoubtedly one of the most dynamic builders of modern India before Mahatma Gandhi. Sri Jog rightly concludes his study with the observation "As Mahatma Gandhi is the Father of the Nation, so is Lokamanya Tilak the Father of Indian Nationalism" (p. 193).

Jog's lucid, authentic and non-partisan book is a welcome introduction to an all-sided and stimulating subject.

—*Prof. S. R. Sharma*

*STORIES FROM THE INDIAN CLASSICS*. By Dr. V. S. Naravane. Published by Asia Publishing House, Ballard Estate, Bombay-1. pp. 303. Price: Rs. 22.

DR. NARAVANE has spread his net wide here and has faithfully reproduced the representative stories from the *Jaatakas, Panchatantra*. Subhandu's *Vasavadatta*, Bana's *Kadambari*. Dandin's *Dashakumaracharita* and Somadeva's *Kathāsaritsāgara*. These were originally written as stories. We eagerly look forward to his racy stories from our dramas, epics and the classics. Embellished with a number of imaginative illustrations, the get-up provided by the publishers is excellent. This method of popularising our ancient literature is at once ingenious and instructive. Broad humour enlivens the narrating and our interest never flags.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

*CURSE OF THE ARHAT*. By John O' Hind. Published by Delhi Press, New Delhi. Price: Rs. 5/-

THIS gripping historical novel is woven round the life of the great Harsha. Harsha had appropriated four tooth-relics of Buddha by force from Kashmir and installed them in different places in his kingdom. This spells his reverses. The guardian spirit of these relics warns him. Maybe it was his own guilty conscience. But Harsha wouldn't listen. Only when his military adventure in the South starts misfiring, does he retrace his steps and restore the relics, when he is spared a defeat. This is a very bald account. The court intrigues, Bikshu Bhairav, Nalanda University, Princess Rama Devi and the gallant Jayaverma provide thrilling and exhilarating fare, reminiscent of W. W. Reynolds. Originally serialised in a magazine, the novel is now collected in book form and is a first class companion for a railway journey. Proof-reading could have been more efficient.

—*V. A. K.*

*VEMANA PADYAMULU* in Sanskrit Slokas with Tamil translation by S. N. Srinivas Desikan. Published by the author at 25, Burkit Road, Madras-17. Rs. 3/-.

*VEMANA PADYAMULU* in Sanskrit Slokas (by the same author). Re. 1.50.

VEMANA is one of the illustrious and immortal poets of Telugu literature. He stands on a par with Tiruvalluvar in Tamil and Kabir in Hindi in several aspects. He laid axe at the root of all superstitions and obnoxious customs prevalent in the society in his days and strove strenuously for the spiritual.

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moral and social upliftment of mankind. Though couched in Telugu language, his is a message to humanity at large.

The present work is a laudable attempt to translate into Sanskrit, 380 verses of Vemana under four sections—Murkha paddhati, Daambika paddhati, Vidvat paddhati and Artha paddhati. In the first work he has also added translation of the verses in Tamil prose. The translation is free and can be said by and large to be true to the original. Every language has its own literary beauty and every word therein has its own charm in a particular context. And this of course cannot easily be brought out in a translation. The present translation also suffers from that drawback. However, it can be said to the credit of the author that he has tried his best to bring into the translation the literary beauty of the original as far as possible. The language of the translated verses is simple and easily understandable even to those whose Sanskrit knowledge is limited. The author deserves our congratulations for presenting this great Telugu poet to the scholars of other languages in the country.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

---

*Sail on, O Ship of State!*
*Sail on, O Union, strong and great!*
*Humanity with all its fears,*
*With all its hopes of future years,*
*Is hanging breathless on thy fate!*

—Longfellow

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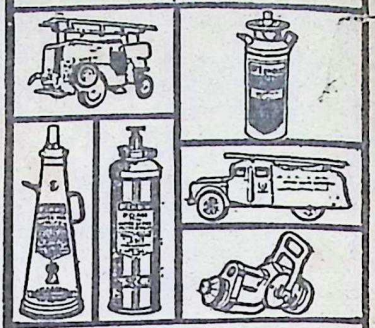

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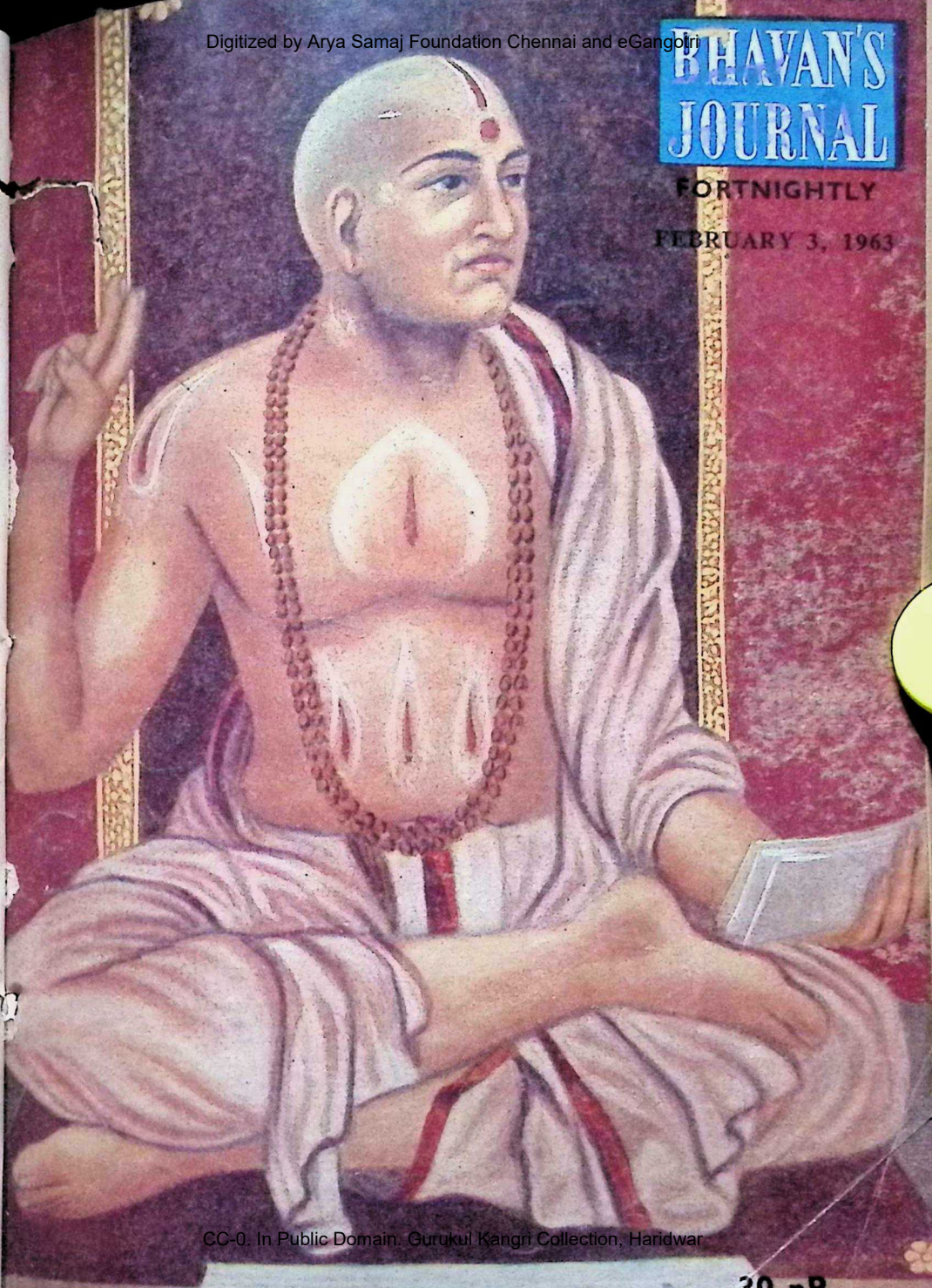

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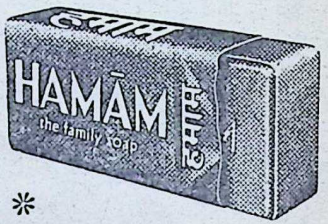


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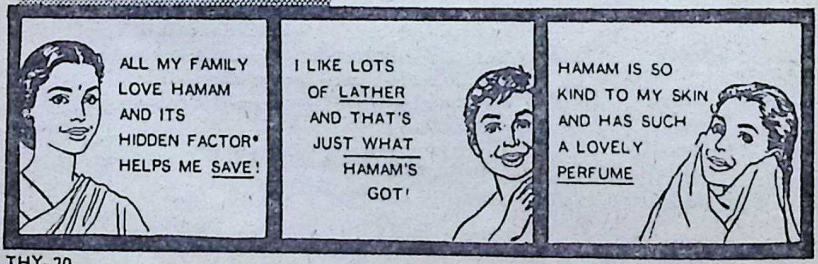


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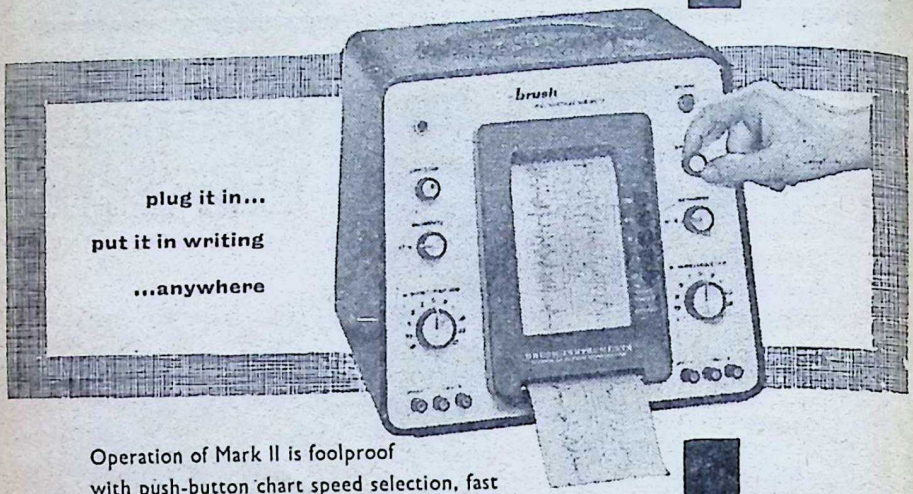


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*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

## LORD KARTTIKEYA

कुमारेशसूनो गुह स्कन्द सेना-
पते शक्तिपाणे मयूराधिरूढ।
पुलिन्दात्मजाकान्त भक्तार्तिहारिन्
प्रभो! तारकारे सदा रक्ष मां त्वम् ॥

Oh Kumara, son of Lord Shiva, Guha, Skanda, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Devas, holding Shakti in thy hand and riding the peacock—O, the beloved of the hunter's daughter (Valli), dispeller of the anxieties of thy devotees, O Lord, killer of Taraka-demon, protect me always.

—*Bhagavatpada*

[Feb. 7th is Magha-Pushya. This day is consecreated to the worship of Lord Karttikeya. It derives added significance this year, He being the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Devas.]

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 276

★ *THE PRESIDENT UNDER THE INDIAN CONSTITUTION*
★ *HIS STATUS, POWERS AND FUNCTIONS*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
FEBRUARY 3, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I PROPOSE to write to you on the purely legal and constitutional aspects of the status, powers and functions of the President under the Indian Constitution. It is a subject which demands a study unclouded by political bias or by a consideration of circumstances that have affected, undermined or atrophied them under the pressures arising from political conditions or personal factors during the last decade.

These provisions were the outcome of a compromise of the different points of view which prevailed among those who concerned themselves with framing them in the Constituent Assembly and were not bodily adopted from any Constitutional model.

The American type of Presidential government was rejected by the Constituent Assembly. The suggestion that the President should be a figurehead like the President of the prede Gaulle French Republic of 1875 or a nominee of the party in power in the Parliament was equally rejected.

However, the Cabinet system on the British model was preferred for the Central Executive Government as it provided a continual assessment and control of the activities of the Government by the Parliament and thereby eliminated friction between the Executive and the Legislative organs, making for a more effective government.

At the same time, it was also realised that an elected President without powers expressly conferred and directly exercised would not enjoy the status and dignity of a hereditary sovereign which, for instance, in U.K. is the product of tradition and social consciousness developed in the course of centuries.

Ultimately the Constituent Assembly chose a composite form of Government in which the Parliamentary form of the Executive was to function within the framework of express powers and function as defined by the Constitution. At the same time under its provisions the Presi-

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dent was to represent the whole country (and not the party in power at the Centre) exercising specific powers and authority coupled with a responsibility to function as the supreme guardian of the democratic processes and forms and the Fundamental Rights guaranteed by it.

●●●

The President is expressly enjoined to act in accordance with this Constitution [Art. 53(1)]. It would therefore be unjustifiable to interpret the powers conferred by Constitution in the light of any other law or Constitution, or by elevating a practice followed in a given political situation as a binding convention. Much less can a convention, borrowed from an unwritten Constitution of a unitary State like U.K. as regards its monarch who enjoys hereditary status derived from history and deep-rooted national sentiment, be invoked to justify a disregard for express constitutional provisions.

Both Pandit Nehru and Dr. Ambedkar stated in the Constituent Assembly that election by *such electoral colleges was tantamount to a direct election on adult franchise*. The suggestion that the electoral college should consist of members of Parliament, was turned down so that "the President might not represent the same group or party as in the Centre".

This would show, Firstly that, the President is not a figure-head, and Secondly, that he represents the people of India, as against the Union Ministers who represent only the majority party in the Parliament, thus making him not only the head of the Union, but the concrete embodiment of the Union.

●●●

The President takes the oath to "faithfully" execute the office of the President and to *protect and defend* the Constitution. In the result, he has to maintain the Constitution against inroads from whatever quarters it may come. Further, he takes an oath to advance the well-being of India and thus represents the will of the people in securing their unity and welfare and maintaining the country's integrity.

From this oath flows the President's power and responsibility—

(a) to suspend parts of the Constitution in an emergency (Part XVIII) when in his opinion he thinks it proper to do so ;

(b) to obtain the opinion of the Supreme Court on any question of Law or Fact, of such a nature and of such an import that he considers it expedient to do so ;

(c) to appoint the Attorney-General to serve during *his* pleasure and give him such remuneration as he may determine so that in conceivable circumstances he might receive independent advice on Constitutional matters (Article 76).

These provisions provide the machinery available to the President independently of the Ministry to prevent the Constitution from being twisted out of shape by political pressures or constitutional mishaps.

It is noteworthy that the scheme of the distribution of powers under the

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Constitution necessarily implies that the Attorney-General has to be an independent legal adviser freely available to the President or the Government and not removable otherwise than at the pleasure of the President and unfettered by the collective responsibility to which ministers are subject. If he is no longer such a free adviser, the President would be denied independent advice even in matters which appear to him to put the Constitution in jeopardy and, in consequence, his power to consult the Supreme Court will become illusory.

○○○

It is misleading to apply the interpretation put on similar expressions in the Dominion Constitutions to our Constitution by analogy. The Dominions have no "President" who dominates over the constitutional scene, but only a "Governor-General" who governs. The Governor-General is not elected and does not embody the will of the people; he represents the British Crown and has necessarily to follow the conventions which the Crown itself follows in U.K.

The President is vested with the powers of the Supreme Commander of the Defence Forces of the Union. By no stretch of imagination such powers could be treated as illusory or their investment a matter of form. In that capacity his actions are expressly stated to be bound only by "the law made by the Parliament". (Art. 53(2).)

Judged by the well-accepted canons of interpretations, a person on whom a duty is cast or in whom a trust is vested, is bound to exercise his own discretion in relation to the duty or the trust and cannot be deemed to have been deprived of it by implication.

The power to declare an Emergency is left to the President's 'satisfaction'. Such a power cannot be governed by any conventions supposed or real, for each Emergency has to be judged by the President in the light of the circumstances in which it arises. 'Satisfaction', a word juridically understood to involve the exercise of personal discretion on the part of the dignitary vested with the power, cannot, if words make sense, be vicariously exercised.

Some of the powers of the President are 'Supra-ministerial' where the Ministry could not be relied upon to advise him. Such powers include:

(i) Dismissal of a Prime Minister who does not enjoy the leadership of his party;

(ii) Dismissal of a Ministry which has lost the confidence of the Parliament;

(iii) Dismissal of the House of the People, which appears to the President, to have lost the confidence of the people;

(iv) The exercise of the powers as the Supreme Commander in an emergency, where the ministry has failed to defend the country.

Said Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru "We did not want the President to be just a mere figure-head like the French President".

○○○

As stated before, a firm and definite resolve to deliberately depart from the pattern of a weak President as was in France or a mere titular

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head as in Ireland is evident in: (i) Constituent Assembly Debates; (ii) the general scheme of the Constitution; (iii) Particular Provisions referred to.

The plea that like the British Crown the President is bound by the Cabinet's advice is irrelevant being based on a false major premise.

The syllogism runs as follows:

"The President's Status is the same as the Crown's:
—(Major Premise)
The Crown is bound;
Therefore, the President is bound."

The major premise is false. The President's position essentially differs as stated above from that of the British Crown as to (i) the Oath; (ii) the election; (iii) the basis of allegiance of people; (iv) impeachability, and (v) the powers specifically conferred necessarily involving personal discretion.

In ordinary circumstances, Article 78 provides the President with enough opportunity to influence the Cabinet, and the Prime Minister of any worth would not normally fail to accommodate himself to the reasonable views of the Head of the State or start an unbecoming quarrel which would harm the prestige of his government

●●●

It is neither any legal rule nor any convention that constitutes the sanction which induces the President to act in harmony with the will of Parliament as reflected in the Cabinet's advice. The real deterrent in the nature of political compulsion is provided by the Constitution if the President fails to secure accommodation and ultimately rejects a major decision of the Cabinet, he has only two alternatives open to him either to dismiss the ministry and appoint another Prime Minister, *who will be acceptable to Parliament,* or dismiss the Ministry and dissolve the House. Limitation therefrom upon the action by the President is placed only by the vote of the Parliament, if it reflects the opinion of the Electorate.

And in exceptional circumstances, the President can avail himself of the prerogative of directly approaching the Parliament by a Presidential Address.

The Constitution has also provided safeguards against Presidential dictatorship, which would result if *in every case*, the President overrides the Council. These safeguards include:

(i) the Council of Ministers presenting a united front.
(ii) the difficulty of finding an alternative Prime Minister who could form a stable Ministry.
(iii) the danger of a possible adverse vote of the Parliament.

A further check on an arbitrary action on the part of the President is provided by popular opinion. The people may force him to resign by the strength of public criticism or refuse to re-elect him.

The other danger—which is all the greater because of its being supported by a regimented political party in the Parliament all too willing to retain and enlarge its power—of the Cabinet dictatorship endangering the quasi-federal structure of the Union, as well as the democratic processes and freedoms guaranteed by the Con-

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stitution would arise if in every case the Cabinet forces the President to accept the ministerial advice, regardless of his point of view.

This can be avoided by—

(i) The President's scrupulous exercise of his powers and functions vested in him by the Constitution;

(ii) By his readiness whenever necessary to fulfil the responsibility vested in him by his oath for the well-being of the people of India, or for the defence of the country;

(iii) By a vigilant and vigorous opposition inside and outside the Parliament to see that the Constitutional status and authority of the President is not over-shadowed.

In the ultimate analysis, it would be the popular opinion in the country which could resist dictatorial tendencies on the part either of the President or of the majority in the Parliament calculated to undermine the basic structure of the Union or the Constitution.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

---

*All alliances from the matrimonial to the military suffer from this weakness: the party that seeks unity most has to make the largest concession.*
—Anon.


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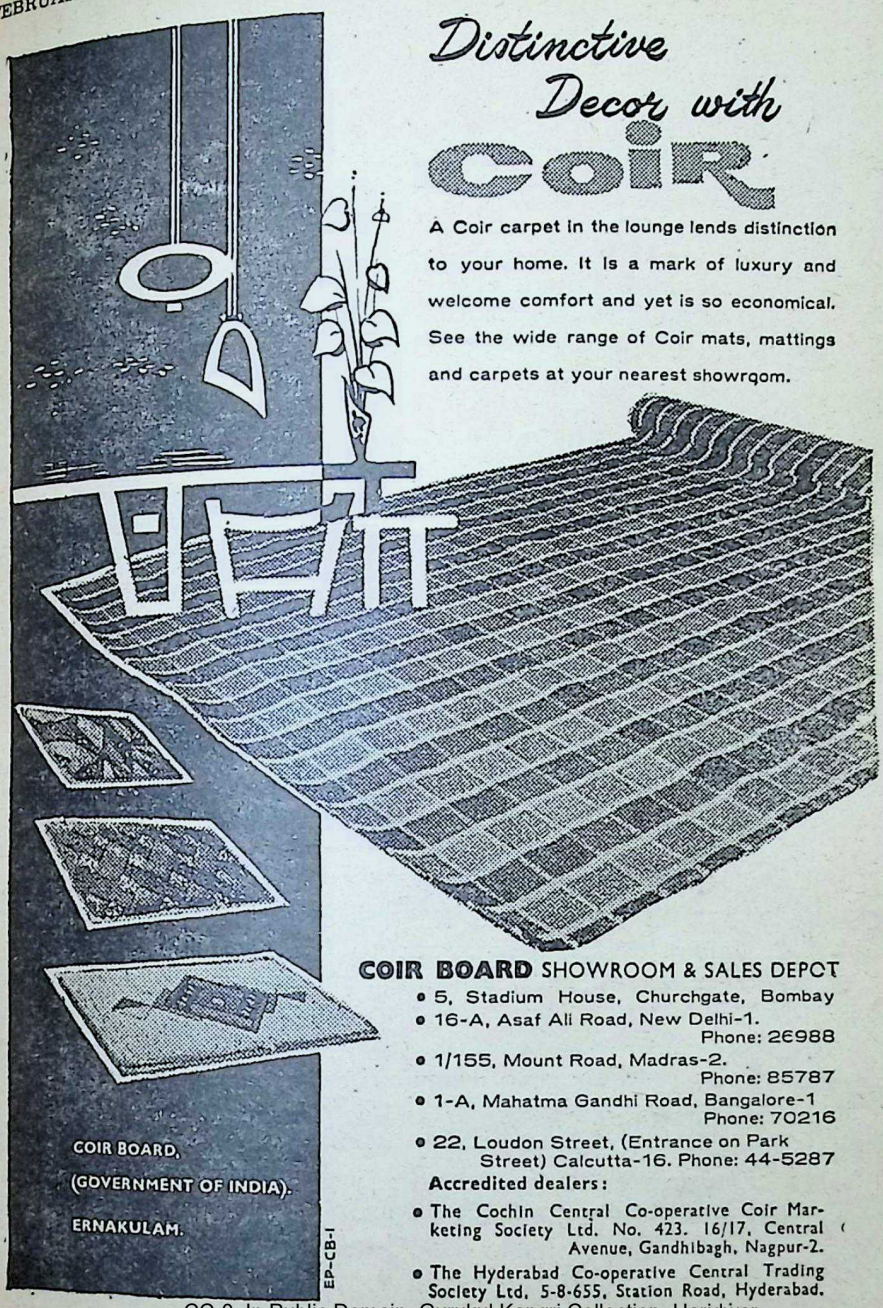


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# Vedic Prayers

**In Vedas some mantras are called apprathiratha mantras. They are used at the time of war as prayers. Devas and Asuras were engaged in war. To win the Asuras, Devas found out these mantras. By using them as prayers, they won the battle. Asuras became extinct.**

संक्रन्दनेनाभिषेण जिष्णुना युत्कारेण द्वश्च्यवनेन धृष्णुना।
तदिन्द्रेण जयत तत् सहध्वं युधो नर इषुहस्तेन वृष्णा।।

*With Indra, the loud-shouting, the vigilant, the victorious, the warlike, the unconquerable, the daring, the hurler of arrows, the showers, (as your ally) conquer ye warriors, ye leaders, the (hostile host) and overcome it.*

(R. V. X, 103-2)

बृहस्पते परि दीया रथेन रक्षोहामित्राँ अपबाधमानः।
प्रभञ्जन्त्सेनाः प्रमृणो युधा जयन्नस्माकमेध्यविता रथानाम्।।

*Come with thy chatriot, Brihaspati, who art the slayer of Rakshasas discomfiting thy enemies, crushing (hostile) hosts and demolishing (them), victorious in battle, be the defender of our chariots.*

(R. V. X, 103-4)

बलविज्ञायः स्थविरः प्रवीरः सहस्वान् वाजी सहमान उग्रः॥
अभिवीरो अभिसत्वा सहोजा जैत्रमिन्द्र रथमा तिष्ठ गोवित्।।

*Known by his strength, mighty, heroic, overpowering, vigorous, enduring fierce, attended by heroes, attended by mighty men, the offspring of strength, the possessor of water, do thou, Indra, ascend thy triumphant chariot.*

(R. V. X, 103-5)

अभि गोत्राणि सहसा गाहमानोऽदयो वीरः शतमन्युरिन्द्रः।
दुश्च्यवनः पृतनाषाळयुध्योऽस्माकं सेना अवतु प्र युत्सु।।

*May Indra, bursing open the clouds with force, pitiless, heroic with hundred-fold anger, invincible, the overthrower of armies, irresistible, protect our armies in battles.*

(R. V. X, 103-7)

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# ...er for Victory

इन्द्र आसां नेता बृहस्पतिर्दक्षिणा यज्ञः पुर एतु सोमः।
देवसेनानामभिभञ्जतीनां जयन्तीनां मरुतो यन्त्वग्रम्।।

*May Indra be the leader of these (hosts); may Brihaspathi, Dakshina, Yagna, and Soma go before; let the Maruts march in the vanguard of the destroying and victorious armies of the gods.*

(R. V. X, 103-8)

उद्धर्षय मघवन्नायुधान्युत् सत्वनां मामकानां मनांसि।
उद्वृत्रहन् वाजिनां वाजिनान्युद्रथानां जयतां यन्तु घोषाः।।

*Excite, Maghavan, my weapons (excite) the spirit of my heroes, the slayer of Vritra, let the speed of the horses be accelerated, let the noises of the chariots be increased*

(R. V. X, 103-10)

अस्माकामिन्द्रः समृतेषु ध्वजेष्वस्माकं या इषवस्ता जयन्तु।
अस्माकं वीरा उत्तरे भवन्त्वस्माँ उ देवा अवता हवेषु।।

*When the banners are intermingled, may Indra be our (defender); may those arrows which are ours be victorious, may our warriors be triumphant, gods, protect us in battles.*

(R. V. X, 103-11)

इन्द्रः सेनां मोहयतु मरुतो घ्नन्त्वोजसा।
चक्षूंषि अग्निः आदत्तां पुनरेतु पराजिता।।

*Indra shall confuse the army, the Maruts shall slay it with might! Agni shall rob it of its sight. Vanquished it shall turn about.*

A. V. III 1-6

मर्माणि ते वर्मभिच्छादयामि सोमस्त्वाराजा मृतेनाभि वस्ताम्।
उरोर्वरीयो वरिवस्ते अस्तु जयन्तं त्वामनु मदन्तु देवाः।।

*I cover your chest by armours. God Soma cover you from death. Your straight be increased. May you win the battle and all gods get pleasure over the victory.*

—Taittriya Samhita
IV. 6.4.5.

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*...the aim of Vedas has always been peace; but if a war becomes a necessity, they enjoin on us to wage it effectively and with courage to achieve victory...*

# The "Tanoo-Naptra" Spirit

A. Ramanuja Tatachariar

THE Vedas through the *mantras* and *Brahmana* passages give thoughts for war-times also as they do for peace-times.

The aim of Vedas, whether in the individual life or in the national or international life, has always been peace. But, if war becomes a necessity, the Vedas enjoin on us to see that it is waged effectively and with courage to achieve victory.

The belligerents on either side claim that they are waging war to correct the mistakes on the other side —a thing which is not achieved by peaceful methods.

War has always been a terrible and destructive means to achieve an aim.

A *Tandya Maha Brahmana* passage says that war is a very cruel weapon because of its destructive nature. But once a war is imposed on us, we must wage it, adopting war-time policies.

We must have absolute unity in fighting an aggressor.

In peace time there may be ideological conflicts and differences of opinion, but during war-time we must forget all these things and stand united.

This eternal truth of forgetting the differences in war-time is illustrated in the Vedas (*Taittiriya Samhita*, VI-2-2) by a story.

Among the Devas there were five leaders. viz. Agni, Soma, Indra, Varuna and Brihaspati. Other gods followed the five leaders. Vasus followed Agni, Rudras followed Soma, Maruts followed Indra, Adityas followed Varuna and Visvedevas followed Brihaspati.

Taking advantage of the difference in leadership and disunity among the Devas and desiring to exploit their differences to the fullest extent, the Asuras started the war hoping to have an easy victory. On account of their differences the Devas suffered a little reverse at the initial stage.

They soon realized that disunity was the cause of their defeat.

"*Asurebhyo va idam bhratruvyebhyaha radhyamaha yanmitho vipriyasmaha.*"

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They thought that though it was not absolutely possible to be united at all times in all matters, at least during war-time they must keep the unity and maintain it strictly till the end of the war.

Then they pooled together all their good resources to stand against the enemy. They took a vow that if any one of them betrayed the others, contrary to the vow taken, he would perish.

Then the Devas fused all their vigorous powers and defeated the Asuras.

Further, it is better to get other peoples' help too and fight rather than fight unaided.

Describing the war of the goddess Shakti with the Asuras called Mahisha, Shumba and Nishumba, the Purana says that when the Asuras began to attack the Trimurtis, the latter got perturbed. Realising that a single god out of the Trinity was not sufficient to fight the Asuras, the Gods of the Trinity, fusing all their powers, helped the manifestation of Goddess Shakti. She appeared and waged the war with terrible ferocity and destroyed the Asuras.

The Vedas allow differences of opinion and conflict of ideologies during peace time. But they advise us to have unity even at peace time.

The Vedas hate, even in peace time, majority and minority principle in decisions. They advocate, in matters of public interest, unanimous decisions only. While the importance of unity is stressed so much during peace time, there is no need to emphasize its greater importance during war-time.

This story is wonderfully connected with *Tanoo Naptra Sparsa* of Soma Yaga. Here, there are sixteen priests doing work, small or big, to conduct the 'Yaga'. Unless there is absolute unity among them, the *yaga* cannot be performed successfully. If anything untoward happens preventing its completion, more evil than good will follow on account of the disunity.

So the Vedas had to prescribe unity among the *ritviks*. The priests have to take vows that they would be united till the end of the Yaga.

This ritual is called *Tanoo Naptra Sparsa*.

Let the *Tanoo Naptra* Spirit prevail in India at this critical juncture and sinking all our differences, let us unite and fight with absolute unity.

Ultimate victory will be ours.

**LIBERTY**

**A people may prefer a free government; but if from indolence, or carelessness, or cowardice, or want of pubilc spirit, they are unequal to the exertions necessary for preserving it; if they will not fight for it when directly attacked; if they can be deluded by the artifices used to cheat them out of it; if by momentary discouragement or temporary panic or in a fit of enthusiasm for an individual they can be induced to lay their liberties at the feet of even a great man, or trust him with powers which enable him to subvert their institutions—in all these cases they are unfit for liberty.**

*—John Stuart Mill*

---

*Wealth has to be protected from anger and jealousy; learning from dishonour and the* **atman** *from illusion.*

—Skanda-purana.

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**[The 9th day of the bright half of Magha (February 2 this year) is sacred for the worship of Sri Madhvacharya. On this day in 1317 A.D. he disappeared from vision in his 79th year.—*Ed.*]**

# CONCEPT OF REALITY

## Sri Madhvacharya

स्वतन्त्रमस्वतन्त्रं प्रमेयं द्विविधं मतम्।

There are two orders of reality—the Independent and the dependent. (*Tattva viveka*-1).

बहुचित्रजगद्बहुधाकरणात् परशक्तिरनन्तगुणः परमः।

"The Supreme Being should be accepted as the Creator, sustainer etc., of this vast universe of stupendous organization. (*Dvadasa-stotra,* IV, 3).

व्यवहारभिदापि गुरोर्जगतां न तु
चित्तगता सहि चोद्य परम्।
हवः पुरुषाः पुरुषप्रवरो हरिरित्यवदत्
स्वयमेव हरिः॥

It is not acceptable to Vyasa that the distinction between the independent Brahman and the dependent souls is merely phenomenal; for he declares the Supreme, in all seriousness, to be the controller of the many Purushas and superior to them in so many ways. (*Dvadasa-Stotra,* iii, 7).

जीवस्य जीवान्तरनियामकत्वेऽनवस्थितेः, साम्यादसम्भवाच्च न जीवः॥ अनीश्वरापेक्षत्वाच्च॥

There would be an endless regress if one finite self (real) were accepted as endowed with an intrinsic right to control another. For that again would be similarly liable to control by another finite being and so on. So long as both (or all) are finite, such control would be inconceivable. The difficulty can only be overcome by positing an Isvara to regulate the interrelations of the Jivas. (*Brahma Sutra Bhashya of Madhva,* 1, 2, 17).

एकविज्ञानेन सर्वविज्ञानं च, प्राधान्यात्, किञ्चित्सादृश्यात्, कारणत्वाच्च। न तु, तदन्यस्य मिथ्यात्वात्। न हि सत्यज्ञानेन मिथ्याज्ञानं भवति। विरोधात् तयोर्ज्ञानयोः॥

The knowledge of the many through the knowledge of the One, so prominently taught in the Upanishads, is to be understood in terms of the preeminence of the One; or in virtue of some similarity (or nature between them); or on account of the One being the cause (or sustaining principle) of the many and such other grounds. The teaching of the Upanishad does not support the deduction of the falsity (*mithyatva*) of the many. For, the knowledge of the One (*real*) is here, solemnly said to *produce* the knowledge of the many and not to

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annul it. On a monistic view, as the real and the false would be mutually contradictory and exclusive, knowledge of the One would not produce the knowledge of the many.

य एतत्परतन्त्रं तु नित्यमेव हरेः सदा।
वशमित्येव जानाति संसारान्मुच्यते हि सः॥

Whosoever realizes all finite reality to be essentially dependent on the Supreme is released from Samsara.

—*Tattvaviveka.*

सत्ताप्रधानपुरुषशक्तीनां च प्रतीतयः।
प्रवृत्तयश्च ताः सर्वा नित्यं नित्यात्मना यतः॥
यथा नित्यतयाऽनित्यं नित्यशक्त्या स्वयेश्वरः।
नियामयति नित्यं न नर्ते त्वदिति च श्रुतेः॥

The Prakrti, Purushas and their respective capacities, their very presence, cognizability and functioning,—all these are controlled by Isvara, eternally, through His eternal power. Just as non-eternal things are ordained by the eternal will of Isvara to be non-eternal, similarly, eternal substances too are ordained by His will to be eternal. This is established by the Sruti.—*Anu-Vyakhyana.*

[From *Madhva's Teachings in His Own Words*, a Book University volume.]

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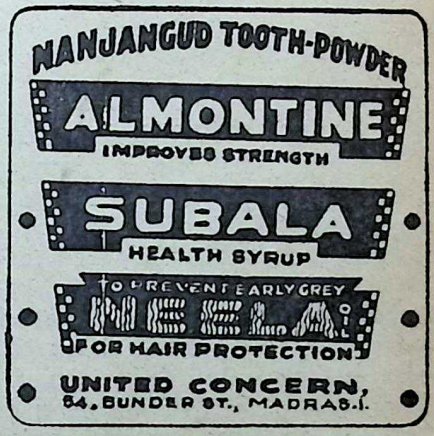


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*Sri Madhvacharya*

# LIFE AND WORK OF SRI MADHVACHARYA

**Dr. B. N. K. Sharma**

SRI MADHVACHARYA (1238-1317) was the historical founder of the Dvaita system of Vedanta, which is one of the three principal schools of Vedanta. He was a native of Tulunad, in Karnatak. Pajakakshetra, eight miles south-east of the modern town of Udipi, on the west coast of S. India, was the village of his birth. He was born in 1238 A.D. and lived for seventy-nine years.

He appeared on the Indian philosophical scene after the systems of Samkara and Ramanuja had become well-established. The reasons that led him to propound a new system of Vedanta were his doctrinal differences and ideological dissatisfaction with contemporary trends and schools of thought, within and without Hinduism and particularly with the system of Samkara, which was the dominating philosophy of the times. In spite of the Theistic revolt against Samkara led by Ramanuja, Madhva could not agree with him on many points of Theistic doctrine. So he felt called upon to give a new lead in thought, to his countrymen.

Madhva called his system "Tattvavada" (Realism). It is described by Vidyaranya, in his *Sarvadarsanasamgraha,* as "*Purnaprajnadarsana*". Purnaprajna and Ananda Tirtha were other names of Madhvacharya. All these three names have been found used by him, in his works. He is now more widely known by the last name of Madhva or Madhvacharya.

While yet in his teens, the call of the spirit took him to Achyutapreksha, an ascetic of the Ekadandi order, belonging to the Ekanti or Brahma-Sampradaya. He received initiation from him as a Sannyasin. After this, Madhva studied the classics of the Advaita school such as the *Ishtasiddhi.* Later he began to expound the Prasthanatrayi, independently and from a new standpoint, laying bare the defects in the received interpretations of Samkara and his school. Sometimes, he used to enter into scholastic disputations with veteran scholars of the day. Mention has been made in his bio-

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graphy of Buddhisagara, Vadisimha and Bhanu Pandita. He toured all over India several times and visited Badarikasrama, Bengal, Bihar and Banaras in the north and many centres of learning on the Godavari and important places like Goa, Srirangam and Kanyakumari, in the south.

Madhva has left thirty-seven works in all. They include (i) Dasa-Prakaranas or ten philosophical monographs expounding his logic and metaphysics; (ii) Commentaries on the Ten Upanishads (iii) Commentaries on *Gita* and the *Brahmasutras;* (iv) a brief commentary on the first three Adhyayas of the *Rig Veda*, an epitome of the *Mahabharata* in verses and brief notes on the *Bhagavata;* and (v) miscellaneous works comprising Stotras, poems and works on worship and ritual. His greatest work is the *Anu-Vyakhyana,* a critical exposition of the philosophy of the *Brahmasutras*. It is a metrical work. It is his masterpiece. It was commented upon by Jayatirtha in his famous work, the *Nyaya-Sudha.*

Madhva's writings are characterized by extreme brevity of expression and compression of thought. They need the help of a very good commentary to be understood in their fulness of thought and depth of meaning. His commentator Jayatirtha has infused into them the necessary amplitude of utterance and expansiveness of thought.

Madhva was endowed with a fine magnetic personality. He was a born leader of men. As a creative thinker, he cared little for the conventions of fashionable belief and interpretation. He was not cowed down by mere technical display of learning. His logic was as inexorable as his faith in Theism was unshakable. He made a deep impression on his contemporaries. Some of his eminent disciples like Trivikrama Pandita, Padmanabha Tirtha and Narahari Tirtha were distinguished scholars of Advaita and other systems before they became converted to his views. They belonged to different parts of India and spoke different languages. After establishing his system on firm foundations, Madhva erected a temple to Sri Krishna at Udipi and installed in it the idol of Bala Krishna secured from Dwaraka. He made Udipi the spiritual centre of his school and entrusted the worship at the temple to eight ascetic disciples. Their lines and those of the other disciples, entrusted with the task of propagating his system, are flourishing to this day. According to tradition, Madhva disappeared from vision and retired to Badarikasrama in his seventy-ninth year. Narayana Pandita, the son of his direct disciple Trivikrama Pandita, wrote his biography in a Sanskrit Kavya of 16 Sargas, known as *Madhva-Vijaya.* It is the main source of Madhva's life and activities.

Madhva went directly to the fountain-heads of ancient thought,—the source-books of Hindu philosophy, to draw his inspiration from them. He followed the streams of thought and interpretation emerging directly from them and flowing through the Epics, Puranas and Pancharatras and other interpretative literature of more ancient standing than the interpretations of later day commentators, however

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eminent. There was a strong note of mystic fervour in his thought and writings. His arguments were often so intimately connected with the authorities he had so diligently collected for himself from forgotten and fading sources as to appear to be almost entirely dependent on them. It was Jayatirtha who successfully brought out the inherent logical strength behind his authorities. There were certain great ideas behind Madhva's writings,—ideas of tremendous philosophical power, significance and potentialities—such as the conception of Sakshi, the doctrine of Svatantratattva, "Viseshas" in relation to the concept of identity and difference, and creation in the new sense of "*Paradhinaviseshapti.*"

With these fruitful ideas, which he derived partly from his study of his sources and partly from his own cogitations based on them, Madhva built up a cogent and independent system of Theistic philosophy and worked out its details and put it on a firm and enduring basis of textual sanctions and logical satisfyingness.

He urged the necessity of adopting a fresh attitude of mind and a new set of fundamental concepts and categories in place of the old and worn-out ideas of the fashionable schoolmen, including the latest in the field. Once the metaphysical necessity of discarding the outmoded ideas and going in for more effective theories and newer modes of approach was established, the whole course of philosophical inquiry was bound to take a new turn and enter upon a new terrain.

Providence blessed Madhva with two great assets: an interpreter of such outstanding eminence as Jayatirtha and a dialectic expositor of the calibre of Vyasaraya, whom it harnessed to the cause of expounding his system to posterity.

[From the author's *Philosophy of Sri Madhvacharya,* a Bhavan's Publication. Price: Rs. 15.]

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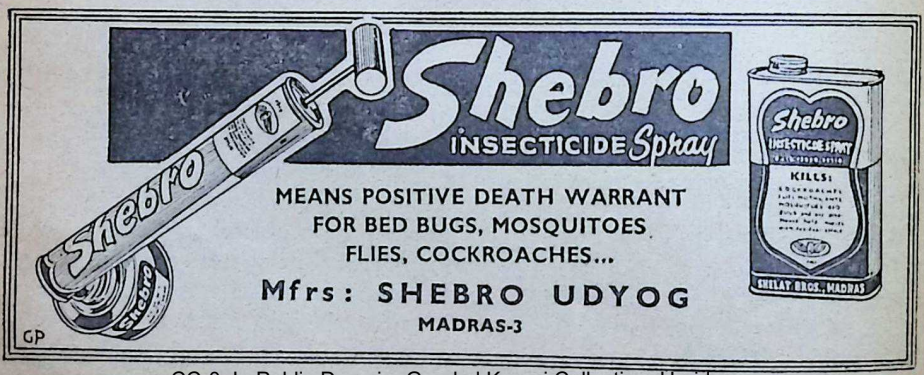
*It has been clearly stated in the* shastras *that one should not kill many for the sake of one; but can kill one for the sake of many (if so decided), and no sin attaches to it.*

—Vamana Purana

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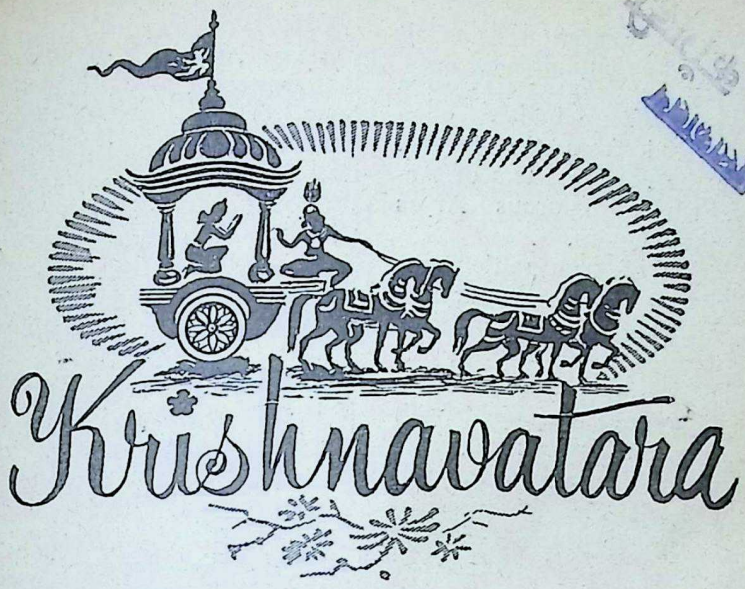


PART III

CHAPTER XIII

# THE BEST OF MUNIS

KRISHNA and a few leading members of his party took to boats to go to Kampilya, the capital of Panchala. The other Yadava chiefs were left behind to follow with chariots, horses and carts by the land route to Nagakoota, the headquarters of King Aaryaka, the maternal grandfather of Vasudeva, whom Krishna wanted to visit on his way back to Dwarka.

Ganga was a very wide and rapid-flowing river, and the boats, as was the way of river traffic of the day, skirted along its banks, rarely crossing to the other side.

From infancy, Krishna had worshipped the mighty Ganga as the Mother of Rivers, though at a distance. This was, however, the first occasion on which he was given to see the wonders of this living divinity: the ducks, in shoals, drifting leisurely on water; the graceful swans floating by; the flying fish cheerfully jumping out of the water; the alligators, their snouts protruding the surface, suddenly disappearing on their approach; the birds of various hues wheeling over them; the green tree-tops on both banks nodding at each other across the blue sky.

On both banks were huge virgin forests, sometimes impenetrable. Their continuity, however, was broken at places by foot-paths on which people from adjoining villages came to bathe or fetch water. And the Nagas, almost naked, continuously pli-

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ed little canoes from one place to another.

On the way the Yadavas also came across large settlements built on open spaces recovered from the forests. These were the new frontiers of Aryavarta where adventurous Aryas had made their homes.

The residents of such settlements, as soon as they saw the procession of boats, came to the bank of the river to receive the guests, offered them garlands and fruits, and sometimes insisted on their resting a night with them or at least taking a meal.

On every such occasion, the settlers, on learning who the principal guest was, would wash Krishna's feet, worshipping him as a divinity; for, his marvellous feat in vanquishing Jaraasandha and later leading the Yadavas to Dwarka had reached most of the Aryan settlements in the north.

At infrequent intervals the Yadavas came across the *ashram* of some rishi, easily identified by the smoke of the sacred fire trailing up to heaven, or by the chant of Vedic hymns breaking the silence of the forest by its moving rhythms. When they came across such an *ashram*, Krishna and his party landed and paid their respects to the presiding rishi, joined him in the daily worship of the sacred fire and accepted his hospitality.

The sadness which had settled on Krishna before meeting Empress Satyavati, was completely dissipated as he watched the swift-flowing waters of the Ganga. As he breathed in the beauty of the serene moon-lit nights on the river, he felt a new strength coming to him.

Only when they were by themselves, he shared with Uddhava his thoughts of rescuing the Five Brothers. They—the Five Brothers—must be traced, and that too without its being suspected even by their Yadava comrades—not even by Saatyaki who was too outspoken by nature. He himself was out of question for the purpose; he was too prominent—so was Uddhava, his friend and cousin.

Uddhava agreed that the search, if it was to succeed, must be carried on in complete secrecy. 'Why not take King Aaryaka into confidence?' he suggested. 'The Nagas know the forests inside out and will be able to trace the Five Brothers.'

'I don't know whether we can trust him,' said Krishna, but added: 'But we have to take that risk.'

'I could go to Nagakoota to find out whether the old man could be trusted. That is the only way,' said Uddhava.

'But I want you at Kampilya,' said Krishna with a mischievous smile.

'Why me?' asked Uddhava with a meaningful smile. 'Saatyaki would do as well.' He could always divine his friend's innermost thoughts without being told.

'You have guessed my purpose, you cunning fellow,' laughed Krishna. 'I want you to be the son-in-law of King Drupad.'

'Who would accept me in your place?' asked Uddhava, also breaking into a laugh. Krishna's laughter was infectious. 'Krishna, I am a very simple man. I have no ambition to wed at all—much less a fiery princess as Draupadi is reputed to be. I cannot

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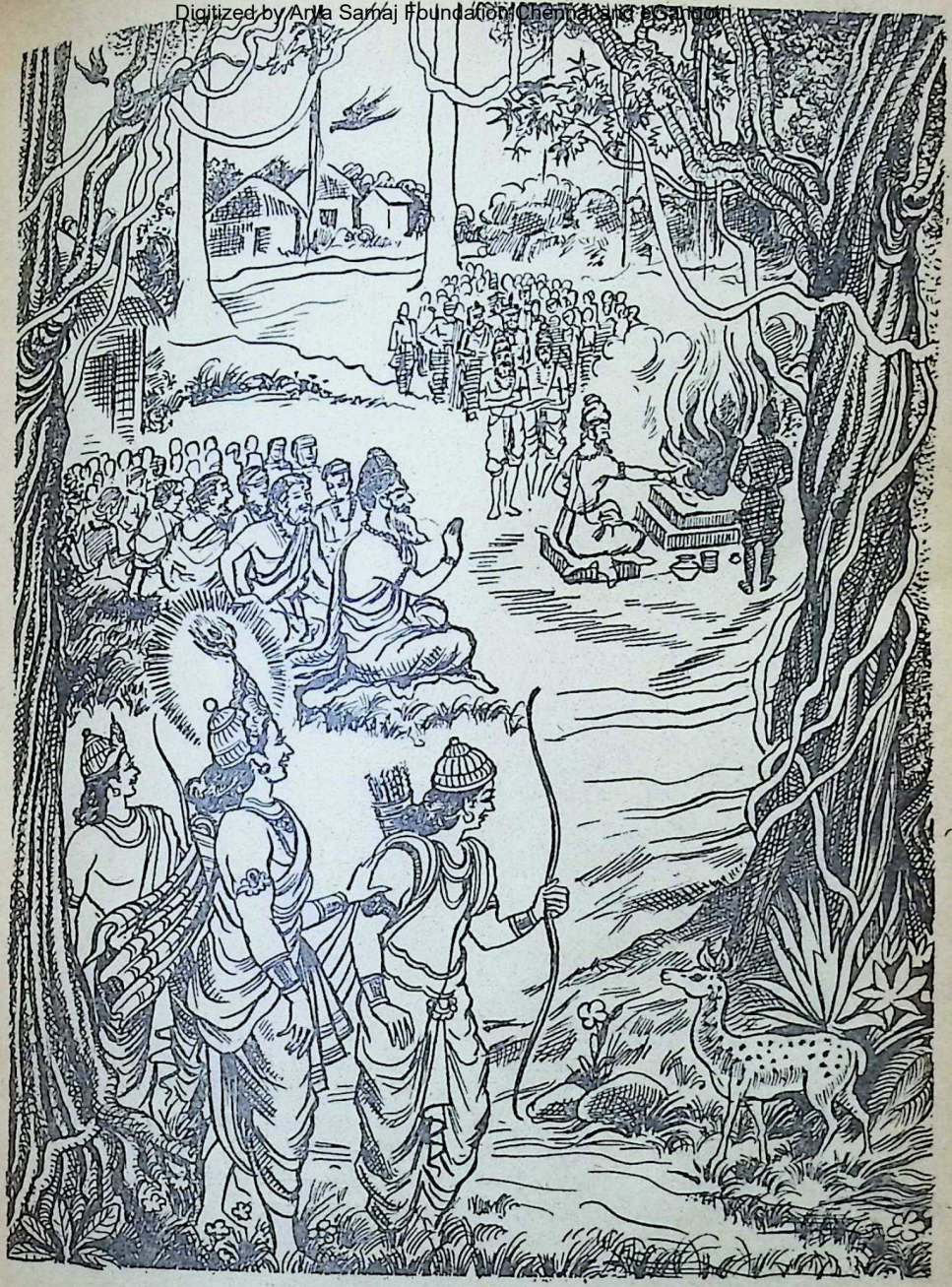

*Krishna entering Dhaumya Rishi's ashram*

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## *CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:*

**KRISHNA**

BALARAAMA, His elder brother.
VASUDEVA, His father and Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.
DEVAKI, His mother.
DEVABHAAGA, His uncle.
UDDHAVA, His intimate friend and third son of Devabhaaga.
YUYUDHANA SAATYAKI, His friend and a Yadava Chief.
GURU SANDIPANI, His teacher, with his *ashram* at Ujjain.
ACHARYA SHVETAKETU, His friend and Sandipani's principal disciple.
RUKMINI, SHAIBYA: His wives.

**BHEESHMA** (also GAANGEYA)

KING SHANTANU, His father, Emperor of Hastinapur, of the Kuru tribe.
SATYAVATI, His step-mother, Dowager Empress of Hastinapur.
CHITRANGADA, VICHITRAVEERYA: His step-brothers, Satyavati's sons.
AMBIKAA, AMBALIKAA: Two daughters of the King of Kashi married to Vichitraveerya.
KRISHNA DVAIPAAYANA VYAASA, the Best of Munis, son of Sage Paraashara by Satyavati and great-grandson of the Vedic Rishi Vasishtha.
JAIMINI, His principal disciple.

**PANDAVAS**

PANDU, son of Ambalikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and King of Hastinapur.
KUNTI, Pandu's wife.
YUDHISHTHIRA (also Dharmaraaja).
BHEEMA, ARJUNA: Pandu's sons by Kunti.
MAADRI, Pandu's second wife.
NAKULA, SAHADEVA: Pandu's twin sons by Maadri.

**KURUS**

DHRITARAASHTRA, Blind son of Ambikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and father of the Kurus.
GAANDHARI, Dhritaraashtra's wife.
SHAKUNI, Dhritaraashtra's brother-in-law.
DURYODHANA, DUSHAASANA: Two of Dhritaraashtra's sons.
KARNA, the charioteer's son.

**PANCHALAS**

YAJNASENA DRUPAD, King of Panchala (Capital Kampilya).
KRISHNAA DRAUPADI, Drupad's daughter.
DHRISTADYUMNA, SATYAAJIT: Drupad's sons.

**OTHERS**

JARAASANDHA, Emperor of Magadha.
DRONAACHARYA, A pupil of Parashurama and teacher of the Pandavas and the Kurus in the art of war.
ASWATTHAMA, Dronaacharya's son.
KRIPACHARYA, Dronaacharya's brother-in-law.
VIDURA, son of Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, by a palace maid of Hastinapur.

tame wild mares as you can.'

'Uddhava, how long will you surrender your individual life to me?' asked Krishna, pressing Uddhava to himself with an unusual outburst of emotion. 'You cannot always look after me. Sometimes I must look after you also.'

'Don't think of me. It is more important to think of the Five Brothers than of the Princess', said Uddhava.

'Uddhava—' interrupted Krishna, as a sudden thought struck him.

'What is it?' asked Uddhava.

'Suppose the Five Brothers are alive———.'

'And———?' enquired Uddhava.

'Drupad could give his daughter—'.

'To Arjuna,' said Uddhava.

'I am afraid it cannot happen,' remarked Krishna with a sigh.

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One day as they were travelling on the river, they heard at a distance the solemn chants of Vedic hymns issuing from many throats in perfect accent and rhythm. The magic quality of the chant as it floated on the air transformed the landscape into a scene of ethereal beauty. On enquiry they learnt that it was *Utkochaka tirth*, where Dhaumya Rishi had his *ashram*.

They soon came to a forest which led to a large landing place, where several boats had been moored. Evidently, some distinguished guests had come to visit the *ashram*.

The boats in which Krishna and his party travelled, were moored by the side of the other boats. After landing, they proceeded towards the *ashram* where the hymns were being chanted and found a large settlement surrounded by a cactus hedge. In an opening in the centre, fire was burning in a sacrificial pit and a large company of anchorites of both sexes were offering oblations accompanied by chants. About two hundred Nagas and Nishadas, with their chiefs in many-feathered head-dresses and quaint costumes, were also sitting there, some men carrying spears in their hand or crude bamboo bows on their shoulders, and many women carrying babies in their arms, with quite a number of ailing men and women among them.

When some disciples informed Dhaumya Rishi of the new arrival, he came out to welcome the guests and his joy knew no bounds when he learnt who the principal guest was. In fact Shvetaketu had already informed him that Krishna would be halting there on his way to Kampilya.

Dhaumya blessed Krishna and his companions and led them near the sacrificial fire, where in the centre a venerable figure sat, offering oblations.

'This *tirth* is always lucky. You have come Vaasudeva, when the venerable Veda Vyas himself is also here,' said Dhaumya.

Krishna felt excited as never before. The MASTER, as Veda Vyasa was generally called, the fountainhead of *dharma*—of whom he had heard so much from sages, elders and priests—was before him. He prostrated himself before the Best of Munis as Dhaumya Rishi introduced him.

For a moment the large eyes in the swarthy face widened in surprise, then grew soft with the light of recognition.

Krishna introduced himself. 'I, Krishna, the son of Vasudeva, the Best of Shooras, bow unto thee, Master. This is Uddhava, son of my uncle Devabhaaga. This is my friend, Yuyudhana, son of Satyaka.'

'Vaasudeva, I was waiting to meet you,' said the Master in the clear, rich voice of a fond father. 'May you live for a hundred years—nay, a hundred and twenty.' The Muni patted the back of Krishna and added: 'I met your father Vasudeva—oh, years ago—in fact before you were born.'

'Mother Devaki told me the way you blessed us all,' said Krishna, feeling overwhelmed by the brimming love which the smile expressed much more eloquently than the spoken words.

'When I came to Mathura there-

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after, you and Balaraama had been to Gomantaka,' said the Master.

The Sage was dark-skinned and of heavy build, clothed in the skin of an antelope. His most outstanding feature which created a tremendous impression on whoever saw him was his massive brow, short broad nose and large luminous eyes which looked at the world with inexpressible kindness, all framed in white hair, which, matted on the top, rose like a snow-capped mountain peak. The smile fascinated Krishna; it played upon his lips inviting every one to share an abiding love which knew no reservation and made no distinction.

'Let us finish the *homa*,' said the Sage.

Krishnna and his companions sat down near the Naga chiefs and joined in the chant.

When the *homa* was over, the Sage enquired of Krishna as to how his people were and what brought him to the land of the Ganga.

After Krishna had replied to the queries, Dhaumya called one of his disciples and gave him instructions to distribute milk to those who were ailing, maimed or struck by palsy. Each of them came limping, crawling or in pain, as his disability would permit, near the Sage, who put a small leaf in each pot of milk, taken from an improvised bag which was suspended from the shoulder of his principal disciple, Jaimini.

The unfortunates, with pot in hand, sat down in front of the sacred fire, their heads bowed. The rich voice of Veda Vyas rose in a chant, invoking the twin Gods, Aswins, who healed men.

There was a hush over the assembly. The chant rose and fell in well-accented cadence. The atmosphere was surcharged with a new vitality, as when the fresh, crisp breeze blows at the dawn in spring.

The chant was over. The Sage then asked each ailing person to drink the milk, which he did. In the case of ailing children, their mothers gave them the milk.

In a voice affectionate and yet irresistible, the Master said: 'Come, I will give you my blessings.'

Each one of the ailing came before him and bent his or her head in deep veneration, trying to pay homage in the best way he or she could, by folding hands, touching feet, or when that was not possible, by tumbling on the ground before him. Ailing babies were held up by their mothers in front of him. And between the eyebrows of each, the Master applied the sacred ashes from the fire pit.

'Now go home,' he said in a cheerful way. 'The Aswins have cured you.'

The ailing people shouted in exultation as the malady fell off from some of them. The lame began to walk steadily; the blind began to wink their eyes to find the glimmer of light; the palsied began to totter on their feet. And the many who remained uncured, with helpless hands, begged the Master to come to their rescue in piteous ways. The sage extended his hands in blessings and said: 'Go home and pray to the Great God who destroys all sufferings.'

The others who saw the miracle shouted: "Victory unto the Master."

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After the confusion caused by the excitement of the crowd subsided, the disciples served to all persons fruits, roots, barley cakes and honey on banana leaves. Most of them had been brought as presents by those who had come to see the Master; the rest were supplied by Dhaumya from his *ashram*. And as they ate it the Sage went round among them, serving something or the other, invariably making some friendly remarks.

The Sage, Krishna was informed, never sat down to his meals till all others who had come to him had been served their food first. When every one was served, the Master himself sat down between Krishna and Dhaumya, eating the same food as was served to others.

When the meal was over, the Master chanted the words: '*Shantih, Shantih, Shantih*' (Peace, peace, peace). It was a sign for the diners to break up.

After washing his hands, the Master stood up, folded his hands and, with his usual parental smile, walked away, as many people rushed to touch his feet.

Krishna had heard many things about the Master, but for the first time he felt humbled, for he found one who was a friend of all and alien to none and who gave to others, life, both spiritual and physical.

●●●

Soon Krishna, Uddhava and Saatyaki were installed in a hut near the rishi's. After meals, Krishna was called to the hut in which the Master had been housed.

When Krishna sat before the Sage with folded hands, he could not help feeling the magic of his personality. He felt as if he was in the presence of a being from some other world who knew, understood and loved all men.

The large eyes as they turned to Krishna were full of kindliness. The voice had a liquid note of deep affection. The manner was that of a man deeply interested in all that one said and did.

'How did you happen to come to Hastinapur?' asked the Sage.

Krishna told the Sage of his decision to come to Hastinapur; of the shock that he had received when he heard of the death of the Five Brothers and of his talk with Dhritaraashtra and Bheeshma, and of his impressions of Duryodhana and Shakuni.

In the benign presence of the Sage, Krishna, to his surprise, felt that keeping back anything would be a sin, but he was not sure whether he would be justified in sharing the secret which Empress Satyavati had confided in him.

'I had hopes, venerable Master, to bring the Yadavas nearer to the Kurus. With Yudhishthira in Hastinapur allied to King Ugrasena in Dwarka, we could have brought King Drupad to overcome his distrust of the Kurus. Then I had hoped to bring the three peoples—the Kurus, the Panchalas and the Yadavas—together in a common effort to re-build our life,' said Krishna.

'What did you expect to do, Vaasudeva?' asked the Sage with a smile of understanding.

'I hoped that the Kings, once reconciled, could take to *Raja dharma*

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and lead their people more easily to the way of *Dharma*', said Krishna and added sadly: 'But Yudhishthira is now gone and my hopes have vanished.'

The Muni's face dissolved into a broad smile, disclosing his bright flashing teeth. 'Remember, Vaasudeva, *dharma* never dies. You, who destroyed Kamsa and defeated Jaraasandha, at any rate should never forget that your first duty is to uproot *adharma* wherever it is.'

'Venerable Master, you are the supreme teacher and can enlighten me. How can *adharma* be uprooted when Jaraasandha flourishes in Magadha, Duryodhana rules in Hastinapur and Drupad nurses bitterness in Kampilya? They live in hatred; they pursue violence. The only *dharma* they recognise is to satisfy their hatred,' said Krishna, setting out the problem which he had found insoluble.

The sage smiled indulgently. 'If I had always thought that way, I would have never survived a day. Vaasudeva, when I was young, the Aryas had all but destroyed Aryavarta by internal feuds. The Vedas had been forgotten. The *ashrams* were a wilderness.'

'And you brought back *dharma*. How?' asked Krishna.

'I had faith—faith that *dharma* is timeless. It may be obscured for a moment, but it never—never dies,' said the Sage with the confidence of one for whom the infallibility of *dharma* was the firm foundation of life.

'But Kings like Jaraasandha and my uncle Kamsa would destroy it, if they could,' said Krishna.

'I never put my faith in Kings. Hate and distrust, fear and jealousy often guide them,' replied Veda Vyas. 'I put it in the *ashrams*. As I travel from *ashram* to *ashram*, I find most of them to be the homes of *vidya* and *tapas*—knowledge and self-discipline—where rishis live in austere poverty and rise above the lures of flesh, fighting untruth in whatever form it appears.'

'Yes, Master, the *ashrams* owe their faith mainly to your inspiration,' said Krishna.

The Muni spoke reminiscently. 'At first I had to fight single-handed, but the Great God gave the faith to hundreds of rishis. By their life in *dharma* these Brahmans led and the sufferings which they endured in defence of it, they gave it a vitality which even Kings had to respect. Look at Dhaumya, for instance. He came here years ago and established this *ashram*. By virtue of his *tapas*, he has brought about a change even in the ways of the Nagas. Even Aaryaka and his people have taken to Arya ways. This was not done by the valour of kings; it was Dhaumya's *tapas* which brought about the change.'

'Is King Aaryaka still hale and hearty?' asked Krishna.

'He is very old now,' replied the Sage.

'Tell me, venerable Master, how can you win over Duryodhana to the ways of *dharma?*' asked Krishna, as the Gauri Puja orgy came to his mind.

'The God of all gods will see to it in His own good time. We have no right to insist that He should give

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us what we want *when* we want it,' said the Muni with a smile.

'And now Yudhishthira is gone,' said Krishna.

The Muni smiled. 'Yudhishthira, they say, is dead,' continued the Master with an inscrutable smile. 'I am sure he lives, if not in body, in spirit.'

Krishna saw the opportunity to find out whether the Sage knew what Satyavati had told him. 'Do you think, venerable Sir, that the Five Brothers are alive?' he asked.

The Sage did not answer the query directly. 'If they are dead, at any rate you are there, V*aa*sudeva. Yours is to teach the kings the ways of Manu, Vaivasvata and Janaka. You are now going to King Drupad. Try to win him over to the ways of love. The bitterness between the Kurus and the Panchalas should be converted into friendliness. The Panchalas are a great people and devoted to *dharma*.'

'Venerable Master, I doubt whether I can help in this matter, but I will try,' said Krishna.

'You are a *kshatriya*, V*aa*sudeva. Act in truth and purity, honour those who live in *dharma* and leave the rest to the Great God,' said the Sage.

'The venerable Bheeshma said almost the same thing,' said Krishna. 'I wish he had stopped the intrigues of Duryodhana rather than drive the Five Brothers to their death to oblige him,' said the Sage. Then he smiled. 'Each man has to follow truth as he sees it. Bheeshma thinks that his life is pledged to maintain the Kurus in strength.'

'Yes, I found the venerable Bheeshma torn by an internal conflict.' The Five Brothers were dear to him, but the strength of the Kurus was dearer,' said Krishna.

'V*aa*sudeva, do the deed which confronts you with faith in the Great God for all you are worth,' said the Sage, as Dhaumya came in to take him to the *Veda Shala*. 'That is what your life is for, and that is your empire which no king can filch.'

'Give me your blessings, Master,' said Krishna.

'My blessings are always with you. May you always win, V*aa*sudeva.'

After the evening worship and the meals of fruits and roots which the foresters had brought with them as offering, they retired for the night. Throughout the night Krishna felt the presence of the Muni by his side.

In the morning, Krishna heard that, before dawn, the Muni and his disciples had left for the interior of the forest to meet the King of the Nagas.

'Where is Uddhava?' asked Krishna.

'He has left with the venerable Master,' said Saatyaki. 'He wants to pay his respects to King Aaryaka, your father's maternal grandfather. He will join us when we come back to Utkochaka on our way back.'

'Why did he leave so suddenly?' asked Krishna to find out whether Uddhava had taken Saatyaki into full confidence.

'Perhaps he wants to find out whether the Five Brothers are really dead,' replied Saatyaki. 'After his talks with the venerable Veda Vyas, Uddhava evidently thought that the Master himself was perhaps going on the same mission.'

Krishna smiled. Saatyaki was clever.

[*To be continued*]

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# Reality of the Military Situation of India

**H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)**

[*Former Defence Secretary*]

COMMUNIST CHINA'S aggression against India and the seizure of Indian territory has had one very salutary immediate effect. It has made us all take a lively interest in matters relating to our defence and foreign policies. We have been, as a people, disposed to take both these for granted, or rather to take the view that while they were no doubt of importance to us, they were matters more for the specialist and did not really affect the ordinary citizen as directly as, for instance, the economic policy of the country.

This is, perhaps, another of the habits of thought we acquired during the British period. For obvious reasons, our rulers kept us ignorant of military matters, and generally discouraged the taking of an active interest by us in foreign affairs and defence problems. With Independence, we should have begun to realize that these were both subjects of which it was essential that at least every well-informed citizen should have a fair understanding, affecting vitally as they did our country's continued existence as an independent State.

Our Prime Minister has certainly not sought to make a mystery of the country's foreign policy: indeed, it was necessary for him to obtain his people's unreserved acceptance of it, for it struck out a new line and aimed at the elimination of war by urging the acceptance of the method of settlement of all differences by negotiation. The Prime Minister received the virtually unanimous acceptance of his policy; it was, however, an acceptance given without any real understanding of the issues involved.

Indeed, in a way, it is this policy which may be said to have led us, as a people, to adopt a somewhat indifferent attitude towards our defence problems. It does not need any special argument to show that a country's defence policy is based upon, and determined by, its foreign policy. Were it not for our strain-

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*...our defence thinking all these years had been lopsided...*

ed relations with Pakistan ever since Independence, we might well have adopted the rather tempting policy of more or less total disarmament: for, that policy would have been wholly consistent with our loudly proclaimed policy of *Panchasheel.*

Such an approach would also have had a special appeal for us, as it would have made possible a release of resources badly needed for implementing the country's policy of forcing the pace of its economy. In fact, it is because of our Kashmir involvement, and our neighbour's undisguised dislike of us, that we have had no alternative but to maintain a modern and well-equipped armed force of a size and quality which would enable us to cope with Pakistan and, of course, which our resources could permit us to maintain. It is significant that we have done so in spite of the great need of finance for our development plans.

China has, fortunately for us, woken us up to reality. Its action has shown that we can no longer look upon the Himalayas as an insuperable barrier, and that Communist China is not a genuinely friendly nation. This alters the entire defence situation. Our strategic doctrine has perforce to be radically re-oriented. So far we had assumed that we need apprehend trouble, if at all, only from Pakistan. There were not wanting persons in our country who counselled a very vigilant attitude towards China and Communism, but such counsels were brushed aside under the belief that China, having subscribed to the doctrine of *Panchasheel*, would not only remain friendly to us but would also seek a settlement of any problem between us by negotiation.

With reason, it was felt by us that Pakistan might feel tempted to venture into Kashmir, and hence, in order to leave no room for doubt regarding our attitude in such an eventuality, we have consistently made it clear that we would regard any such move as a hostile act. Having made a categorical enunciation of our attitude, it became incumbent upon us to see that our armed forces remained prepared and poised for instantaneous retaliatory action. Our armed forces have, therefore, been kept equipped as adequately as we possibly could for this purpose, and in doing so, we have inevitably sought to keep ourselves as up-to-date in regard to our equipment as Pakistan. All our defence thinking has been governed during the past twelve years by this one central fact, namely, that if there is any war at all in which we are likely to be involved, it would be a war with Pakistan. As far as it went, this was not an unreasonable assumption on which to hang our defence thinking.

So far as our other neighbours are concerned, neighbours with land frontiers contiguous to ours, we have assumed, and with reason, that Burma was a friend and likely to remain so; we have no conflicting interests with Burma. The terrain is difficult and it is, in any case, far too deeply tied up with a minor civil

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*. . . under the influence of Panchasheel, we ignored history . . .*

war and domestic problems of its own, including a serious degree of political instability, to think of adventures abroad; while we, for our part, being strict adherents to *Panchasheel*, do not make any great fuss, even when our nationals are deliberately and unfairly victimized.

**Ignoring history**

China, our other neighbour, we had concluded, we could safely assume would always be a friend. We had, again under the influence of *Panchasheel*, chosen to ignore history, and the undoubted facts both of China's population pressure and its expansionist tendencies in the past, whenever it felt it was powerful enough. When we found our assumptions to be wrong and that China was not as genuine an adherent of *Panchasheel* as ourselves, we were still so desirous of not provoking any trouble that we ignored China's action in Tibet treating in almost as if it were none of our concern, and later, even refused to take any serious notice of the steady but definite inroads which China began making into our territory some two or three years ago.

China, in the meantime, was organizing herself for the purpose: she constructed roads right up to our borders so as to make possible rapid action against us, as and when she considered it safe and expedient. Our government seemed unable to make up its mind what to do, until there occurred the incident in which our border patrol in Ladakh was all but wiped out. Then, however, the almost spontaneous outburst of indignation amongst the people of India forced our government to realize that the country would not tolerate a policy of appeasement. But this means that our armed forces have to do some rapid thinking and seek to equip themselves adequately in certain respects as quickly as possible.

Our third neighbour is the Soviet Union whose frontiers touch ours, though relatively only to a slight extent. Having regard to its known immense military might, we must take the view that, if for any reasons, our relations alter for the worse, there is little that we can do militarily to stop the USSR, if it chose to be aggressive. The utmost we could attempt would be to resist sufficiently and gain time, until our friends of comparable might could intervene; and such resistance would also be a possibility only if Russia chose to use conventional weapons and not nuclear weapons.

It is against this background that we have to formulate our defence and foreign policy and organize our armed forces. Both because of our philosophy of non-violence and tolerance and on our practical considerations it has seemed to us right to adopt *Panchasheel* as the basis of our foreign policy and to follow a strict policy of neutrality. We have indeed felt ourselves justified in ignoring the dangers of treating the Communists on a par with the western democratic countries. We have made ourselves believe that we would somehow remain unaffected, how-

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*...the problem is how to relate the desirable to the possible, and how to live with possible catastrophe...*

ever deep the Communist infiltration, aided and abetted by the indigenous Communist Party: and perhaps, this belief has hitherto been proved to be not unwarranted.

Fortunately for us, the intense nationalism of our people has so far not allowed these tactics to become successful. And China's recent activities on our frontiers, whatever the object with which they have been undertaken, have put us on our guard, while exposing the hollowness of the professions of the Indian Communists that India's interests came invariably first with them! However that may be, it is now necessary for us to effect a rapid revision of our strategic doctrine, for the entire situation has radically altered.

We have indeed now to face up to the problem which has long been familiar to nations in Europe, viz., how to relate the desirable to the possible, and how to live with possible catastrophe. Our resources make it impossible for us to equip ourselves with weapons which would give us even a semblance of a chance against a really first class military power, such as Russia. Against a power like China, equipped only with conventional weapons, the position is much more equal, assuming, of course, that it will not be assisted by Russia with a supply of nuclear weapons.

But it is possible that China may, nevertheless, be in a stronger position, because it may be assisted by Russia with the most modern aircraft and other equipment. Even for purposes of argument, we cannot reasonably assume that Russia will not give such assistance, for the Communist countries have hitherto never hesitated in letting matters drift right up to a point where there begins to exist a real risk of precipitating a world conflict. And, they have so far got away with these tactics. Of course, if there was to be such a world-wide conflict, Russia would no doubt prefer to fight it out on its own selected ground.

India is, fortunately for us, so placed that neither the Communists nor the Democrats would like to force it into the other camp. That has been our strong point so far. And that is what makes China's latest conduct so difficult to understand. But whatever China's reasons, India must take notice of it and insist upon the *status quo* being restored. Is India in a position to insist upon compliance with such a right? The answer, one hopes, is in the affirmative. If India is believed by China to be in a position to inflict sufficient damage on Chinese territory, China may pause and think again before pressing on with its deliberate encroachment. The only other deterrent may be Russia's attitude of disapproval. World opinion is unlikely to be a serious influence.

One may well take the view against such a background that India's policy regarding its armed forces has been justified. It has sedulously

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*...unpreparedness creates a defeatist spirit...*

striven to build up its air forces, while its army is trained for action in mountainous terrain and at great heights. It is true that this has been done with a different possible enemy, but that has meant only this disadvantage, that our military dispositions were not such as to enable us to react as promptly as we should otherwise have been able to.

Until nations realize that war does not pay ultimately, for any country to be ill-prepared to defend its frontiers to the best of its ability is to tempt the irresponsible and the unprincipled to adopt an aggressive attitude: for a country to place itself in such a situation is also to create a defeatist spirit among its own people. Even if the possible enemy is more powerful than oneself, the right policy in this imperfect world would be not military unpreparedness. One must, nevertheless, ensure military preparedness consistent with one's resources: one must in addition keep ready a plan to continue hostilities even after the more powerfully equipped enemy has succeeded in overwhelming one. Such a continuation implies a change-over from the usual frontal warfare to a mobile territorial war. The morale of a people which is determined upon such a course has to be very high, and its leaders must be prepared to be completely ruthless with the fifth column, without whose support no foreign invader, however strong militarily, can function efficiently and with knowledge.

It is only in such a war of liberation on the Yugoslav model that sheer numbers may count. Even then, they will have to be trained in the use of small arms, and be generally familiar with war equipment and its use. But numbers alone in modern warfare can serve but little purpose. Yugoslavia's plans envisage the continued existence of trained armed force units along with a co-operative local population, whether in towns or in villages.

**Technological acceleration**

It is important, of course, for a country to see that its armed forces are as well equipped as those of any of its potential enemies. Unless this is ensured, their morale would be low or not as high as it ought to be. This factor is of great relevance with reference to a country's desire to be self-sufficient and capable of producing indigenously its requirements of military equipments. The rate of technological progress is such that a country like India cannot possibly hope to enter the race, much less succeed in it. It is not sufficiently realized how very greatly our thinking must now be conditioned by the fact that technology is no longer static but is advancing constantly at an ever accelerating rate.

'Almost up to the outbreak of World War II, a weapons system would be good for a generation at least. In 1939 the equipment of a United States Rifle Company hardly differed from its predecessor in 1918. Today a weapons system begins to be obsolescent when it has barely gone into production. The B-17

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*...the test of a modern weapon is its functional superiority...*

*Flying Fortress* of World War II remained in operational use for a decade; the B-36 inter-continental bomber was obsolescent within less than seven years; and the B-52 heavy jet bomber, will probably be out-dated within five years. As weapons must be replaced at ever shorter intervals, their complexity increases. The F-51, a late World War II fighter plane, required 154,000 engineer man-hours to build and cost $21,000; the F-100, its 1957 equivalent, requires 404,000 engineer man-hours and costs $486,000 to perform a similar strategic mission.'

The technological race has moreover multiplied the number of available weapons' systems. As late as World War II, there were available for each of the services, Army, Navy and Air Force, at most two or three groups of weapons. Today, the choice has to be made amongst a very large number of groups and each choice permits such a wide variety of combination that the number of conceivable weapons' systems runs into fantastic figures.

Again, during World War II, weapons which were useful for offence were useful for defence as well. Today, this is no longer true to the same extent. A superior bomber does not necessarily dominate the skies; its performance can be compared only in terms of its ability to reach its target and this depends on its superiority over the opposing defensive strength. The test of a modern weapon, therefore, is not whether it can perform its strategic mission.

**Best use of resources**

This being the technological situation, it is indeed for consideration whether we are well advised in attempting to produce, for instance, military aircraft under licence: for however modern and up-to-date it may be when the licence is taken out, by the time we begin to produce it, it will have long been obsolescent, if not obsolete. It would be much cheaper for us to procure our requirements of modern weapons and equipment, particularly of the more complex variety, from abroad than to seek to produce only obsolescent if not obsolete ones ourselves. We could better utilize our resources in improving our technological skill in the civilian sphere where our own demand would provide a large enough market for a less up-to-date product, until we march forward to higher and more up-to-date standards.

Only after we have reached a certain level of achievement technologically and have developed our research and design organizations sufficiently, ought we to consider the advisability of diverting our research and design talent to the production of military equipment. Just as in the matter of atomic energy, our efforts are concentrated in seeking ways of utilizing it for civilian purposes, so also should our energies be confined in other technological spheres also to our own industrial development.

The adoption of such a policy has

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*...it is much cheaper to procure modern military weapons and equipments than to produce...*

also this advantage, that our armed forces have the confident knowledge that they will be fighting with weapons which are in every way as nearly equal in power as any that the enemy may possess. Such a policy, naturally, pre-supposes the possibility of procuring such up-to-date equipment at reasonable prices. And this is clearly dependent upon our being on friendly relations with the few major military powers in the world today.

It should be realized, of course, that such friendly relationship is necessary even if we wish to pursue, as we are now doing, the policy of producing certain types of equipment within the country, with the technical assistance and knowledge of a friendly power. What is suggested here is not a reversal of the policy to produce within the country as many types of military equipment as possible but rather to confine the indigenous production to certain selected items, excluding the production of weapons and equipment which we know are undergoing rapid and repeated improvement and change.

What is of the utmost importance for every country is to evolve a right defence or strategic policy, to build up its armed forces and ensure its equipment so as to accomplish that doctrine most efficiently. For us this means the possession of armed forces capable of defending the country along its entire northern border, including the north-western and north-eastern borders. This means an army large and mobile enough to defend our frontiers over several thousand miles, in the north-west, north, north-east and east: it means an air force capable, on the one hand of defending certain key population centres in the north, north-east and west, and on the other, of attacking deep into the territories adjoining ours in our north-eastern, northern and north-western borders. It means also a navy capable of protecting our coastal trade and our ocean-going ships from interference by enemy activity, for it should not be forgotten that once hostilities commence the potential enemies will seek to attack on all fronts. Our armed forces must, in short, be capable of defending our territory against a possible attack by a strong power of the second class variety using conventional weapons.

A policy of defence pure and simple, would prove disastrous. If our armed forces are required only to play a defensive role, they would undoubtedly fail, because modern equipment virtually makes the ability to launch an effective offensive as the only certain method of preventing an aggressive attack. It is the knowledge of a country's ability to inflict severe punishment that will protect it from an attack by its

*... the ability to strike an effective offensive is the only certain method of preventing aggression ....*

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enemy. Hence it is that our armed forces must be equipped with weapons and aircraft capable of carrying the war into the enemy's territories, and since the territory of one of our possible enemies lies beyond the massive Himalayas, we must possess aircraft capable of flying above those heights with a sufficient flying range to be able to drop bombs upon strategic areas and to return to their bases without the necessity of having to refuel.

**Neutrality and defence**

All this means money and a large defence budget. Its corollary, a reduction in the resources available for economic development, must be faced. It is not much use talking about our determination to resist any attempt to encroach upon our territory if we do not, at the same time, consider how best we can do so. Our foreign policy may well have to be re-oriented if we approach this entire problem in a realistic manner. A policy of neutrality need not preclude us from procuring modern and up-to-date equipment from one or more powers willing to supply us on reasonable and acceptable terms. It would be up to us to determine the degree of disinterestedness of the supplying powers.

We have to make up our mind whether we shall join the ranks of those who believe that we should purchase peace at any price or whether we spurn such a pusillanimous view and consider that mere survival is not enough, for we wish to survive with freedom, rather than without it. It is obvious that but little security is conferred by such geographical advantages as we possess. What has helped us hitherto is the existence of a certain pattern of international relations, the existence of a balance of power. If anything disturbs that balance, a policy of neutrality may well become impossible. It can, in any case, scarcely be to our interest to do anything to allow that balance to be disturbed.

The destructive power and the speed of the new weapons, both conventional and nuclear, is so great that no nation can hope to stand inviolate merely because it follows a policy of neutrality and non-involvement. It is, of course, the path of wisdom to get nations, and particularly neighbours, to accept the doctrine of non-violence such as is involved in the principles of *Panchasheel*, but adherence to such a doctrine is of value in this imperfect world only so long as the other party's adherence to it is as genuine as one's own.

The basic principle governing international relations still is the existence of 'sanctions', a country's own strength or its own together with that of its allies, or the existence of a balance of power which is likely to be disturbed by an attack of aggression on one's country. Our foreign and defence policies must be framed with full recognition of these basic factors. Our armed forces will have to be whether we like it or not, as large as we can afford, and as well equipped as we can ensure.

[Courtesy: *Seminar*]

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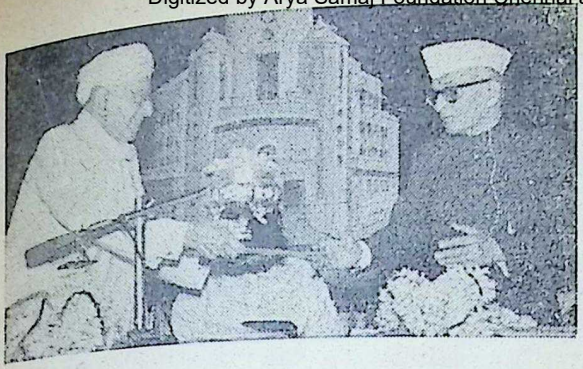

# BHAVAN'S JUBILEE AT MADRAS

*Kulapati Munshi being presented with a silver bowl full of flowers by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar at the Madras function.*

THE Madras Branch of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the Bhavan and the 76th birthday of our Founder-President Kulapati K. M. Munshi at a crowded meeting at the Rasika Ranjani Sabha, Mylapore, Madras, on the 9th of this month. Dr. C.P. Ramaswami Aiyar presided

The highlights of the function was the participation of a number of eminent persons of Madras who paid tributes to the Bhavan and its founder Kulapati Munshi.

Sri K. Kamaraj, Chief Minister of Madras State inaugurated the function and Sri C. Rajagopalachari released the Munshi Indological Felicitation Volume.

The gathering included Sri S. Ramachandra Iyer, Chief Justice of Madras, Mr. T.W. Simons, U.S. Consulate-General and Mrs. Simon, Sri S. Anantharamakrishnan and others.

After prayer Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, Chairman of the Governing Body of Bhavan's Madras Kendra, welcomed the guests. He referred to the multifarious activities of the Bhavan extending all over the country and said that looking at the growth and development of the Bhavan, one was struck with the progress it had maintained in the fields of Culture, Education and Spiritual Renaissance of India. Sri Munshi's dynamic leadership in all these ventures had won him universal esteem. He hoped that the Government of Madras would help secure for the Bhavan's Madras centre a permanent building of its own, following the example of Union Government which had helped the Bhavan in the construction of a home for its Delhi Branch. He added that the Bhavan had played a great part energising the spirit of India in the present emergency.

Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar, Honorary Secretary of the Madras Kendra presenting a report of the activities of the Madras Bhavan praised Sri Munshi's many-sided dynamic personality. He revealed that the centre had an idea of bringing out the 'Bhavan's Journal' in Tamil and also publishing good books in Tamil. He referred to Bhavan's interest in the promotion of Dance, Drama and music.

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Inaugurating the function, Sri Kamaraj, Chief Minister of Madras, paid tributes to the work of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan during the last 25 years and said that it had made great efforts to foster the cultural development of the country. Sri Munshi, as its founder, had played a leading role in many fields of activity including education, art and culture. His services to the country had been remarkable. Sri Kamaraj wished Munshiji long life.

Sri Rajagopalachari, releasing the Munshi Indological Felicitation volume, said:

## Sri Rajagopalachari's Speech

I feel greatly honoured and have much pleasure in being asked to participate in this function. Sri K.M. Munshi completes his 75th year today according to our traditional calculations and begins his 76th year. May he be blessed with many happy returns of his birthday. The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan founded by him celebrates its Silver Jubilee this year and the 21st volume of *Bharatiya Vidya*, a jubilee commemoration volume is released now. The book has valuable contributions from eminent indological scholars from all over the world—Pennsylvania, Chicago, Leiden, Utrecht, Gottingen, Prague, Cambridge, Australia and Hawaii. It is a production worthy of the occasion. I am greatly honoured by being asked to release the work to commemorate this double jubilee of the Institution and its Founder.

The variety and quality and volume of Sri Munshi's literary works are truly remarkable. The research behind his big historical tomes on Gujarat can be realized by those who have worked on the difficult task of writing any part of pre-British Indian history. His numerous historical novels and plays also carry behind them a great amount of historical research to make a veracious background for his works of imagination. Besides his historical romances and plays, he has written puranic novels and dramas which have earned great popularity. It is acknowledged on all hands that his contributions to Gujarati literature are brilliant. He is the author of over thirty works of creative imagination, romances and plays which have given a new tone and direction to Gujarati literature according to the verdict of those who are qualified to judge.

Sri Munshi's writings are marked by true cultural aims. It has become the prevailing mode among writers today to pick out decay and disorder and make cheap literature out of it in plain prose as well as fiction giving concrete human shapes to the evils so picked up, exaggerated and painted in lurid detail. The zeal for reform leads authors to concentrate on evils and abuses to the exclusion of the bright side of our culture and heritage. Writers shape and mis-shape people in great bulk. The printed word enjoys a great weightage in its favour among the vast body of our poorly educated literate people who

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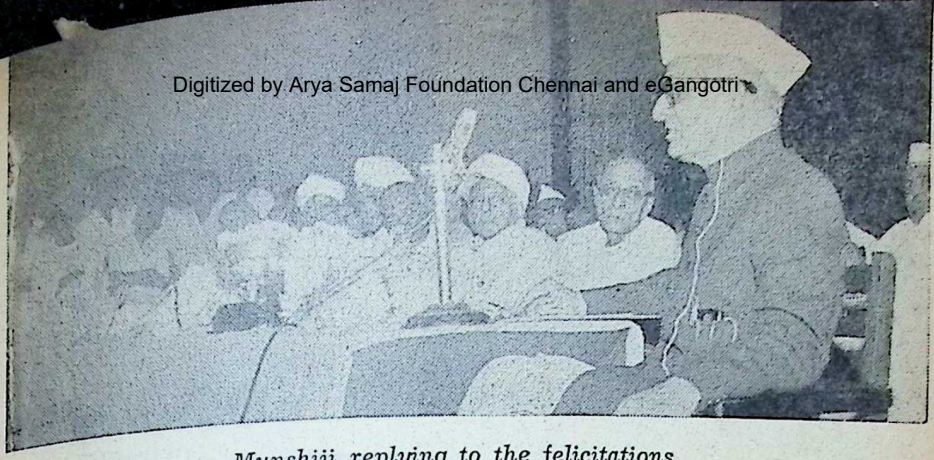

*Munshiji replying to the felicitations.*

are hungry for reading matter of any kind. Literature is the vehicle for noble ideas and for the transmission of them from generation to generation. It is easily used to undermine tradition and to erode the faith of the people, and to blacken the reputation of those who would uphold the ancient heritage. Democracy has come to make people believe that popular opinion is the proof of truth. The destructive criticism and caricatures of faith that form the staple of present-day cheap literature, cheap as well as easily written, breaks down traditional culture as rust attacks and breaks down iron structures. The disservice done by a generation of writers continues in effect although they have learnt better. They are unable to back out of their own mischief and withdraw their assault. The reaction caused by our undoubted material poverty and distress is loss of faith in and aversion to our own culture. Progress is confused irrelevantly with doing away with a precious heritage.

Sri Munshi is one of the few who dare to swim against the current, who believe in our culture as a great heritage and resist this destructive work in the country from the early days, He has given most generously of his time in the midst of a tremendously active life to literary creative work. He has given generously of his talents and his earnings to the cause of Indian Culture and its conservation. The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and its little but great Journal, are doing wonderful work. They give us hope that our heritage can be served and the individuality of our nation maintained. Sri Munshi's services in this field will ever be remembered. As the Upanishad says man lives on through his works and only through his works.

## Dr. C. P. R. Aiyar's Speech

Sri Munshiji was presented with welcome addresses in Sanskrit and Tamil by Sri S. Rajagopala Aiyar and Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar respectively.

Dr. C.P. Ramaswami Aiyar presented a silver bowl, full of flowers to Munshiji on behalf of the Madras centre. He said that Sri Munshi's great basic service was to rewrite the history of India "without the impact and influence of foreign scholars". This historical work which portrayed the development of the human spirit

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was a memorable contribution to the cultural renaissance of India. An independent critic and fearless exponent of his own point of view, Sri Munshi did not spare blame or withhold praise where it was due. He said the Bhavan was perhaps the most lasting memorial to the work, outlook and approach to life of Sri Munshi. Above all, Sri Munshi had an ardent desire to bring into existence a new generation of people who would be completely dedicated to the spirit of ancient Indian culture.

Replying to the felicitations, Kulapati Munshi said that the Bhavan's success was due to the fact that the ideals of the Bhavan answered an urge in the Indian mind to recapture our heritage in the vivid terms of the present. When he saw the hedonism dominating the college students and the richer classes, he despaired. The sordidness of public life and various disintegrating forces also made him unhappy. The Chinese aggression, however, came as a sign and converted this hedonism into an urge to defend our freedom, he said.

Munshiji said that he had been influenced by persons like Dayananda Saraswati, Bankim Chandra, Aurobindo and Gandhi. He had an awareness of India's heritage and his problem was now to capture the educated mind of the present day. The *Bhavan's Journal* was started with this objective and he expressed the hope that when the Tamil edition came out, it would find an echo in the minds of the Tamil readers. The Bhavan looked forward to bringing man closer to God by consecrating all

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the activities of His Holy Aiya in terms of devotion to God, he declared.

Sri M.A. Muthia Chettiar conveyed his felicitations to Munshiji on his 76th birthday.

Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar proposed a vote of thanks.

## At Periyakulam

Kulapati K.M. Munshi's 76th birthday was celebrated at Periyakulam on the 17th January, at a meeting presided over by Sri S. Sundaresa Ayyar, Advocate of the place. Sri Ayyar in his speech stressed the need for learning Sanskrit and cited the examples of Kulapati Munshi and Lilavati Munshi in the cause of Sanskrit. He recalled his reminiscences of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad session at Tirupati which he had attended. He praised the *Bhavan's Journal* and the yeoman service it is doing.

Next spoke Sri Seshachala Sarma, Tamil Pandit, Sanskrit scholar and President of the local Hindi Prachar Sabha. He stressed the need for learning Sanskrit and expressed his desire that all the students should take to the study of Sanskrit. Sri S. Srinivasan, Hindi Pandit, told about his meeting the Founder of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan at Bombay two years back.

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# OUR CULTURAL PROGRAMMES

*A scene from Prithivivallabham*

NOT the least impressive part of the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan were the variety of cultural programmes presented by Kala Kendra from December 21 to December 31, 1962.

On the night of December 21, *Prithivivallabham*, the Sanskrit version of Kulapati K. M. Munshi's famous novel of that name, was staged by the Brahman Sabha of Bombay. The play was adapted by Sri Balkrishna Limaye and was successfully directed by Sri Daji Bhatawadekar. The latter also acted as Munj and was ably supported by Smt. Pushpa Nargolkar, Smt. Charushila Bhatawadekar, Sri Ram Bapat and others. An amount of Rs. 1,000/- was donated towards the National Defence Fund from the proceeds of this drama.

On December 23, Kala Kendra presented their popular comedy *Bhaduti Pati* in which the Kendra's leading artistes Madhukar Randeria, Chandrika Shah, Lalu Shah, Champseybhai Nagda and others participated.

On December 24, a programme of classical music was arranged in which Sri Chidanand Nagarkar, Principal of Bhavan's Sangeet Shikshapeeth, and other well-known artistes took part.

On the morning of December 25, a programme of Sugam Sangeet was presented in which Sri Ajit Sheth, Smt. Nirupama Sheth, Sri Purushottam Upadhyaya, Sri Ram Panjwani, Kum. Jyoti Nevatia and others participated.

On the same evening, Sri Munshiji's Gujarati fantasy, *'Vah Re Me Vah'* was staged by Kala Kendra for the first time. In this drama the characters from Sri Munshiji's novels and dramas sassail and ridicule him on the stage. The performance was a great success. Prof. Madhulker Randeria played the role of Munshiji. He was supported by Smt. Chandrika Shah, Sri Navin T. Khandwalla, Sri Nam-

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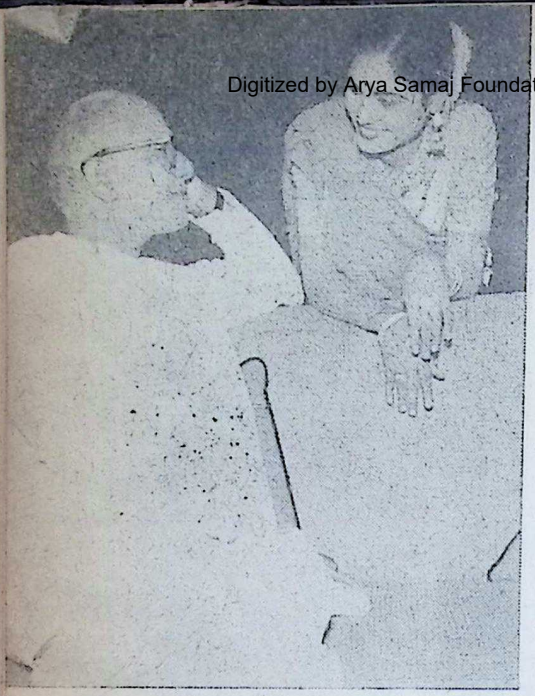

*A scene from Vah re Me Vah*

Sadan also presented the famous snake-dance.

The students of the Bhavan's Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya enacted the 10th Act of Sudraka's *Mrichhakatikam* on the evening of 26th.

The scene opens with the innocent Charudatta, accused of the murder of Vasantasena, being led by two executioners to the gallows. Charudatta is met by his young son to whom he gives some parting advice. We are also introduced to Sthavaraka who, kept imprisoned in a room upstairs, jumps down to the ground through a window, determined to expose the real culprit, he being a witness in the plot to murder Vasantasena.

dev Lahute, Smt. Hira Randeria, Smt. Shobha Vaidya and others. In all there were 25 characters.

This drama blazes a new trail for not only the Gujarati stage but for the Indian stage also inasmuch as it was for the first time that a top-rank litterateur musters up the necessary courage to see himself as others see him. Laughing at oneself is a rare trait even among world class writers. Dr. Munshi has here accomplished what others would not dare even to attempt.

On December 26, a programme of classical dances was staged by the pupils of Bhavan's Nartan Shikshapeeth in which Kum. Valsa of Kala

*A scene from "Jo hai Theek Hai"*

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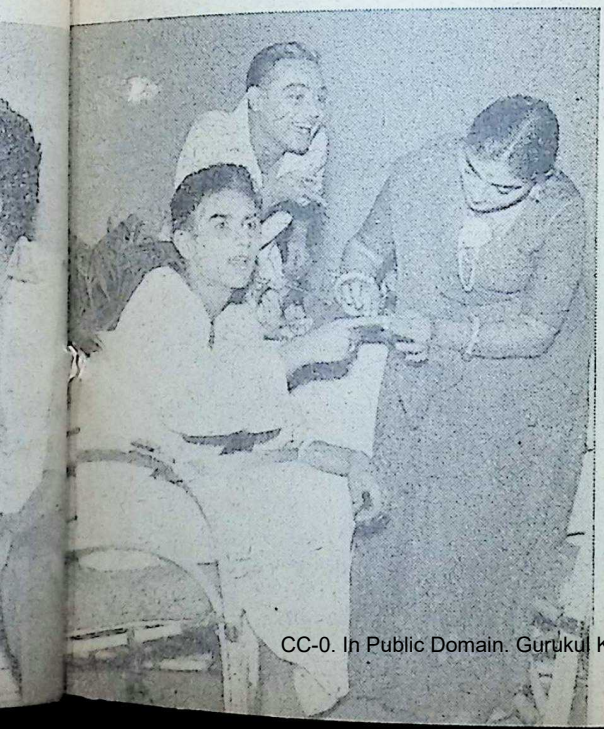
*A scene from "Putra Samovadi"*

Luckily the executioner's fatal blow misses Charudatta's neck, the sword having slipped from the executioner's hand. Just at this moment Vasantasena with a Bhikshu appears on the scene. This Bhikshu is Sharirlaka in disguise—Sharirlaka, the thief who stole some ornaments from Charudatta's house and who was left unpunished by the latter. So in gratitude, he kills the old wicked king Palaka, anoints Aryaka as the new king, frees Charudatta, gets him a respectable official position and unites him with Vasantasena.

On December 27, Sri V. K. Sharma presented the Hindi drama '*Jo Hai Theek Hai*' adapted by Sri J. K. Taneja from Sri Munshiji's Gujarati drama *Chhiye Tej Theek*.



The drama is a roaring comedy based on the personal experiences of the jail life of the learned author, and vividly presents the frailties and foibles of some of the jail-going patriots.

On December 28, Artists Syndicate presented Sri Munshiji's drama '*Brahmacharyashram*', directed by Sri Bharat Dave, and starring Saroj Desai, Sharad Smart and others.

On December 29, the famous 'Rangbhoomi' institution of Bombay presented Sri Munshiji's well-known mythological play *Putrasamovadi* directed by Prof. Vishnukumar Vyas.

*A scene from "Brahmacharyashram".*

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*Kumari Valsa in Snake-dance*

On December 30, was staged Adi Marzban's popular comedy *Mari Pachi Kon?* written and directed by him and featuring an all-star cast.

The above programmes were of a uniformly high standard and contributed greatly to the success of the Jubilee Celebrations.

As a fitting climax to the above cultural programmes, came the two functions held in the evening of 31st December at the spacious campus of the Bhavan's College at Andheri. The first one was an artistic exhibition of flowers arranged by the Agrihorticultural Society of Bombay, inaugurated by Dr. Munshi, and the second was a moonlight tattoo presented by the pupils of the H.M. Public School.

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*A scene from "Mrichhakatikam"*

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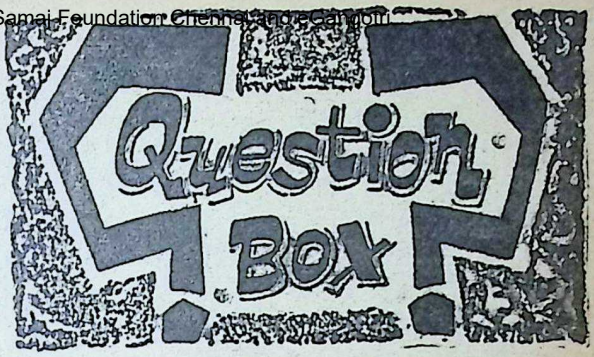


ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1057

Sri M. B. Pimputkar, Bombay-7.

Q: *Don't you think that the different Acharyas like Sankaracharya of the different* maths *should actively propagate Hinduism like Christian missionaries in the present state of things in our country?*

A: I wish they could. But the tradition of Hinduism has been to keep away from an organised church.

1058

Sri A.V.D. Sharma, Madras-17.

Q: *Doesn't our Prime Minister's constant reference to Panch-Sheel in the face of Peking's treachery remind us of the Great Gitacharya's hit* "Asochyan Anvasochastvam Prajnavadamscha Bhashase"?

A: The Prime Minister invented the formula of 'Panch-Sheel' to tone down the mutual hatred of nations, just as a snake-charmer plays his music to make the snake friendly. The Prime Minister thought that it would work on all nations. However, the formula cannot, in the nature of things—and in fact, did not—work on nations which are determined to be aggressive at the cost of others; that the other person happens to be a formula-maker makes no difference to him. Anyway, even if some nations cannot be tamed to friendliness, the experiment was worth making. The mistake lay not in popularising the formula, but in not being ready to meet the danger of its being used as a cloak for treachery.

1059

Smt. Shashikala V. Paturkar, Varanasi.

Q: *Why is it that the present generation does not respect the elders as much as they did in the past?*

A: Because on account of the influence of the West, the family tie is losing its sanctity. Secondly, girls are married at a late age after they have developed a sense of their importance and do not easily reconcile themselves to a life regulated by a respect for elders. It shows that our society is losing one of its best elements.

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*Our Fortnightly Profile—176*

## The Rt. Hon.
# GEORGE BROWN

THE sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, British Opposition leader, has removed from the British political scene an important figure at a crucial moment. Crucial because, in the context of the Brussels negotiations, Britain may well have to call for a general election in 1963—to be fought as a sort of referendum either to ratify the signature to the Treaty of Rome or in the event of failure at the Brussels tables, to accept Tory capitulation and form an alternative Government.

While it may be uncharitable to describe Mr. Gaitskell's death as a political windfall for Mr. Macmillan as some people have tried to do, it is nevertheless true that some Tories do think that without Gaitskell, Labour would lose the next battle. This is undoubtedly wishful thinking.

The Kennedy cult has not yet invaded Britain and the British electorate continues to be essentially party-minded. At least for some years to come they will continue to vote elections according to their satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the party in power.

Let us start examining first, who is likely to succeed Mr. Gaitskell on the Opposition benches and later, as alternative Prime Minister of Britain. Informed opinion has it that Mr. George Brown, the Deputy Leader of the Party and who has been its Acting Leader will naturally step into Mr. Gaitskell's shoes. There is nothing startling about it. Both Attlee and Gaitskell were dark horses when they were elected to the post. If it is said that there may be other leaders who may contend, the chances of their success are very remote, having regard to the beating that a person of Mr. Harold Wilson's eminence had at the last Dy. Leader's election. And nothing has since happened to warrant a shift in the party estimate of its echelon. If anything, time has been in Mr. Brown's favour.

Born on Sep. 2, 1914, of lorry driver *cum* Transport Union official parent of the same name, young Alfred George Brown cut his political teeth at eight years of age, when he distributed handbills for a parliamentary candidate. Leaving school before sixteen, he became a fur salesman, at the same time doing his education by evening study. At 18 he be-

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came vice-chairman of the local Labour Party. Both education and agriculture started claiming his attention from his very early days.

First elected to Parliament from Belper (Derbyshire), Mr. Brown has held it as his pocket constituency. Between the years 1945-47, he had been Parliamentary Private Secretary to George Issacs, then Minister for Labour and later for six months under Lord Dalton, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. His first Ministerial appointment came when he became Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. After Labour came to power, he became Minister of Works in 1951 and at the same time, was created Privy Councillor.

Although representing a mining constituency, Mr. Brown's interest has been as wide and varied as agriculture and trade unions, foreign affairs and economics, education and overseas affairs. He has travelled widely in the west-Asian countries, Kenya, Spain, Poland, Netherlands, Germany and the U.S. in one capacity or another. He was appointed to lead for Labour in Home Affairs in 1961 when Gordon Walker took over Defence. He has been a British representative in the Council of Europe and the Western European Union.

A frequent contributor to the press on political topics, Mr. Brown has matured immensely in his policy judgements in recent years. In foreign policy and economic affairs, he belongs to the forward looking wing of the Labour Party. On the common market, he is said to be more pro-European than Mr. Gaitskell, and for that reason has had to bear the brunt of left-wing attack.

There is little likelihood of jockeying for power among the members of the Shadow Cabinet, for according to their own admission, they will all toe the Gaitskell line. Mr. Brown reiterated the party line only the other day at Dewsbury warning Mr. Macmillan that if he sought entry into the common market at any price, the Prime Minister would have to go it alone. And Labour's five-point formula on the common market, it is good to recall, includes "protecting the interests of our partners in the Commonwealth and in the EFTA and maintaining the prosperity and stability of British agriculture."

With this background, we are now in a position to assess Mr. Brown's

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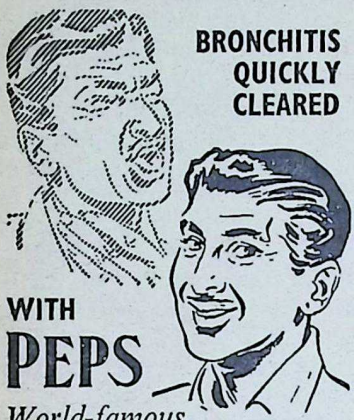

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chances to lead the British Government should it become necessary, as in all likelihood it will, sooner than later, as the Tories might rush a general election before the Labour Party recovers from the shock of Mr. Gaitskell's death. Mr. Brown has all the qualifications needed to become the Prime Minister, plus youth and good looks.

Judging by the traditions of British political life, there is nothing to prevent him to rise to the occasion should the call come. There may of course be other contenders to the title, Mr. Harold Wilson for instance. Other dark horses may spring. But making allowances for the unpredictable, one may safely assume that Mr. Brown is the natural heir to British Labour leadership in succession to Mr. Gaitskell. Perhaps, in the event of a contest, he will be elected by a narrow majority. Perhaps, again, he will have to fight Mr. Gaitskell's post-Scarborough battles all over. British Labour Party being the awkward alliance that it is, he may have to pay the price for reducing friction and internal bickerings by making concessions on personalities and to some extent, on policies. But given the time, there is little doubt that he will completely win over Labour and provide an able alternative government to Britain.

Mr. Brown is married. He met his wife as Miss Sophie Levine when they were fellow members of the Labour League of Youth. Her father was an original member of the London Labour Party. The Browns have two daughters.

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# TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

*Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel,* I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

## WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

RAWA TRIPATHY (RAVI) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

RADHARAMAN DALAL:—A leading Barrister of Bombay; western oriented; truant husband.

SHEELA:—His wife; educated; cultured; idealistic.

UDAY SOLANKI:—A young Barrister; apprenticed to Radharaman; divorced from his English wife.

RAJBA:—Uday's beautiful younger sister; mystic in her ways.

MAJIBA:—Their widowed mother; related to Maharaja of Manigadh.

HANSKUNVERBA:—Maharani of Premkot, cunning and crafty.

SAMAR SINH:—A Captain, related to the Maharaja of Premkot.

ROWJI SHETH:—Wealthy businessman of Bombay, friend of Samar Sinh.

BHAGWANDAS:—Sheela's one-time tutor; now engaged in Congress work.

NIRMALABEN:—His wife.

JAGJIVAN:—Their son.

## THE STORY SO FAR

Ravi, born of poor parents, studies Vedas from his grandfather. He accidentally comes to be acquainted with Sheela and her husband Radharaman and they finance his studies. Later he associates himself with Communists, aspires for a position of power and wants to avenge the wealthy. After a time he gets disillusioned and joins Congress hoping to realise his objective. He works as Uday's secretary for some time.

Uday returns from England after qualifying himself for the Bar and is apprenticed to Radharaman, whose recklessly immoral life is looked upon with revulsion by Sheela. Uday's acquaintance with Sheela, his authorship, and their common interest in social service bring about a Platonic attachment between them, at first unknown to themselves.

Radharaman sets out to Europe for medical treatment accompanied by Sheela. In the meantime Uday who falls ill, also goes to the Continent to recoup his health and he meets Sheela who was ill-treated and discarded by Radharaman, in Italy.

Uday returns home from Europe and is soon followed by Sheela and Radharaman. Gandhiji starts Salt Satyagraha and Uday who joined the Movement in Bombay is arrested by police.

Radharaman's intrigues to get Uday involved shakes the faith of Sheela in her husband. At the same time Rajba's prayers to God to help her brother brings her nearer to Ravi with whom she ultimately falls in love.

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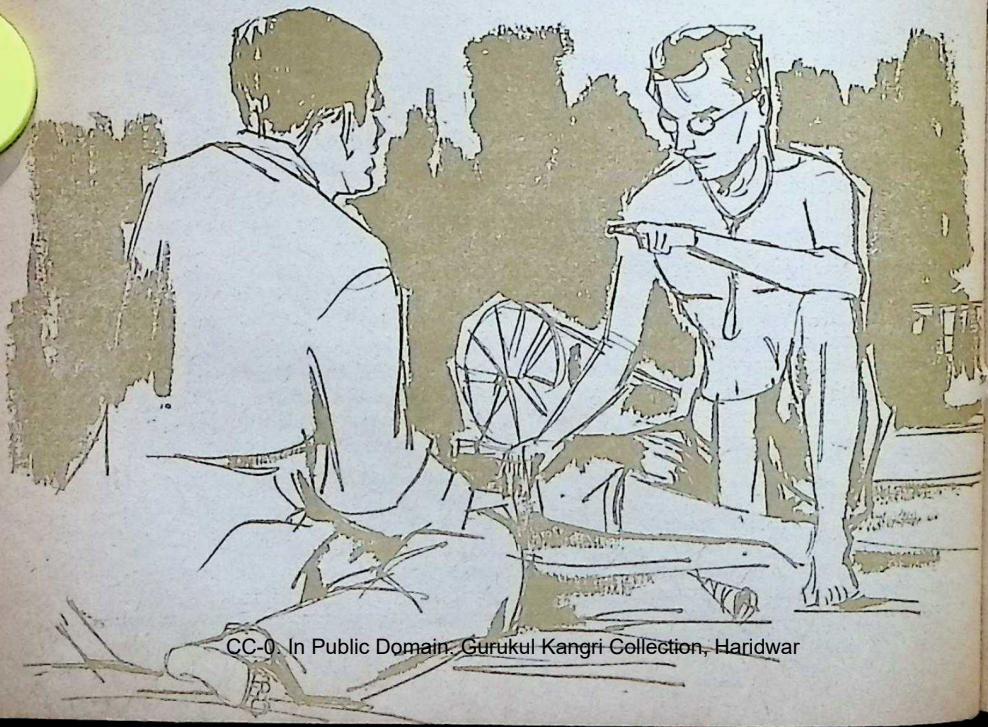
CHAPTER 10

# VINAYAK DADA ON FAST

RAVI was tormented by thoughts of self-condemnation. His striving for power had proved to be illusory. His learning was of no consequence. His hankering after leadership had led him to no more than attempting to please the high spirited young politicals and his fellow Congress prisoners who were bent on obtaining release on any excuse. He was working for the country's independence by passing his days in jail —eating the dirty food, sleeping in the company of bugs, living like one of a herd of swine!

His chain of thoughts turned to another topic. It was wrong to say that he believed in nothing. He believed in Raj, he worshipped her, his hope, his longing to meet her again was the lodestar of his life.

All day and all night, Ravi was tortured by such thoughts. At intervals in the night, half awake, half asleep, he imagined he was in Raj's company, enjoying once again the many hours they spent together. Often he woke up in the middle of the night, his head reeling, his longing for her giving form to his imagination ; he would find Raj seated or reclining by his side, setting his blood afire. Then he would force himself to be awake and he would curse himself for his lustful thoughts. To cool his passion, he would pour cold water over his throbbing head and go back to sleep.



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The more he denigrated himself, the greater grew his contempt for his colleagues. The ordinary prisoners submitted to the jail discipline and its routine of work and food, relieved occasionally by doing forbidden things. But the political prisoners? The young politicals had given up their studies to fight the battle of independence. They were subject to no discipline—neither of study—nor of parents—nor of teachers. In the name of civil disobedience, they had earned a licence to riot and create disorder in jail. Their time-table consisted of quarrels, fights and disregard of prison rules. The older politicals had come to jail under Gandhiji's magic spell, but once inside, the magic had worn off. Many were worried by domestic problems. Some were afraid of losing their business. There was mutual distrust and partisanship ran rampant. Since everyone had fallen a victim to 'jailitis,' there was no end to quarrels. With every breath they thought, 'when will Gandhiji come to terms with the Government so that we can get out of jail?'

And he, Ravi, was the leader of them all, bribing the jamadar to obtain additional comforts, negotiating with the superintendent to turn a blind eye to breach of jail regulations. And like a refrain, the thought occurred to him again and again, "Rajba, your faith in me has been misplaced! Truth, godliness and beauty will never shine in me!"

One Sunday afternoon, when he was in a particularly agitated frame of mind, the jamadar came to him with the message that the superintendent wanted to see him.

"How is it that he has come to work on Sunday? Is there any trouble?" inquired Ravi with some surprise.

"He has some urgent work," replied the jamadar.

"Ravi found Ghanekar, the superintendent, sitting in his office in deep thought and obviously worried. "I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Tripathi, but I have just heard some disturbing news from the Jailer and I thought I should keep you informed."

"What is the matter?"

"Do you know Vinayak Dada?" asked Ghanekar.

"Yes. Has he caused any trouble? He is a very quiet man."

"He has embarked upon an indefinite fast."

Ravi was in his turn surprised and anxious. Vinayak Dada was a rare personality. He was a worker of the Charkha Sangh and a staunch devotee of Mahatma Gandhi. He kept very much to himself and spoke but little with anybody. He was meticulous in complying with the jail regulations. Whatever spare time he had, he spent in spinning, in reading the *Bhagavad Gita,* or writing his diary. He believed in walking along the straight and narrow path and in observing strict discipline. What indeed could have made him take this decision to go on a fast, and that too without any time limit?

"He is a genuine follower of Gandhiji and a true Satyagrahi," commented Ghanekar in a rather worried tone. "Once he starts on his fast, he

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will certainly not give it up. I would then have no option but to report it to the Inspector-General of Prisons, and there would then have to be an inquiry. Heaven knows what evidence Vinayak Dada will then give! If he testifies to what I have acquiesced in, I shall be ruined."

This posed a problem for Ravi also. He had been having long conversations with Vinayak Dada on truth and non-violence, God and Faith, and knew, therefore, of what mettle he was made.

"He is a fool, but a very determined fool," remarked the Superintendent. "A few days ago, I had lost my temper with him."

"Why? What had happened?"

Ghanekar narrated the incident. Vinayak Dada had a headache and so he had requested the superintendent to purchase at his cost a bottle of *amla* oil. His request was granted and a bottle of *amla* oil was supplied to him. Dada had taken a pledge to spin a certain quantity of yarn every day before going to sleep. One day his spinning wheel began to make a squeaking noise, so he lubricated it with a couple of drops of the *amla* oil and the wheel immediately stopped squeaking. It occurred to Dada that he had strayed from the path of truth. He had, without permission, used the oil to grease the wheel: He had thus broken the jail regulations! He thought over his conduct all through the night and in the morning when the superintendent came to make his usual round, he asked for an interview.

"I have a very humble request to make to you, Ghanekar Saheb." The superintendent smiled. He was quite sure that Dada was incapable of making an unreasonable request.

"Sir," said Dada, "I want you to punish me for having infringed a jail regulation."

The surprised superintendent could only ask, "Punish you? Surely you are not joking?"

"I have done a wrong thing. I asked for oil for my head, and then I misused your permission to grease the spinning wheel!"

Ghanekar was irritated, said "Damn!" and walked away. Dada thought that the Superintendent himself had failed in his duty, so he went on a two-day fast as a penance for the sins of both of them.

Ghanekar was rightly worried. Ravi was placed in a quandary too. After considerable effort, he had succeeded in making things easier for the 'C' class prisoners and now trouble had come from a totally unexpected source. If Dada refused to give up his fast, the Home Department would come to know of the laxity prevailing in the jail. That would lead to the punishment and transfer of Ghanekar and untold misery to the prisoners. Were Ravi's efforts always destined to end in smoke?

"You had better go now," he said to the superintendent. "I will try and persuade Dada and see if I can find a way out. Before you go on your usual round of the wards tomorrow, please send for me."

Even Ravi felt hesitant to see Dada. He might have been able to persuade any one else to be reasonable, but here he would be up against an ultra-truthful, impractical man, who was

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not afraid to fast to death. Suppose he did not listen to Ravi's pleadings?

Suddenly Ravi thought of Raj and a strange idea occurred to him: Raj used to inspire and help him; would she not help him now? Then he realised where he was and burst out laughing at his own foolishness.

Vinayak Dada was quietly spinning away. The expression on his face showed no agitation, gave no indication of the momentous decision he had taken. Ravi realised that it was not going to be easy to persuade him to drop his resolve. Ravi's mind kept returning again and again to Raj. 'Rajba,' he said to himself, 'you are able to see what others can't. You have faith in God such as few people have. Will you not then help me?' Immediately his rationalist mind laughed at himself for his weakness.

"*Vande Mataram*, Vinayak Dada," said Ravi.

"*Vande Mataram*. Do come and sit down, Tripathiji," Dada remarked in welcoming Ravi pleasantly and with humility.

'Raj, Raj, I place myself in your hands,' once again Ravi's inner voice spoke and a verse from *Chandipath* which he had learnt by heart in his childhood came back to his mind:

"O Goddess, Thou art supreme!
All wordly beings look to Thee.
O Goddess, I bow to Thee."

CHAPTER 104

# *DEVOTION TO TRUTH*

VINAYAK DADA was short and thin. It irked Ravi to see this man sitting there serene and contented. To think that he was getting the better of him!

"Vinayak Dada, so you have gone on a fast?"

"Yes, Tripathiji, but only from this afternoon," replied Dada humbly as if he was begging to be forgiven. It was his habit always to speak slowly and haltingly, with his clear eyes fixed on the ground.

"But, what has led you to take such a decision?" asked Ravi a little impatiently. "Here we were getting on famously and now you must go and upset it all by your fast!"

Dada smiled sweetly as he replied, "Tripathiji, I am a very small person. I have not taken this decision either to annoy anybody or to make a fuss. My decision is only for the purification of my own soul." There was no bravado in his reply; it was a simple statement of fact.

Ravi was more irritated than ever by this naive reply. "Dada, if you go on fast in jail, how will we restrain the youngsters who threaten to go on fast every other day?" Ravi argued, trying to hide his irritation.

For a little while, Dada sat quiet, his eyes on the ground, and then smiled plaintively.

"Tripathiji, I debated the whole night whether to break the jail regulations by undertaking this fast or to continue to put up with the untruth that now fouls the atmosphere

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all around us. Finally, I decided to undertake self-purification in this manner."

"How long will you be on fast?"

"Until my heart becomes pure. But why do you agitate yourself on my account? I just cannot bear the foul atmosphere around here."

"What else can you expect in a jail? You don't imagine it will improve because of a fast!"

"If my soul were pure and true, how could impurity spread around me?" said Dada without a trace of arrogance. He spoke quietly and went on spinning all the while.

"But, Dada, do you realise that when the Inspector-General of Prisons hears of your fast, we shall all get into difficulties?"

"Tripathiji, I do not wish to make anyone unhappy. I am not undertaking this fast out of any desire for fame." Dada replied patiently, as he sought to join a broken thread.

Ravi was irritated beyond measure by this quiet resolve. The fool, he thought to himself, was not motivated either by egotism, selfishness or hypocrisy. Nevertheless, he made a further effort.

"Dada," he said sweetly, "you are a true disciple of Gandhiji. I refuse to believe that your heart is impure."

"If that were not the case, I would have no difficulty in coping with the rottenness that surrounds me. No, there is no doubt that I am full of untruth."

"But, what is it that you find so bad here? We are better off here than elsewhere," Ravi said.

"May I speak frankly? Forgive me, but I suspect that the Superintendent and you have made an arrangement to make false entries in the registers which ensure that political prisoners are shown as having done work which they have not actually done."

Ravi was aghast at Dada's discovery. "But, whoever told you this?" he asked, hiding his feelings.

"Who am I to find fault with what you do? I have just this feeling that something wrong is happening," answered Dada without raising his head.

"Is there anything else?" Ravi asked banteringly.

"I am ashamed to have to say this, but Bapu goes on a penance for the sake of truth in Yeravda Prison, while here the 'C' class youngsters steal bread from the 'B' yard, get cigarettes by bribing the warders, and some...but I shudder to mention the things they do."

Ravi's mind was working fast to plan a new approach. "Dada, you are a man of the world," he said with a sweet smile. "For these poor youngsters, being imprisoned is in itself a great hardship. Should we add to their misery?"

"No, no," replied Dada lifting up both his hands to plead his innocence. "I would prefer to die rather than put anyone to trouble on my account."

"But, if you undertake your fast, there will be a big stir. These young fellows will be punished and for everyone there will be hell to pay," Ravi said.

"Tripathiji, you need not fear that. I will not tell anyone else my reasons. I have told you because you are our leader. It is my prayer to God that

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by my fast, all of you may once again tread the path of truth. Truth is all powerful. Make no mistake." As he concluded, Dada smiled with the conviction that his faith gave him.

Ravi was inwardly so excited that if it had been in his power, he would have boxed Dada's ears, but he knew that there was nothing false or hypocritical about Dada's faith in truth. To shake Dada from his conviction would be an impossibility, so he decided to change his tactics.

"Dada, I didn't know that you are as great a devotee of truth as Mahatmaji."

"No, no, my dear friend. Who am I to compare myself with Mahatmaji? I am only a humble disciple of his. I do my best to walk in his path of truth." Dada spoke with genuine humility.

"When did you come in contact with Mahatmaji?" asked Ravi.

"I spent a couple of years with him in Sabarmati Ashram." The very memory of that inspiring experience made Dada's face glow with joy.

"But what made you join the Ashram?"

"You wish to know why I joined the Ashram? Listen. Years ago when I was in charge of the telegraph office at Chalisgaon railway station, my only son was struck down with high fever and that developed into delirium. I had to call a doctor, but it was the twenty-eighth of the month and I had no money left with me." The old man smiled at the memory of that helpless moment. "Just before leaving the office, as I was locking the safe, my eyes fell on a bundle of currency notes. My eyes remained glued upon the notes and my feet refused to move. I had been deeply worried about my son. Here was the temptation to send for the doctor. Without a second thought, I removed a ten-rupee note from the bundle, locked the safe, and went straight to the doctor."

"Did your son recover?"

"Yes. The next morning the boy's condition improved. That day, I went from one friend to another to borrow ten rupees to replace the money in the safe. No one helped me. I sat down to pray but my mind kept wandering. I tried to read the *Gita,* but I was plagued by my guilt. I went to the office in great trepidation, in fear of my future. My luck was out. The treasury clerk came for a check. He counted the money and discovered the shortage of ten rupees. Since the entry in the book had been written by me, I was unable to account for the shortage. The treasury clerk made a report against me."

Dada paused a little while and wiped the perspiration on his forehead. Then he resumed: "I was like a mad man. My conscience hurt me, not so much because I was charged with theft, but because I had committed the theft. I had stolen. I had told a lie. These were the words which kept ringing in my ears. The very idea that I was a thief made life unbearable to me. I returned to the station at night and kept walking up and down the platform. I had no desire to live with the stigma of a thief. I decided to kill myself by

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jumping in front of the early morning train."

Dada paused again as he picked up some cotton for spinning.

"A rumour had spread in the village that Bapu would be travelling by that train. A number of people had come to the station in the hope of seeing and welcoming him. It was a sacrilege to die in front of his train. I was overcome by a compelling desire to touch Mahatmaji's feet, but did I, a thief, have the right to do so?

"While my mind was so agitated, the train arrived. People shouted, "*Mahatma Gandhiki Jai.*" It was a short halt and soon the train resumed its journey. Without a second thought, I jumped into the carriage occupied by Mahatmaji."

Dada looked at Ravi ecstatically as if he had just seen God. Even Ravi's heart melted at the tale of ill-fortune of this simple-minded man.

"I threw myself at Bapu's feet and began to weep. He gently patted my back. That gave me courage to tell him the whole story. "Bapu, I did not kill myself under your train because I did not wish to pollute it. At the same time, I could not bear the thought of leaving this world without seeing you. That is what moved me to jump into your compartment. I shall get down at Nasik station."

Ravi's eyes were moist. "What did Gandhiji say?" he asked. "Gandhiji laughed as he said, 'If you are prepared to die for untruth, why not live for truth? Let me show you the way, if you have the courage to take it'."

"What did Bapu suggest?"

"He said, 'Look, Vinayak, the only answer to untruth is truth. Write and tell the station-master the truth and admit your guilt. Then be prepared to face whatever punishment is meted out.' I was frightened at this piece of advice. 'But what will happen to me, to my family?' I asked. Bapu laughed again as he said, 'But if you die what will happen to them? Do you remember the advice of God: He who surrenders himself to Me never perishes. There is no difference between God and truth. Therefore, surrender yourself to truth. He will save you from all trouble hereafter'."

Dada closed his eyes and remained silent for a few minutes.

"I promised Bapu to do as he advised. I got down at Nasik station and went back to Chalisgaon. I wrote to the station-master as Gandhiji advised and admitted my offence. Meantime, on reaching Bombay, Bapu had instructed a well-known lawyer to defend me. I was sentenced to a fine of fifty rupees and one day's imprisonment. Bapu then called me to the Sabarmati Ashram. Tripathiji, when I spoke the truth and accepted my punishment, I felt very happy. I came out of the ordeal a sounder man. This is what first made me realise the power of truth. Truth has saved me, why should it not save others?" asked Dada as he concluded his story.

Ravi was in a quandary. How was he to prevail upon this devotee to truth to give up his resolve? And if he persisted, how should he counter the resultant developments? Ravi's shrewd mind quickly found a solution.

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He said, "Dada, what you say is correct, for has it not been said in our *shastras* that truth will always triumph? I also agree with you that no unhappiness should come to others because of one's search for truth."

"Quite right," confirmed Dada.

"We must therefore see that no harm comes to the boys on account of your fast."

"That is also correct. All I want to do is to purify myself."

"I know that you are not undertaking this fast for personal fame," Ravi said and he looked at Dada anxiously for his reply.

Dada did not hesitate for a single moment. "I do not wish to achieve fame, nor will I tell anybody why I am undertaking this fast."

"Then why not take a vow of silence? Otherwise, you will be bothered no end to disclose your reasons."

"I have no objection to take a vow of silence."

"Well, then, when the Superintendent comes round tomorrow, you must not speak. Write on a slate that he should ask me what he wishes to know from you," Ravi suggested.

"Certainly. I have no objection."

Ravi returned to his cell happy that he had made Dada resort to silence.

That night in bed he was elated that he had turned defeat to victory. He fell to sleep thinking of Raj, taking her name lovingly. His sleep was crowded with dreams....Hanskunverba wanted to seduce him....he escaped from her lecherous clutches... he saw Raj by his side...she was lying there with her head upon his chest and he was stroking her hair gently...his spirit was soaring with the happiness of love...he had folded Raj in his arms, and she was looking at him with eyes of love...he was about to kiss her when he found to his horror that Raj's face was transformed into that of Hanskunverba...old, fat, shameless Hanskunverba...revulsion overcame him...and he woke up with a start.

He understood the true meaning of his dream. Raj was his, to make her his wife was the aim of his life.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, Ravi was called by the superintendent to his office. "Tripathiji, things are going out of our hands. This Dada is quite determined. When I went on my round this morning, he came up to me with a slate in his hand on which he had written: 'I have started on a fast for an indefinite period. If you wish to know more, ask Tripathiji.' What have you to say? If this continues, I shall be ruined."

Ravi smiled confidently. "Dr. Ghanekar, don't worry at all. I have persuaded him to take a vow of silence. Do you know why he is going on this fast? Because we write those false entries about the daily tasks of the 'C' class prisoners."

"Good God! I am done for!" exclaimed the Superintendent as he clapped his hand to his brow.

"The other reason he gives is that the 'C' class prisoners smuggle in wheat *chapatis* and cigarettes," Ravi said and laughed.

"This is no laughing matter," said Ghanekar agitatedly.

"Why mustn't I laugh? We are well

(*Continued on page 72*)

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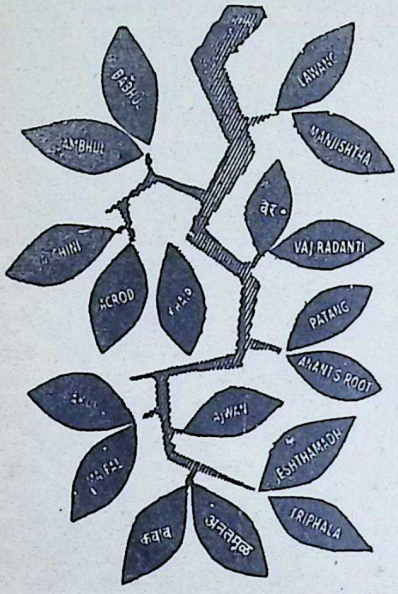


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*NANA SAHEB PESHWA AND THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM*. By Anand Swarup Misra. Published by the Information Department (U. P.), Lucknow. 1961. pp.636 (Royal). Price: Rs. 35.

THIS is a very valuable contribution to the literature on the fight for freedom, not only in our country but everywhere. Sri Misra has, in this monumental work, created a lasting memorial to the martyrs for freedom in the Great Rising of 1857-58. He has made judicious use of all the available materials (Indian and foreign) to ascertain and establish the facts relating to the individuals, situations and events of that historic happening. The Government of U. P. has done well to publish this important work in an attractive format that would do credit to any modern publisher. It includes more than 124 rare photographs, site-plans, maps, sketches, facsimiles, etc. reproduced with artistic taste and care, besides providing a detailed Bibliography, Glossary of military and unfamiliar terms, Appendices on specific topics and a copious Index.

This is not a patriotic rhapsody or sentimental saga but a very critical and well authenticated work of painstaking historical research, presented in a lucid, convincing and sober style. The learned author reveals a judicial mind in sifting his evidence in the manner of a court of law: his judgements are impartial, his verdicts impeccable. He deplores and condemns atrocities (committed by Indians as well as Englishmen), applauds acts of nobility, humanity and heroism displayed on both sides, making no distinction of race, creed or sex.

The title *Nana Saheb Peshwa and the Fight for Freedom* is fully vindicated by the contents of this weighty treatise. The Peshwa's pivotal role is scrutinised in every detail of importance. The outcome is illustrated in the authentic terms of Nana Saheb's own words: "Life must be given up some day: Why then should I die dishonoured? There will be war between me and you as long as I have life.... I have committed no murder. By means of entreaties I restrained my soldiers and saved the lives of 200 English women and children." (*Ishtiharnama*).

The anatomy of the revolution is here studied with 'passionless reason', its brain and heart revealed with 'X-ray vision'. Sri Misra scrutinises even half-a-dozen pictures of Nana Saheb (obtained from England and India) to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious. He dwells on the pathetic details of the tragedy of the heroic Miss Wheeler's end which evokes deep pathos, equally with the martyrdom of the valiant Azizan of Kanpur. He arouses unbounded admiration for the military genius of the irrepressible Tatia Tope and the indomitable martial vigour and heroism of Rani Laxmi Bai of Jhansi. Among the illustrations is a facsimile letter of Emperor Bahadur Shah prohibiting cow-slaughter; also a portrait of the patriotic queen Zeenat Mahal who inspired the aged monarch to assume the leadership of the national revolt.

No aspect of this desperate upsurge is overlooked by the author: personal, social, economic, political, religious and psychological, no less than the military and geographical. He studies minutiae with the eyes of an archivist; he traces the roots of everything with the keen understanding and perspectives of a seasoned historian; and presents his data in the light of a cultured humanist. His concluding remarks and reflections on the Fight for Freedom (in Chaps. 50-51) are an index to his perspectives: 1947 was the culmination of 1857. He closes with the significant words of John Stuart Mill:—(*See p. 15 of this issue*).

This is too important a book to be missed by any lover of India and Freedom.

—*Prof. S. R. Sharma*

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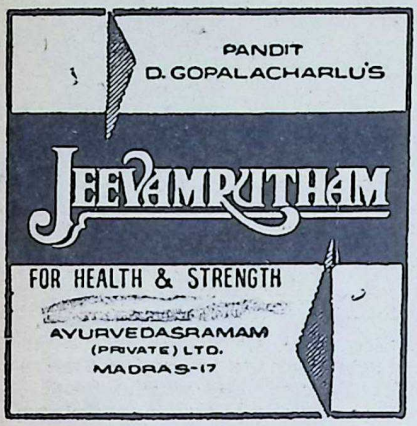


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*THE PHILOSOPHY OF MATTER IN THE ATOMIC ERA* (A new approach to the philosophy of science). By Ruth Reyna, M. A., Ph. D. Published by Asia Publishing House, Bombay-1. 1962. pp. 255. Price: Rs. 25.

MODERN science is in a predicament. Confronted with the 'realities' of the micro-realm, a domain, in its very nature, trans-empiric and ultra-sensible, the physical scientist finds himself far removed from the secure base-line of sense-perception and plunging headlong into what has been termed by J. Zaragiieta "terrain hypothetique". The self-contradictory "univocity" of classical physics goes by the board only to be replaced by the empty symbolism of modern epistemologists!

At the very moment when science has reached the peak of its practical usefulness, the physical scientist is altogether disconcerted by questions of fundamental import that shake the very bases of science as a noetic discipline. He is no longer certain as to what 'reality' really is.

In desperation some scientists have altogether denied the existence of any reality as such. To them the 'res', the 'realitas' is not something stable or complete, but rather 'fieri', dynamic, and subject to continuous change. It is now becoming increasingly apparent that in science we know only certain properties of the 'res', but the 'realitas' underlying phenomena eludes us for ever. In fact, the supposed reality, which the human mind, through the discipline of science, has posited behind the physical phenomena, is considered by some as not at all a fixed entity having a constant significance; it is taken, not as a persistent being, but as a perpetual becoming, a protean flux.

Many and widely disparate have been the attempts made by philosophers and scientists alike to resolve the metaphysical predicament faced by present-day science and build up a coherent philosophy of Matter. The book under review is one of the latest in the line.

Miss Ruth Reyna approaches the problem from a refreshingly new an-

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gle of vision, and proposes to show that Mayavada, as propounded by the Sankarite school of Vedanta, serves very well to explain metaphysically the nature of the world as conceived by modern science. She is convinced that the "scientific thought of today nestles comfortably in the bosom of philosophical idealism" (ix) and, according to her, modern science looks upon the phenomenal world in a double frame of negation—it is neither real nor unreal.

The whole point of Miss Reyna's book is "to testify to the idealistic validity of the Vedantic concept of Maya as an explanation of the relationship between appearance and reality, in which the phenomenal world is held to be neither real nor unreal and at the cosmic level non-existent." And it is Miss Reyna's contention that it is precisely this concept that contemporary scientific thought is arriving at. For, as she says, the course followed by modern science is the very course laid down by ancient metaphysics. "This is neither a comparison to Mayavada, nor an analogy to Mayavada—this is Mayavada clothed in a crisp, new, scientific frock."

Miss Reyna's book is argumentative; at places it even borders upon the polemic. But one can hardly find fault with it on that score. She is free to press her point, buttressing it up with ingenious arguments. But some of her views and deductions are open to criticism. When she says that the "Soul is a scientific construct", that is to say, "like mind, immediately rooted in matter; that is, it is built within the physical structure and is complex or simple in accordance with the complexity or simplicity of the living organism of which it is a constituent" (p. 120), or that "evolution can never resume as long as man is in existence... Man has sealed his fate—he has become lazy in his genetic success" (p. 122), I confess to a sense of amazement. Is this the knowledge she has gained from her long and devoted study of Indian philosop-

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hies, particularly the philosophy of Sankara?

But I must give her credit for expressing her views, whatever they may be, in a bold, forthright manner. She has the courage of her convictions. Her book is thought-provoking, and may be profitably read by those who are interested in the subject.

The printing and get-up of the book are in the excellent tradition of Asia Publishing House. It is a pity there have crept in a few slips and misprints, which may be corrected in the next edition. On page 99 'too reals' should be 'two reals', on page 172 'methane CH2,' should be 'methane CH4,' on page 21 'indeterminancy' should be 'indeterminacy', and on page 10 'chinna,' should be 'chhinna' in the footnote.

It may also be mentioned that the following statement is mathematically untenable: In the case of refraction, a ray of light "is bent in such a way that the ratio of the sine of the angle of refraction is always a constant quantity."

—*Rishabhchand*

## TELUGU

ABHAVAMULO ABALA (Telugu Novel). By Isukapalli Lakshmi Narasimha Sastri. Published by Navya Bharati, 760, Himayat Nagar, Hyderabad (Andhra). pp. 175. Price: Rs. 3/-.

THIS is a short but an impressive novel depicting the moving story of a young woman Malathi. Malathi, a sensitive and modest young woman was married to an uneducated young man of a middle class family, who was living with his parents. Being a non-earning member of the family, he becomes a target of criticism of his father on the one hand, and on the other he was compelled to be a silent spectator of the torments to which his dear wife was subjected by his mother, who had all the qualities of a proverbial mother-in-law. Vexed with his life at home he disappears suddenly from his house leaving his wife and children. His mother who was more worried over the none-too-happy married life of her two daughters tries to find consolation in teasing her daughter-in-law in a hundred ways. Malathi bears with fortitude all the torments she was subjected to with faith in her own self and God, and in the end meets death. With his keen insight into the complexity of a woman's nature and sympathetic understanding the author has successfully portrayed the different characters in the novel. The novel makes a pleasant reading and leaves an everlasting impression on the minds of the readers.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

## TAPASVINI—*Contd.*

and truly trapped. He is a 'mahatma' and will not give up his fast."

"What shall we do then?"

"Listen," Ravi said. "Dada has agreed to remain silent during his fast, so no one besides ourselves will know why. Now lock him up in the 'solitary.' Let him be guarded by one of your trusted warders so that no one can see him. Let me talk to him. I am confident that in a few days I'll succeed in talking him out of his fast."

[*To be continued*]

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*VOICE OF THE SELF.* By Swami Nityananda. Published by P. Ramnath Pai, "Meera Bhavan", 8, Hanumantha Rao Road, Balaji Nagar, Madras-14. Rs. 2/-.

*ETHICAL TEACHINGS.* By Swami Sivananda. Published by The Divine Life Society, P.O. Sivanandanagar (Via Rishikesh) Dt. Tehri-Garhwal, U.P. Rs. 3/-.

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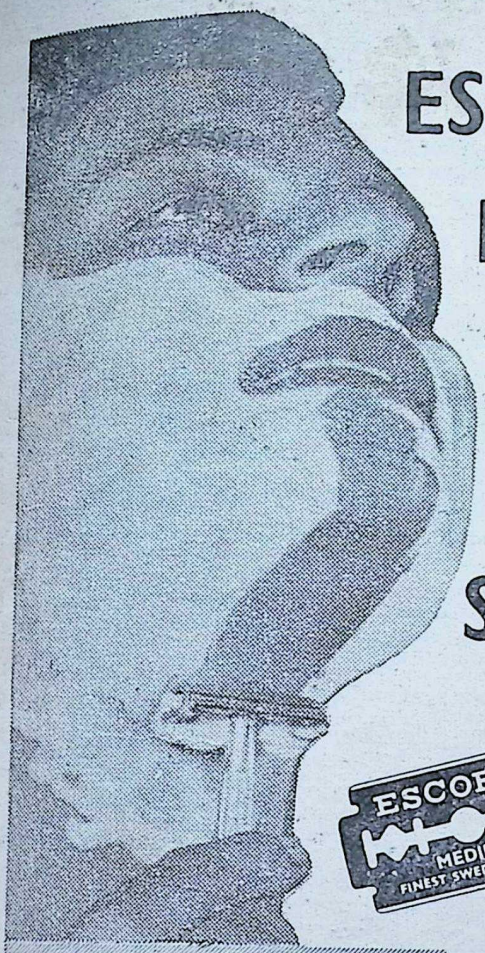

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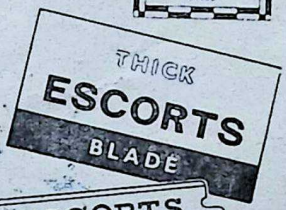


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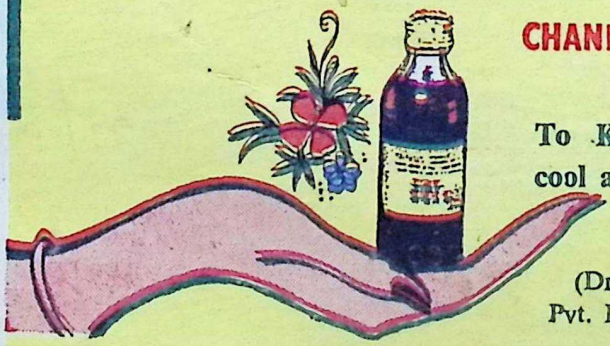

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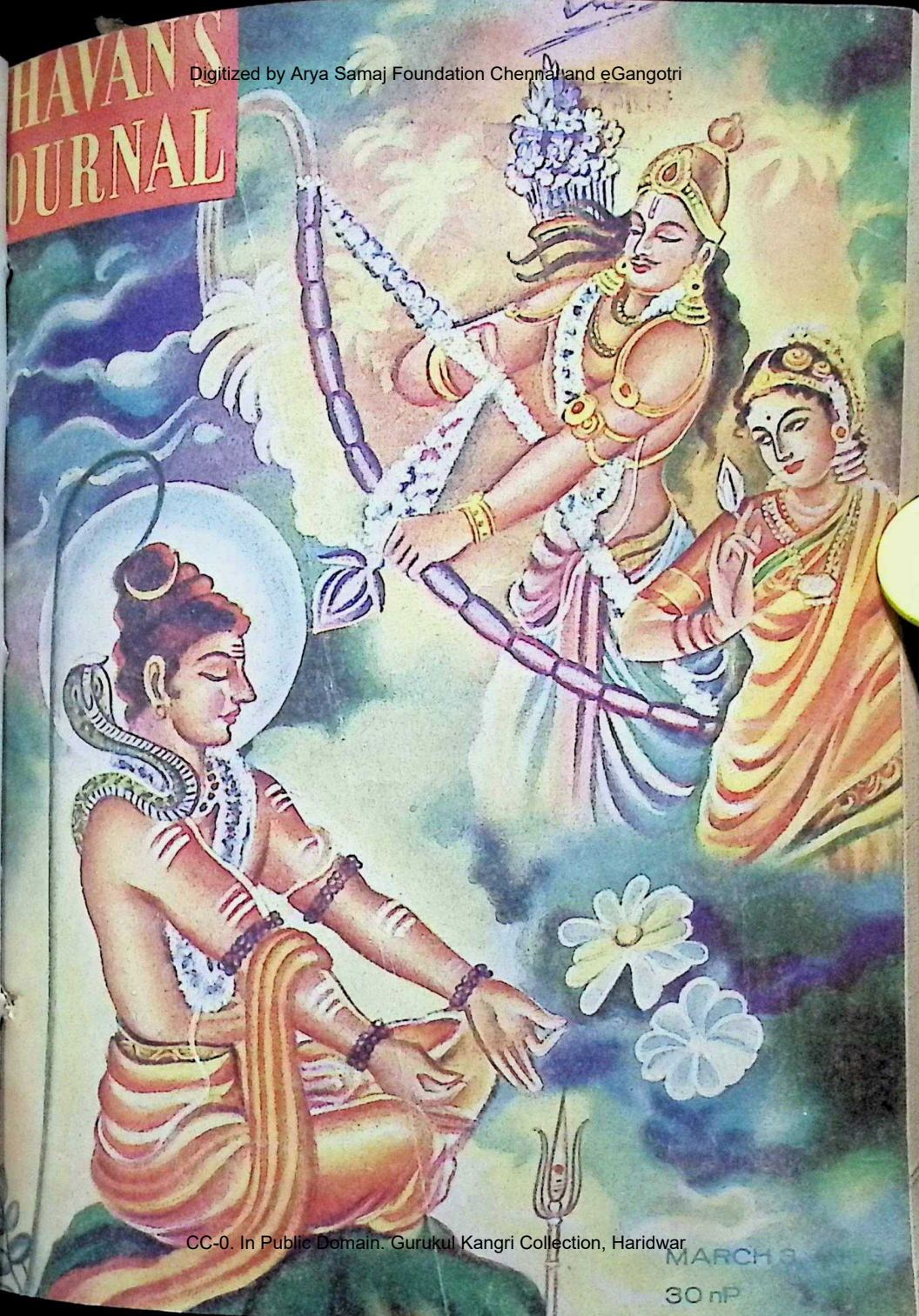

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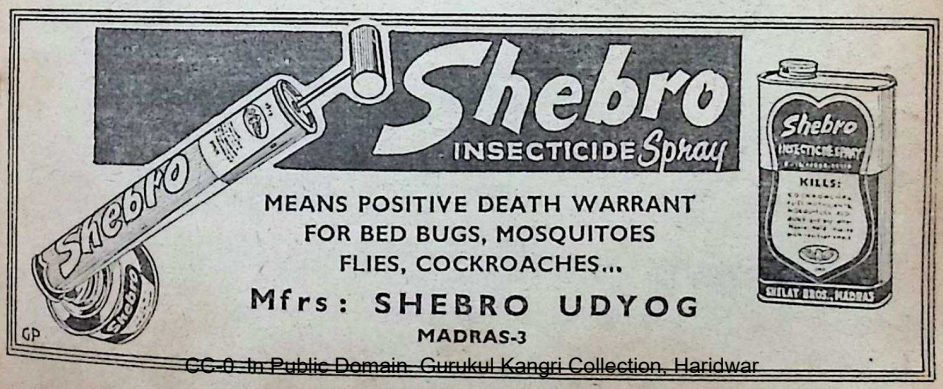


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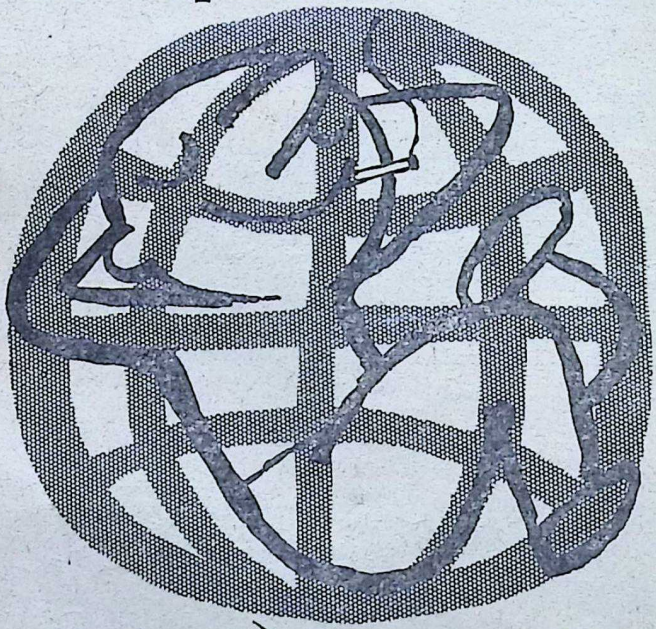

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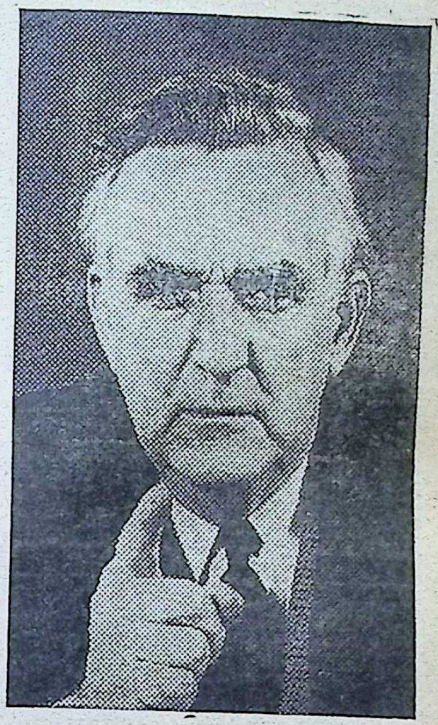

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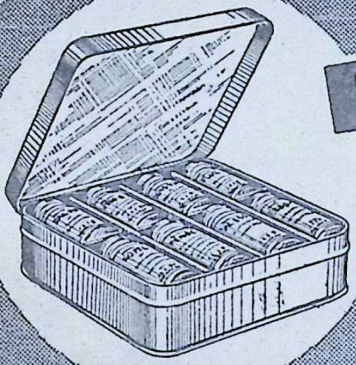

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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# LORD SIVA

ध्यायेन्नित्यं महेशं रजतगिरिनिभं चारुचन्द्रावतंसं
रत्नाकल्पोज्ज्वलांगं परशुमृगवराऽभीतिहस्तं प्रसन्नम्।
पद्मासीनं समन्तात् स्तुतममरगणैर्व्याघ्रकृत्तिं वसानं
विश्वाद्यं विश्ववन्द्यं निखिलभयहरं पञ्चवक्त्रं त्रिनेत्रम्॥

Contemplate on Mahesa, looking like the Silver Mountain, wearing the lovely moon on His crest, his body shining with gem-set ornaments, holding the axe, the stag, showing the *mudras* of Vara and Abhaya, smiling, seated in Padmasana, praised by hosts of Devas on all sides, clad in tiger-skin; who is the cause of the Universe and universally adored, the remover of all fears; the five-faced, the three-eyed.

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 278

# ★ LEADERSHIP IN AN EMERGENCY

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

MARCH, 3, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

EMERGENCIES are God-given opportunities for gathering creative strength.

In an emergency, what is most needed—above resources, above diplomacy, above party loyalty—is a national leadership which evokes faith in the people.

With such a faith, weak nations have acquired super-human strength. Without it, even a strong leadership has been known to crumble.

With the faith that Jeanne D'Arc inspired, the disheartened French drove out the English from the soil of France. Without such a faith, in the time of Napolean III, France was defeated in spirit long before it collapsed on the battle-field of Sedan in 1870.

During World War II, the faith which Winston Churchill released, converted a defeated Britain into a victorious one. During the same period, when the British Government had India in its stranglehold, Gandhiji led the Quit India movement because he had the miraculous gift of inspiring faith.

In June 1958, General de Gaulle emerged from self-imposed obscurity to inject the French people with rare self-confidence. In about 40 months, he raised France from a politically disintegrated State into a powerful influence in European affairs.

Great victories, both in peace and war, are only achieved by faith. This faith is not the outcome of reasoned conviction, nor of calculated self-interest, not merely of the respect in which the leadership is held.

This faith is more akin to religious faith which "makes the dumb to speak, and the lame to scale mountains." It induces a spontaneous surrender of one's life, fortunes and future in the hands of the leaders. The quality which evokes such faith is elusive, a-rational, in essence, spiritual; for faith is the venture of the spirit.

The leadership radiates such faith through the image which it builds

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up—an image which glows with determined strength to achieve the heart's desire of the people.

The image is not built by propaganda, the effect of which is transient. It is never built by regimented loyalties nor penal action, for the former breeds hypocrites and the latter, rebels.

The image is built only if it embodies the will to victory as a positive response to the unconscious urges of the collective mind for heroic action to vindicate past greatness or fulfil future destiny.

Gandhiji's leadership was superb. He often changed his views; his techniques were not the same at all times. But his aim was always clearly defined. His lead was unequivocal. The image that he created in the public mind was one of strength. His words and actions reflected such sensitiveness to the inner urges of the Indians that they saw in him a reflection of their own aspirations. He never allowed people to become suspicious, nor was he afflicted—though he was a Mahatma—by moral or intellectual snobbery, rationalising defeat in self-satisfying terms.

●●●

In this emergency, as things stand, the fortunes of the country seem bound up with the present leadership, which has a core of patriots and is dominated by Panditji, a convinced democrat; a man of courage and high motives; in many ways a great man.

Yet, it would be evident to even a superficial observer that the leadership has not been able to build up an image of such adequate strength as would evoke faith. An image of strength has to be created if we have to win the war.

At such a time one would have expected political parties not to continue to manoeuvre for power and position; yet they persist, and no party more energetically than the party in power. None of them however is directing its energies to creating an atmosphere which fosters heroism.

The national opposition parties have clearly found the image inadequate. The exuberant support given by some Communists to the leadership justifies the opposition view; it is given only because their own future lies with a weak democratic leadership.

The Congressmen themselves—though a regimented group—do not feel enthused over the image. Those who feel the insufficiency comprise a variety of groups: of Congressmen who feel and voice it openly or in party meetings; of others who feel it but voice it only in private conversation for fear of personal consequences; of still others who feel it and do not voice it lest the leadership might be placed in jeopardy.

Outside these, stands the group which blatantly proclaims the 'One Leader' cult and, by doing so, weakens the faith of men. Attempts at buttressing the prestige of leaders, however deserving, by party mandate or penal action have scarcely had the effect of investing the image of leadership with strength. On the contrary, they have created a general suspicion that its foundations are sagging.

This attempt is as short-sighted as it is fatuous. To be specific, no realist considerable hold of

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Panditji over the country and his role as the symbol of national resistance. But to invest him with papal infallibility or to dub every criticism as sacrilegious, is a sure way of depriving the image of strength.

●●●

It may be worthwhile to analyse the situation objectively to discover the factors which prevent a clear image of strength from emerging.

First, there is the suspicion among the people that the leadership has not yet shaken off the influence of that state of mind and policy which may conveniently be described as Anti-West-ism with which the ex-Defence Minister has come to be associated.

This *ism* believes that the Communists can do no wrong and the U.S.A. and U.K., never do anything right; that the defence and external affairs of the country should be conducted with an attitude that the Communists will always be friends and the Western nations, always enemies.

Anti-West-ism is distrusted because it is calculated to further the aim of Communism in India. That aim is to capture power in India by creating conditions which have proved so useful to them in other parts of the world.

The conditions sought to be created by the Communists are: that there is a foreign Communist army on the frontier ready to help them; that our army is divided in loyalty and ideology; that all ranks of public services are infiltrated by Communist cells; that the democratic leadership, by its weakness, fails to evoke faith. The apparent support of the Communists to Nehru leadership is not based on an honest desire to see it emerge in strength to meet the Chinese menace. It is to create a situation in which, when the rallying personality of Panditji is not on the scene, the present democratic leadership crumbles to pieces.

●●●

Why does the present leadership, which is led by a national figure like Panditji, fail to build an image of strength?

Because, instead of developing a national supra-party outlook it equates the regimented support of the Congress Party with the country's spontaneous loyalty. This prevents it from responding to the collective urges of the people.

By the very nature of its build-up, the Congress Party no longer reflects the popular urges. Entrenched in power and patronage, its hierarchs live in a world of their own plans, slogans and power-moves; they rarely develop informal contacts with other groups to enter sympathetically into their genuine reactions. And even if they are inclined to respond to popular urges, they rarely venture to remonstrate with their leadership, for they hold their position on its sufferance.

I do not write this in a spirit of partisanship. From the day the emergency came, I have held the view—and made no secret of it—that in order to match the Chinese military strength on the border, there should only be one party in the country—a party of national resistance.

When the Chinese aggression came and Panditji spoke in the language of Churchill, pledging himself to uncom-

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promising resistance, the faith in the leadership rose high. A spontaneous upsurge of resistance and sacrifice followed. I felt that the moment for calling upon the country to rise above party had come. But, alas, the opportunity was lost—I hope not for ever.

Confident of its majority vote in the Parliament, the leadership often indulges in scornful disregard of public opinion. In consequence, it has developed an infinite capacity for rationalising everything—victory, defeat, frustration, in terms of intellectual or moral snobbery. This comes in the way of its projecting an image of strength.

I can cull out choice phrases from the utterances of some of those who ought to know better. It is claimed by some that the Chinese aggression was a border skirmish; that we were not unprepared, but "out-manned and out-weaponed" for no fault of ours; that our disasters were not due to 'our credulity and negligence', but to the perfidy—that is to say, the moral inferiority,—of the Chinese; that this aggression did not bring down our prestige, but on the contrary, gave us a new stature in the eyes of the world. All that is left unsaid is that we have won in the struggle with China and we are to be grateful to our enemy for giving us this opportunity!

Let us not fight shy of admitting the truth—if for nothing else, for arriving at an estimate of our needs.

The facts are that the Chinese aggression has inflicted defeat on us, and, as part of the defeat, imposed unilateral peace. Our international prestige has suffered. Our frontiers

जानाति विश्वासयितुं मनुष्यान्
विज्ञातदोषेषु ददाति दण्डम्।
जानाति मात्रां च तथा क्षमां च
तं तादृशं श्रीर्जुषते समग्रा॥

**Prosperity in all her manifestations attends him who knows how to inspire confidence in his men; who metes out condign punishment to those proved of guilt; who knows the measure of punishment and, likewise, of mercy.**

अकामान् कामयति यः
कामयानान् परित्यजेत्।
बलवन्तं च यो द्वेष्टि
तमाहुर्मूढचेतसम्॥

**He who loves to befriend people he should not, fails to cultivate the friendship of the desirable, and even bears ill-will towards the mighty—he indeed is to be pitied.**

—Mahabharata

are menaced. We will take a long time to prepare to meet the danger. We want our friends, from whatever camp they come, to do the best for us on whatever terms possible.

Striking heroic attitudes or in defeat claiming that we have acted in a way more civilized or more moral than our enemies, or delivering sermons on the wisdom of our long-term plans, do not go to build up the morale of the people. What the people want are: a heroic stand, prompt and effective action and visible, concrete results; above all a foreign policy directed to furthering national resistance and *clearly understood to be*

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In these unfortunate circumstances, how can an image of strength in the leadership be projected? The responsibility for it rests, firstly, on the persons who constitute the present official leadership; secondly—and this is equally important—on all patriots pledged to resist Chinese aggression.

The Indian mind is highly emotional. Subtle dialectics come to it very easily. There is a perpetual debate on issues: Is non-alignment sacrosanct or anathema? Has it proved beneficial or harmful? Is the socialistic pattern of society sound or unsound? Is there an emergency or not? Is Panditji a fallible or an infallible leader?

There are some leaders who even voice their objection to developing military strength.

All these debates should cease. Responsible leaders of all parties should call a truce to mutual sniping. Theoretical discussions on imaginary premises on the old *shastrartha* style are all right in times of peace and security; in matters of life and death, they are suicidal.

Is it too late for our leadership to gather an image of strength? The remedy lies principally in the hands of the leaders of all parties to achieve the consummation so devoutly wished. They must, by a supreme effort, forget that they belong to a party. The leadership in Government must also grow national in tone, outlook and action, working only for the emergency. By a tolerant approach, it must forge the largest possible measure of agreement with all leaders of national public opinion who, by their services, sincerity and sanity, would provide the greatest common measure of confidence.

Can there not be a year's truce, during which all mutual recriminations between parties cease?

In this, as in all other matters, the initiative lies with the leadership. Particularly, the Congress Party has to learn to abjure its superiority complex as a party enjoying the divine right to rule, and by a generous approach to the other parties, bring about a broad co-ordination in the national effort.

The other national parties should also correspondingly pledge to forswear their role of opposition for the period.

May I venture to ask my friends in all the national parties the simple question: Can we not work a miracle by bringing about a situation in which the leadership becomes an image of national strength?

The hour of God has struck. The nation can't afford to waste it.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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*Truth is relentless; Justice never wavers;*
*The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy.*
—Longfellow

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# Vedic Hymns for Victory

इन्द्रो मन्थतु मन्थिता शक्रः शूरः पुरन्दरः।
यथा हनाम सेना अमित्राणां सहस्रशः।।

*May Indra churn (the enemy), he, the churner, Sakra (mighty), the hero, that pierces the forts, so that we shall slay the armies of the enemies a thousand fold!*

(A.V. VIII, 8-1)

पराजिताः प्र त्रसतामित्रा नुत्ता धावत ब्रह्मणा।
बृहस्पतिप्रणुत्तानां मामीषां मोचि कश्चन॥

*Conquered, O foes, do ye flee away; repelled by (our) charm, do ye run! Of yonder host, repulsed by Brihaspati, not one shall be saved!*

(A.V. VIII, 8-19)

अग्निर्नः शत्रून्प्रत्येतु विद्वान्प्रतिदहन्नभिशस्तिमरातिम्।
स सेनां मोहयतु परेषां निर्हस्तांश्च कृणवज्जातवेदाः।।

*Agni shall skilfully march against our opponents, burning against their schemes and hostile plans. Jatavedas shall confuse the army of our opponents and deprive them (of the use) of their hands!*

(A.V. III, 1-1)

प्रसूत इन्द्र प्रवता हरिभ्यां प्र ते वज्रः प्रमृणन्नेतु शत्रून्।
जहि प्रतीचो अनूचः पराचो विष्वक्सत्यं कृणुहि चित्तमेषाम्।।

*Thy thunderbolt, O Indra, who hast been driven forward swiftly by thy two bay steeds, shall advance, crushing the enemies. Slay them that resist, pursue, or flee, deprive their schemes of fulfilment!*

(A.V. III, 1-4)

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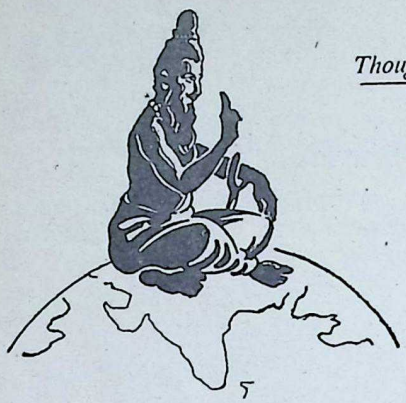

# THE WILL TO SUCCEED

**IF there is any one possession in this world, of which one can justifiably feel proud, it is the will to succeed, whether in peace or war. The moral strength it generates is nonpareil.**

**One without it, therefore, however rich, talented or physically strong, is indeed a destitute, a nincompoop, a weakling.**

**Men of indomitable will do not grieve for what is lost; they can always succeed in regaining it by their very power of will.**

**The deeper the water in a lotus pool, the larger the flower that shines on it. Even so, the greatness of a people is in direct proportion to their will to succeed.**

**It follows syllogistically that the higher the ideal one sets for oneself, the better; for even if he falls short of it by reasons beyond his control, his ideal will remain without a blemish.**

**The tusker does not squirm at a shower of arrows and continues, by vitue of its conscious strength, to maintain its diginty at all eventualities. Can men of weaker will at any time have the feel of invulnerability?**

**It is the indomitable will that makes all the difference between defeat and success.**

**The trading capital for the business of a successful life is verily the will to succeed. He who lacks in it is but a roadside tree in human form.**

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# The Hour of God

**Sri Aurobindo**

THERE are moments when the spirit moves among men and the breath of the Lord is abroad upon the waters of our being; there are others when it retires and men are left to act in the strength or the weakness of their own egoism.

The first are periods when even a little effort produces great results and changes destiny; the second are spaces of time when much labour goes to the making of a little result.

It is true that the latter may prepare the former, may be the little smoke of sacrifice going up to heaven which calls down the rain of God's bounty.

Unhappy is the man or the nation which, when the divine moment arrives, is found sleeping or unprepared to use it, because the lamp has not been kept trimmed for the welcome and the ears are sealed to the call.

But thrice woe to them who are strong and ready, yet waste the force or misuse the moment; for them is irreparable loss or a great destruction.

In the hour of God cleanse thy soul of all self-deceit and hypocrisy and vain self-flattering that thou mayst look straight into thy spirit and hear that which summons it.

All insincerity of nature, once thy defence against the eye of the Master and the light of the ideal, becomes now a gap in thy armour and invites the blow.

Even if thou conquer for the moment, it is the worse for thee, for the blow shall come afterwards and cast thee down in the midst of thy triumph.

But being pure, cast aside all fear; for the hour is often terrible, a fire and a whirlwind and a tempest, a treading of the winepress of the wrath of God; but he who can stand up in it on the truth of his purpose is he who shall stand; even though he fall, he shall rise again; even though he seem to pass on the wings of the wind, he shall return.

Nor let worldly prudence whisper too closely in thy ear; for it is the hour of the unexpected.

[*Courtesy: Sri Aurobindo Ashram*]

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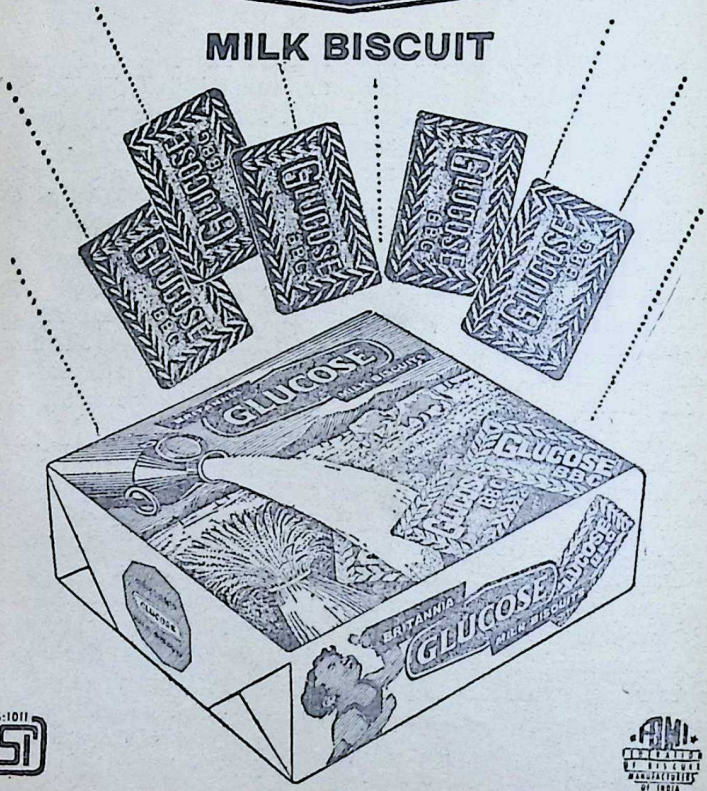
BRITANNIA
Vitaminised
GLUCOSE
MILK BISCUIT

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"The essence of our culture is that Vidya, knowledge, must culminate in vision," observed Rashtrapati S. Radhakrishnan when he laid the foundation-stone of the Bhavan's Public School at Baroda on December 24. The following is the full text of his speech:

# ESSENCE OF INDIAN CULTURE

**Dr. S. Radhakrishnan**

MY association with Baroda was recalled a few minutes ago by one of the speakers here. But Sri Munshi's association with Baroda has been of a longer duration. He was a student here during the time when Sri Aurobindo was a Professor in the College of Baroda, and the love of Indian culture which he has acquired may be traced, if I am not altogether wrong, to those days, and his sacrificial spirit was shown the other day, when it was announced at Bombay that he has assigned his immovable property to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and the royalties which he gets from his books also to the same institution.

This is said to be a public school. I think all schools are public. They are meant for the public. Our children are entitled to get the best education possible. If it is not possible at the present moment to give them the highest kind of education, the best type of education, endeavours will have to be made to make every school in the country come up to the standard which we expect of public schools. That should be our endeavour. We should not introduce any kind of hierarchy among the students of our country. It should be our endeavour to make every institution come up to the highest standard that

*President Radhakrishnan laying the foundation-stone of the Bhavan's Public School at Baroda on December 24.*

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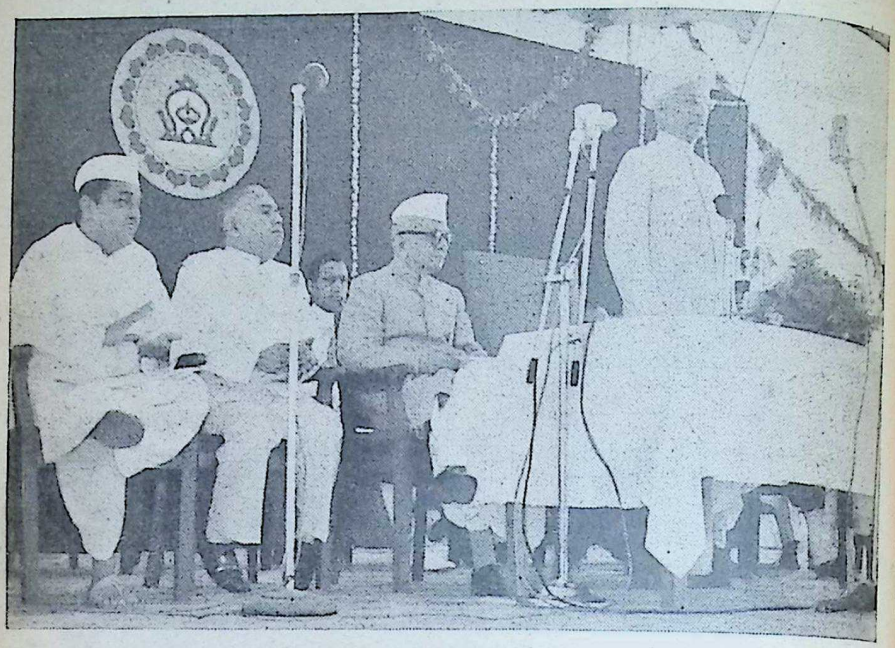

*The President speaking on the occasion of the Foundation-laying ceremony.*

we can think of. So long as that is not possible, such institutions have some justification and will add to the number of high class educational facilities given to the people.

I am generally reluctant to lay foundation-stones, because foundation-stones are laid and even they disappear, but the buildings don't appear (*laughter*). But in this particular occasion I agreed because I was certain that the building would appear and it will answer to the dreams which Sri Munshi and the other organisers have of it.

The other day I was talking about Bharatiya Vidya. It is Indian wisdom, not exclusive, not sectarian, not provincial, not belonging to this community or that community. It is the culture that has developed on this soil which is universal in its outlook. The great point of our culture has been that it ever responded to the new challenges that came to it. It was never stagnant; it was never static. The culture which arose in the early days in this country and the culture which prevails which we call the Bharatiya Vidya to-day, have strands of countinuity. The sanctity is there, continuity is there, antiquity is there, vitality is there; it is because the vitality is there that it has survived all these centuries. We are not bothered to-day about the different types of marriage or the different forms of adoption. These things have come

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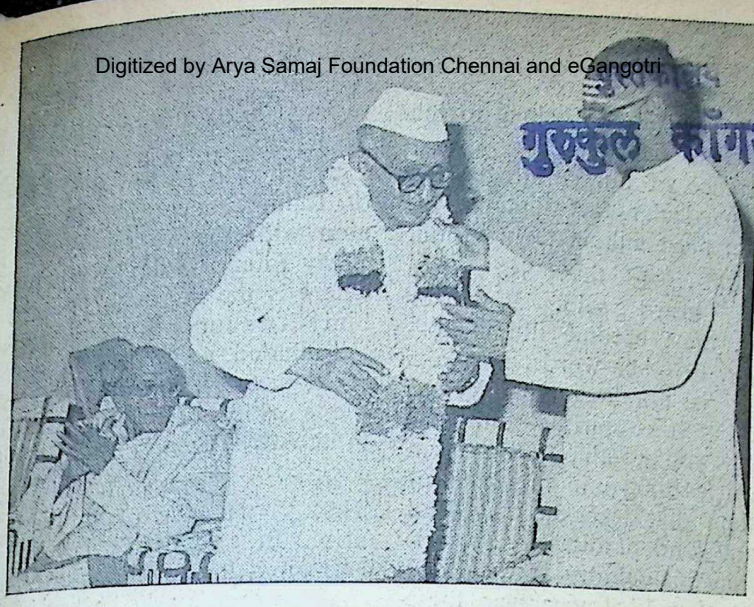
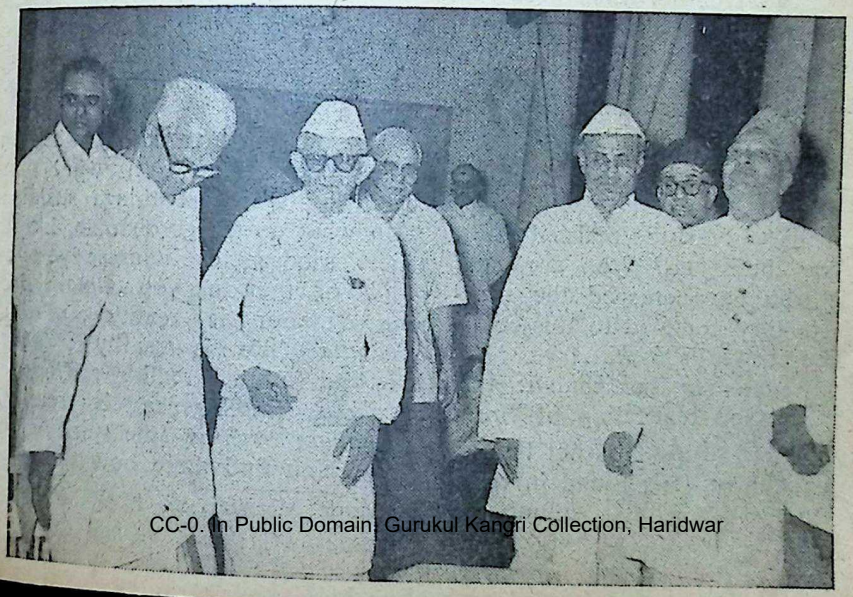


*To felicitate Kulapati K. M. Munshi on the completion of 75 years and in connection with the Bhavan's Silver Jubilee Celebration, Sri T. Sadasivam, Managing Editor, Kalki, Madras, gave a party to Kulapati K. M. Munshi on January 16 at his place. Picture shows Sri Sadasivam garlanding* ***Munshiji.***

*(Below)*

*Prominent guests who attended the party.*



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and gone. They do not belong to the essence of our culture.

The essence of our culture is this in this particular fact that Vidya, knowledge, must culminate in vision. तेजस्विनावधीतमस्तु । that is, what you just heard said. Whatever you read, must become illumined—*Tejasvinau*. In other words, it means knowledge is not mere intellectual learning, but it is spiritual illumination. Unless you are able to transform intellectual learning into this kind of illumination, that learning may lead you to any kind of disaster. So it is we insist in this country as we do in every other country wherever these things are well known and studied, that there must be a purpose, विद्या विमर्श रूपिणी that which enables you to discriminate between right and wrong, that which enables you to use all your knowledge for a higher purpose. It is that alone that can be regarded as Vidya.

The greatest of our seers were not confined merely to the development of what they derived. They worshipped every knower from every land. In the *Nyayasutra* the question is raised: What do you mean by Veda? The answer is given: "Veda is *aptavachana*": *Aptavachana*, the sayings of the wise, of the realized souls. Who are the *Aptas*? Who are these people who have grasped the realities? Are they confined to this country? The answer is *Rishi, Arya, Mlechanam Samanam Lakshanam*: this quality of God realization of *Brahma-Prapti* (ब्रह्मप्राप्ति) is not limited to your country. It is found in common among the Rishis; among the Aryans and among the Mlechhas. All these distinctions fade away when you come to realise that man's goal of fulfilment consists in a communion with the Supreme.

My Friend Malaviya* here will say where is the Supreme? I want to tell him that our people were as rational-minded as Sri Malaviya or his colleagues. When you talk about this, the question is raised, you will see, in the *Brahama Sutra*. It asks you जन्माद्यस्य यतः । What is Brahma? That from which all these things arise. In a dialogue between father and pupil in the *Taittriya Upanishad*, the question is asked what is the ultimate reality? The answer is यतो वा इमानि भूतानि जायन्ते। येन जातानि जीवन्ति। यत्प्रयन्त्यभिसंविशन्ति । तद् विजिज्ञासस्व । तद् ब्रह्मेति । स तपोऽतप्यत। स तपस्तप्त्वा ॥

When we say *tapas* he will ask what do you mean by *tapas?* The answer is given by Panini: तप आलोचने । *Lochan* is the first impression, the second impression, the penetrating vision, *Alochana*. That is what *tapas* is.

If you want to know what this world consists of, from what things arise, by what are things sustained, into what do things dissolve, like the most modern evolutionist you can think of, they tell you *Annam Brahma* (matter is reality); *Pranam Brahma* (life is reality); *Mano-Brahma* (mind is reality); *Vignanam Brahma* (intelligence is reality); *Anandam Brahma* (the spirit is reality). You find there how there is a

* Union Minister, Sri K. D. Malaviya.

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progressive definition of the nature of reality; how you find the categories of matter, life, mind and intelligence inadequate to grasp the Supreme mystery. Until you come to that supreme spirit and say that is that by which this cosmic panorama exists, we will not be able to account for this progressive unfolding of values: material, vital, mental, intellectual and spiritual. If you merely say caprice reigns, chaos reigns, it is impossible for matter to develop into life, or for life to develop into mind, or mind to develop into intellect, or intellect to develop into spirit, unless there were a constant supervising presence presiding over the affairs of this world. Therefore, it is a most rational investigation.

Modern scientists who have looked at this problem have said: "There is a gap between matter and life". Matter and its manipulations cannot produce life. We get a different category. Life cannot produce mind. You get a different category there. There are gaps, so to say. Either you acknowledge that it is a mystery, all that we say is a *Rahasya,* it is a mystery. We can't understand, but any kind of rational examination shows that chaos cannot be the cause, caprice cannot be the cause. There must be an intelligent cause presiding over the events of this world. Otherwise this is not explicable.

We used the highest kind of reason. Many of us may not come up to the rational investigations which our predecessors performed. They are subject to re-examination. We never take anything for granted. After testing my words you accept them for reality. Do not accept them by *Gaurava* (गौरव) on account of regard you have for me. We have every time said: *Manana* (मनन) or logical reflection, *Alochana* (आलोचन) that is *Tapas* (तपस्), *Tapo Brahma,* (तपोब्रह्म) *Tapa* (तपः) is *Alochana* (आलोचन) reflection on the nature of the cosmic process by which we are presented.

Even the greatest of scientists—take a man like Einstein. He said, "Science has its limits. There is a cosmic mystery in this world of which we have no knowledge." I quoted yesterday what Bertrand Russell said, "I feel I am an incomplete human being because I have missed the comforts and consolations which religion offers. I am trying to complete myself." I said "Possibly he is attempting to do it even now" That is, he feels that he is limited. His scientific outlook is not all-pervasive. There is a mystery in this world which science cannot take. We call it the Supreme. In Chidambaram town we have a place called *Chidambara Rahasya.* The *Rahasya,* the secret, is a blank wall. That is what you find there, the idea being that the mystery cannot be described in words, as it is put in the Upanishads:

यतोवाचो निवर्तन्ते। अप्राप्य मनसा सह।
"Words along with mind come away battled."

The Buddha tells us अनक्षरस्य धर्मस्य.... Where is the Shruti or where is the *desana* there is no Scripture, there is no teaching. Each one will have to undergo the process of discipline and get at the achievement.

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It cannot be made by other people. There is no such thing as vicarious realisation. There can only be the individual's personal effort which can make him attain the achievement itself. In other words we make out that no education is complete unless the boys and girls who are educated, leave this with a sense of wonder, with a sense of mystery, with a sense of humility, with a sense they have not undersood all, that knowledge is limitless, its boundaries are only ignorance and those boundaries will have to be crossed. I hope in this institution organized by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan this essential aspect of our culture will not be overlooked. I have no doubt with the inspiration of the other institutions and Sri Munshi himself, they will all have this sense of wonder that is the sense which inspires us to the greatest height. If you think you know every thing, there is no possibility of adventure; there is no possibility of enterprise. We have to move forward *Aitereya Aranyaka* tells us, the essence of man consists in moving forward, not in standing still. This world has moved forward from one state to another. Today we have come to one stage, this is not the final stage, this will be superceded. We will get another world, where it will be possible for us all to live together without hatred and without all these scenes of horror, with love and happiness spreading over the whole country. That is the essence of Bharatiya Vidya. It is not racial; it is not religious; it is not sectarian. It is as universal as the human spirit.

I am provoked to say all this by this gentleman here (*laughter*) Sri K. D. Malaviya, and I hope he will understand that we are not such big fools as he sometimes thinks we are. They think they are the only progressives in the world and we are all reactionaries. But our reaction is not to the forms and the dogmas and the doctrines and the ceremonial pieties, etc. which we also hold in due place. Our reaction is: "Adhere to the central principles of the great faith which has enabled you to survive for fifty centuries; which will enable you to survive for an equal time, if not longer."

## Kulapati K. M. Munshi's Speech

[*Earlier, Kulapati K. M. Munshi who was in the Chair, welcomed Rashtrapati Radhakrishnan in the following speech.*]

I have great pleasure in welcoming you, Rashtrapatiji, on this occasion and take this opportunity once again to express our gratitude for the honour that you have done to us.

The Bhavan embarked on this project of Public School with an English medium because it stands for the cultural unity of the country and holds the view that every effort which goes to unify education in this country will help to create a sense of unity, without which we will disintegrate.

There is a war of regional languages in the country and the Bhavan stands for the view that as far as possible English should continue to be the medium till a national language

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popularly developed takes its place.

Baroda is a growing centre of education. Its University is one of the best and most inter-regional in the country. The Oil Refinery coming up at Koyli, a few miles away will soon bring to Baroda an element of industrial development which is sure to reflect upon the growth of education in Baroda. These considerations led us to sponsor a Public School here. I am indebted to my colleagues in Baroda for the enthusiasm they have shown for the cause. My thanks are particularly due to the Municipality of Baroda which has given us the land at a nominal price, without which the project would not have assumed a practical shape.

My thanks are also due to Sri Ramanbhai Amin, Chairman of the Bhavan's Baroda Kendra, and Sri Nanalal Choksi, the Secretary, and other members of our Committee, who are carrying the load of this undertaking. I hope the citizens of Baroda will welcome the scheme and the School will soon come into existence.

**CORRECTION**

**In our last issue, in the article SATAN or RAJO-GUNA, page 8, first column bottom, third line from below, the word "within" should read as "with".**

**HEARD IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS**

**Greeting Mr. Harold Wilson, Leader of the Opposition, in the Commons, Mr. Macmillan said: "Perhaps Mr. Wilson will allow me to congratulate him on his appointment to the high position of Leader of the Opposition. I hope he will not take it amiss if I add that I hope he will live many years to enjoy it."**

**On disarmament, the subject of Mr. Wilson's question, the Prime Minister said what was needed was not merely "a new initiative in thinking up new words," but the will to negotiate seriously.**

**Thanking Mr. Macmillan for his "courteous, if slightly bewhiskered comments," Mr. Wilson asked to be allowed to return the courtesy and continued: "I regard my tenure of this position as being just long enough to get the seat nicely warm for you."**

## AT TUTICORIN

Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi's 76th Birthday was celebrated at Tuticorin on the 30th December, 1962 under the presidentship of Sri P. S. Subbarama Iyer. A distinguished audience was present. Certificates were distributed to the successful candidates numbering 90 in various examinations conducted by the Bhavan. There was Bhajan by the members of Sarada Women's Sangam. Sri T. S. Kantamani read a report. Prof. N. Ramasubramanian gave away the certificates. Prof. G.R. Meenakshisundaram praised the great efforts made by Sri K.M. Munshi in the cause of Indian Culture and prayed to God to vouchsafe Sri Munshiji a long and useful life.

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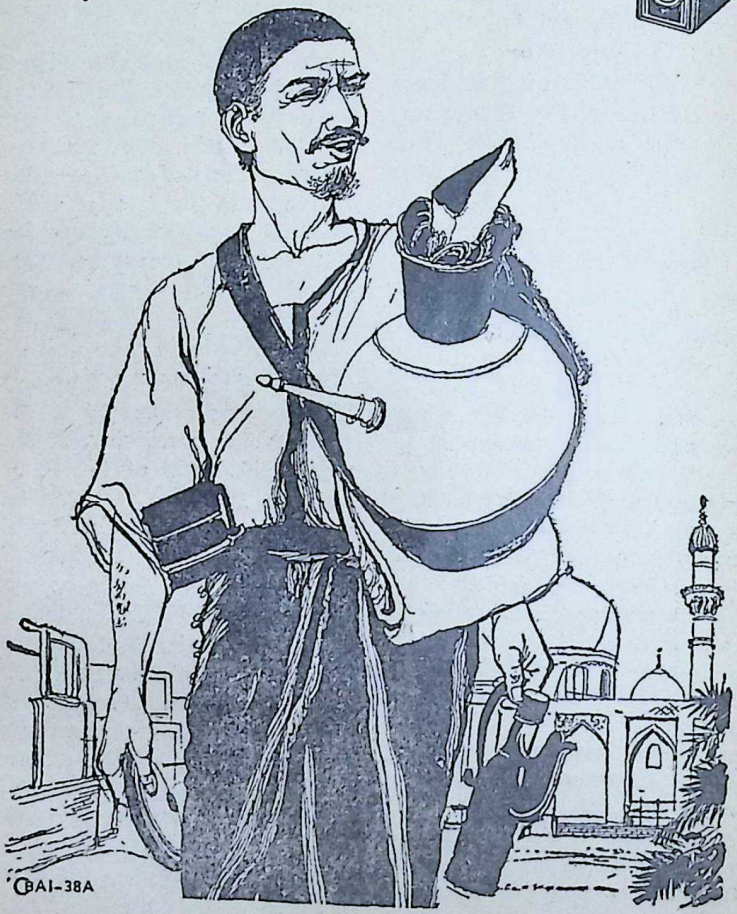



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# Swami Vivekananda and His Gospel of Neo-Vedanta

THE century in which Swami Vivekananda was born in India was full of the ferment of a cultural renaissance which manifested itself in several religio-social movements like Brahmo Samaj, Arya Samaj, the Theosophical Society and the Ramakrishna Vivekananda movement. This was in a way the result of the vital contact between Indian and Western cultural values. The dreaming East was awakened as it were to new possibilities of achievement by the dynamic West. Age-long Indian spirituality lay slumbering in a hoary tradition. Western ideas began to influence the thought of the land and there was even a deliberate onslaught on the traditional values of India. The culture of the West almost took an aggressive form and India had to take a similar attitude to meet the challenge—an attitude which was characterised by Sister Nivedita as "Aggressive Hinduism." Here 'aggressive' only meant dynamic and active, not somnolent and passive. This movement needed new messiahs who could propagate the new gospel of Hinduism with vigour and foresight. Awakened India found a new voice in this Lion of Vedanta, Swami Vivekananda, who left a profound and deep impression on modern India and the West.

Swami Vivekananda was the child of the new age that had dawned in India. He had imbibed western learning which stimulated him to rethink about the concepts of his own culture. He hungered for knowledge which he avidly devoured from wherever it came. He was athirst for knowing some of those things which his ancestors had pondered upon and

H. H. JAYA CHAMARAJA WADIYAR

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made their own. The philosophies of the West, that of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill and others gave him no abiding satisfaction. He found a serious lacunae in their thinking. It seemed to him that they merely touched the fringes of the problem. They left him disappointed and frustrated. They did not allay his deep thirst for a knowledge that liberates. His soul was in rebellion against conventions and customs of his own country which happened to conceal in a crust the real fertilizing stream that flowed beneath it. He was like a person who is described by the Upanishads as one who roamed about on the surface of the earth not knowing that a treasure lay hidden underneath his feet:

तदयथापि हिरण्यनिधिं निहितं अक्षेत्रज्ञा उपर्युपरि सञ्चरन्तो न विन्देयु :।

*'Tadyathapi hiranya nidhim nihitam aksetrajna uparyupari sancaranto na vindeyuh'*

—(*Chandogya*, VIII-3, 2.)

He began to hunt for this hidden treasure. He went to teachers, Professors and Pandits, seeking an answer to questions that surged in his breast. However, the door for which he found no key remained shut. Sad at heart, he brooded for days on end on the riddle of life, went through the dark night of the soul and was filled with darkness and despair. No ray of light penetrated the dense darkness that concealed the truth. We have known in history of great men and women passing through this anguish of the soul as a prelude to seeing the light. Gautama the Buddha passed through this agony before illumination dawned on him. Jesus Christ saw the light after an 'encircling gloom.' Prophet Mohammed had the light of heaven bursting out on him before God vouchsafed to him the revelation. Swami Vivekananda's own teacher Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa had the vision of the deity only when he felt he could no longer continue to live without that redeeming vision. This is how the great teachers of mankind followed the gleam which led them onward in the precipitous path on which they chose to walk, a path which the Upanishad likens to a 'razor's edge'—

क्षुरस्य धारा निशिता दुरत्यया। *ksurasya dhara nisita duratyaya* (*Katha*, III-14.)

In this precipitous search for the ultimate truth Swami Vivekananda, the disillusioned intellectual, came up on an almost unlettered mystic, who had made his home on the fringes of Calcutta, on the banks of the sacred river Ganga. This mystic was unostentatious in appearance and odd-looking. His hair was unkempt. He was unshaven. His body was half-covered by the fragment of a cloth. He was so careless of his personal appearance. But an unearthly light shone through his luminous eyes. He was extraordinarily tender and compassionate. Swami Vivekananda was strangely fascinated by this man. He saw the vision of Narayana in this *Nara*. The words that the master spoke strangely stirred him to his depths. He felt he was in the presence of one who had an aura around him, of what Rudolf Otto describes as the 'numinous' which strikes one with

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a feeling of awe and reverence. Here was religion which was realization. Religion ceased here to be merely doctrine and dogma. It became realization or *sakshatkara*, the only thing that is capable of giving life and reality to religion which would otherwise merely deteriorate into a soulless ritual and a sapless routine. Such a religion as this which was derived from one who himself was a realised soul gave to Swami Vivekananda's life a new tone and temper. He underwent a remarkable transformation within himself at the divine touch of this extraordinary man. All doubts that formerly corroded his soul came to be dissolved. All uncertainty ceased. His quest for certainty came near fulfilment. This event of great significance in the life of a foremost intellectual in India was not only of tremendous importance in the life of Swami Vivekananda as an individual but also came to be invested with an extraordinary significance for the whole of the Indian people, nay for the whole world as later events proved.

Fired with his master's flame which he described with such vividness and zeal in his essay on 'My Master,' this great disciple swept like a whirlwind over the whole sub-continent from Colombo to Almora, visiting the different parts of India, its great cities, its temples and places of learning. He was yet an obscure figure though here and there those who came into closer touch with him knew somewhat of the fire that was raging in him. He exhorted the people to shed their weakness, their superstitions, their faint-heartedness, their inertia. 'Do not confuse your *tamas* with *satva*,' he roared. 'Arise, awake, stop not till the goal is reached' was his continuous exhortation. Prince and peasant, pandit and philosopher, the monks and the laity were all made astir when they heard this new voice which appeared like calling them on to a new life and a new era. He recalled to them the golden age of the dim past, the age of the Vedas, the Upanishads, the age of the Buddha and Mahavira, the age of Rama and Krishna. It looked as if he made the people realise the presence of a new *Avatara* in their midst in fulfilment of the prophecy of Sri Krishna in the *Gita*,

यदा यदा हि धर्मस्य, ग्लानिर्भवति भारत,।
अभ्युत्थानमधर्मस्य तदात्मानं सृजाम्यहम् ॥
परित्राणाय साधूनां विनाशाय च दुष्कृताम्।
धर्मसंस्थापनार्थाय संभवामि युगे युगे ॥

*'Yada yada hi dharmasya, glanir-*
*bhavati bharata,*
*Abyutthanamadharmasya tadat-*
*manam srjamyaham*
*Paritranaya sadhunam vinasaya ca*
*duskrtam*
*Dharma samsthapanarthaya sam-*
*bhavami yuge yuge.'*

(*Bhagavad Gita*, IV-7, 8.)

To uproot evil and to re-establish righteousness was the supreme task to which he called all people in India, young and old, rich and poor, scholar and peasant. The world is witness to the fact that in the wake of moral depressions, enthusiastic fervours have re-awakened mankind periodically. This message reverberated in Swami Vivekananda's powerful voice with a new ring of truth. He called on all those who were in quest

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*H. H. Sri Chamarajendra Wadiyar*

of religious life to abandon their self-righteousness and seclusion and plunge themselves into the world's work in order that they may redeem themselves. His slogan became '*atmano moksaya jagadhitaya ca.*' One's own liberation is wrapped up with the redemption of the world.

During his peregrinations in India as a *parivrajaka* he happened to visit the State of Mysore over which reigned my noble ancestor, His Highness Sri Chamarajendra Wadiyar of revered memory. This was before he left India to go abroad. The Maharaja and the people of the Mysore State are proud of this fact that they have had in some measure the privilege of contributing their humble mite to render it possible for Swami Vivekananda to go abroad carrying the lighted torch of his Master who represented in himself the entire gamut of India's spirituality. It is this message of Vedanta as universal religion which broke all barriers that divided mankind that he carried beyond the shores of India and impressed the western world with the truth of the spirituality of India. Till then it was practically a sealed book to people in America and England. To them, India represented a land of the heathen steeped in darkness and ignorance, to be mercifully made regenerate. The missionaries of the West took it as their sacred duty to carry the teachings of the gospel of Christianity the like of which, they thought that we did not possess.

At the Chicago Parliament of Religions, Swami Vivekananda made his debut and electrified the whole atmosphere. Some journals gave it as their opinion as to how absurd it was to carry religion and spirituality to a land which produced a Swami Vivekananda and gave birth to a philosophy and religion which his teachings brought to light. This 'ochre-robed' *sannyasin* spoke in ringing tones of the faith of his ancestors from the platform of the Parliament of Religions. He spoke to them of the glorious spiritual heritage of the people of India, a heritage from which the whole world may draw an inspiration for noble living. Swami Vivekananda made the reputation of India soar sky-high by his lofty utterances. He made numerous disciples who walked humbly in his footsteps. They were men and women of the West who took to the order of *sannyasa* and dedicated themselves to the service of India. Women like Sister Nivedita who wrote the excellent book *The Master as I Saw Him*

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about Swami Vivekananda, threw herself heart and soul into the cause of the upliftment of Indian women and children. She wrote books like *Web of Indian Life, Cradle Tales of Hinduism, Dharma and Religion* and others which helped the educated people of India to a reappraisal of their own civilization and culture. They fostered a sense of self-respect and legitimate pride in their ancient heritage.

Tasks of social reconstruction became as much a religious as a social duty. Mysticism and charity began to walk in unison. A new social conscience was awakened and with it a new era of social progress commenced. Swami Vivekananda desired that Indian society must adapt itself to changing conditions without surrendering its excellent roots in India's characteristic genius of the synthesis of cultures and spiritual regeneration of man. He created a new order of *sannyasins* who would be responsible for running educational institutions, hospitals and hostels, homes for the mentally afflicted, *ashrams* for those who longed for peace of mind and tranquillity of the soul without which mere worldly glory or prosperity would turn into ashes.

In Swami Vivekananda we find the giant of India waking up. In him we find uncoiled the *Kundalini Sakti* that lay coiled up in its slumbering depths. This was the renaissance of *Sakti*, a power which can conquer the world by its internal strength, a *sakti* to acquire which has been the goal of her national life. This *sakti* was the object of worship of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and his great disciple Swami Vivekananda. The Swami with his *Atma Sakti* or spiritual power charged the generations that came after him, with a sense of morality and good life.

Swami Vivekananda was impatient and intolerant of any form of weakness. He was the adherent of the Upanishadic saying '*nayamatma bala hinena labhyah.*' (*Mundaka*, III. 2.4) which means that 'the self cannot be obtained by a man without strength.' This strength is not that of arms and armaments; it is the spiritual strength of the Soul. Let us therefore invoke the spirit of Swami Vivekananda who reminded us of this great truth taught in our ancient Vedantic texts.

Swami Vivekananda's gospel of Neo-Vedanta is new and yet old. Its foundations lie deeply imbedded in the sacred scriptures of India and its great masters of interpretation like Sankara. The vision of the unity of the universe which is no other than *Brahma Darsana* is the core and quintessence of this Vedanta. The light of this vision clears away all fissiparous tendencies, all division and strife and all processes of decay and disintegration. The more we approximate to the truth of the unity of things, to the union of the individual and the universal, of the Atman and the Brahman, the more will we be reaching the fulfilment of human perfection. That 'the human soul is potentially divine' is the core of Swami Vivekananda's teaching. There is no gainsaying the fact that the results of this supreme vision as it implements itself in social action will make India really strong and free in the modern world.

The unison of vision and action is

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the greatest factor of importance in the present context of the world. Aimless, hectic and hustling activity which lacks the steady light of meditation at its back will lead to barren results. Similarly, contemplation and meditation however valuable they may be for a fruitful life, remain truncated unless they are made to animate and inspire all outward activity. Contemplation and action must be harmonised. Without this harmony we are lost. This is the valuable teaching of Swami Vivekananda for the modern world.

The world is hungering for a philosophy of this kind. The progress of science and technology must proceed *pari passu* with a true religious spirit. Science and spirituality must mingle. Science is blind without spirituality. Spirituality enables us to have a clear vision of the future and fills us with hope, courage and a spirit of adventure. In the perspective of modern thought we have in Swami Vivekananda the embodiment of a wisdom imparted by India's ancient sages and saints and an embodiment of a sanity of outlook and wisdom of life without which man loses his hold over the supreme human values. Swami Vivekananda may be looked upon as an immortal bridge—*Amritasya setuh*—between the West and the East, between the ancient and the modern, between the internal and the external, and between the good, the true and the beautiful. Furthermore, in Swami Vivekananda we find the corrective to the mere pragmatism and humanism of the West which would seem to wither away unless their roots strike deep into the spiritual life of man, that is, unless they are rooted in the vivid realisation of an Ultimate Reality which India is fond of naming *Brahman*. A James and a Dewey, a Russell and a Whitehead, a Bradley and a Bergson find a supplementation here in the Neo-Vedanta of Swami Vivekananda which is imminently needed to round off the jagged edges of their philosophies.

These hundred years that have elapsed since the birth of Swami Vivekananda have been eventful years in the history of India and the rest of the world. India has become politically free but has yet to make great leeway in economic and social progress. She has to struggle on with internal disorder and external aggression, the latter of which has unfortunately been thrust on her. But her soul is unconquerable and invincible due to the guidance of master spirits like Swami Vivekananda and other philosophers. As was pointed out by one of the Swami's disciples: "Swami Vivekananda was an epitome of all that was great and good in the India of the past, and all that is also potentially great and good in her. With Sankara's intellect he combined Buddha's heart, Christ's renunciation, and the Prophet of Arabia's spirit of equality, and the result of this holy confluence will in time flood the whole world." *Santih, Santih, Santih.*

[From the author's recent speech at Bombay].

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PART III

CHAPTER XV

# THE LOYAL DAUGHTER

ON the morning of the day after, Dhristadyumna, who showed signs of having passed a sleepless night, came to invite Krishna to the mango grove to meet Draupadi.

Taking his scarf, Krishna put on his diadem and went to meet Krishnaa, the Princess of Panchala.

The princess, with her brothers Dhristadyumna and Satyaajit—again Shikhandin was absent, Krishna noted—took a seat opposite Krishna's, offering him respectable salutations. She looked down modestly, her head decked with flowers bent gracefully.

'It is rather unusual, noble Princess of Panchala, that I should meet you thus. But the noble King wanted me to do so,' said Krishna.

Draupadi looked up and fixed her large beautiful eyes on Krishna. Then, in a little hesitant voice, she remarked: 'I told father to let me meet you, though it is forward for a well-born maiden to do so.' And she added with a bluntness, possibly inherited from her father, which, however, was entirely out of keeping with her modest behaviour: 'I wanted to ask you myself whether you would come to our help.'

Krishna was lost in admiration at the frankness of this young woman and smiled in his irresistible way. 'Noble Princess, your father and you all are so gracious that I cannot refuse you anything,' he said. 'But will you tell me why you came to select me for the privilege of helping you?'

'We have been thinking of you for

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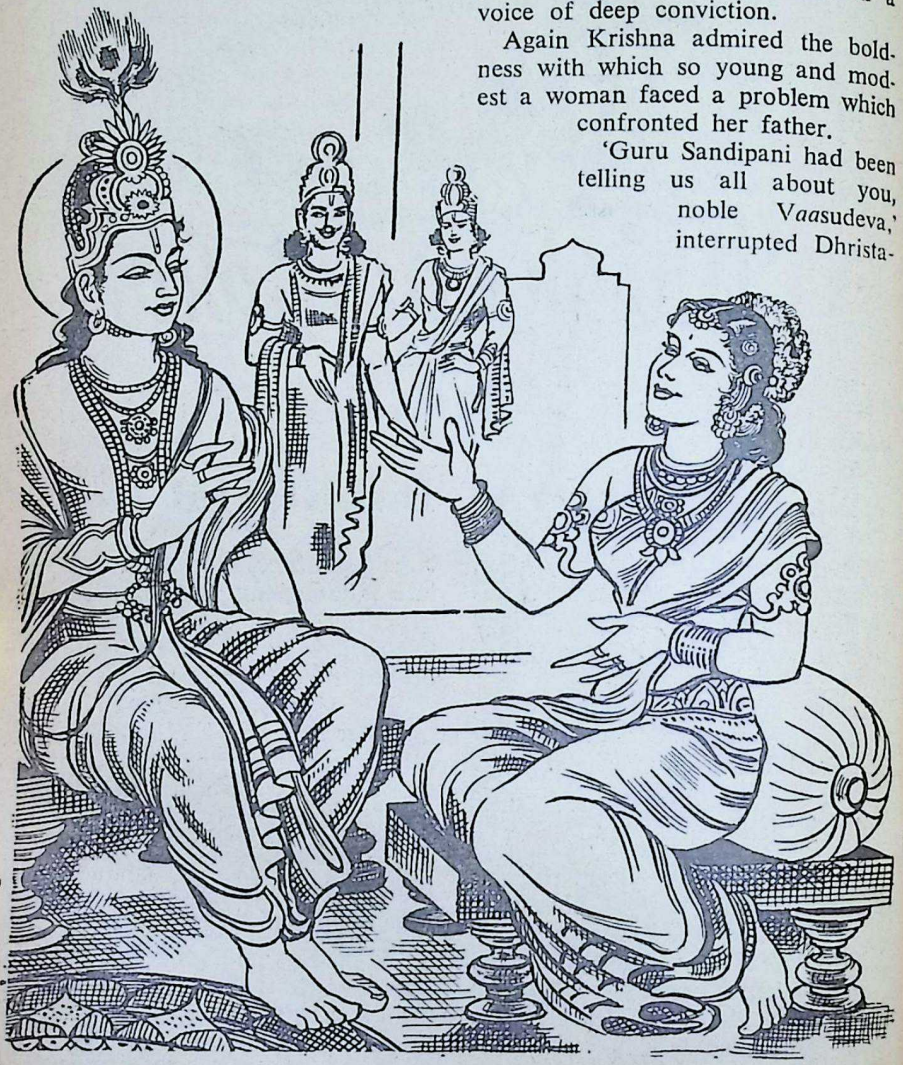
the last two years,' intervened Dhristadyumna, 'in fact, since you led the Yadavas to Saurashtra.'

'How can I help? The Yadavas are far away—perhaps not so strong. And I am not a King,' said Krishna.

'You are more than a King. You are a god, so says the rumour. Anyway, you are the one warrior among Aryas, whom all respect,' said Draupadi with downcast eyes but in a voice of deep conviction.

Again Krishna admired the boldness with which so young and modest a woman faced a problem which confronted her father.

'Guru Sandipani had been telling us all about you, noble Vaasudeva,' interrupted Dhrista-



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*. . . Your are more than a King. You are a god. . .*

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dyumna. 'Even Jaraasandha, he said, was afraid of you.'

'Gurudev is always kind to me,' said Krishna. 'But what noble Drupad demands of me is beyond me. I can't fight Drona, for I won't fight the Kurus.'

A cloud of disappointment crossed the glowing face of Draupadi, her lips trembling. She looked at the ground intently for some moments and heaved a sigh. 'Then you won't come to our help?' she asked almost inaudibly.

Krishna was moved by the pathetic tone in which she spoke and the tears that were gathering in her beautiful eyes. 'I can and will help the noble lord,' said Krishna, 'but not in the way you all want me to.' To destroy the deep faith which the whole royal family had come to have in him would, he felt, be cowardice; it would be failure to face the tremendous task which his *dharma* had posed before him.

'They say that you live to vindicate *dharma*,' said Draupadi slowly. 'We only want you to vindicate it, by helping us. Do you know how brutally we were treated by Drona?' she asked, looking at him with some renewed hope in her voice.

'I know a little, but not everything,' remarked Krishna.

'Then I will tell you,' said Draupadi, as she looked up bravely in his face. 'Father had been celebrating a festival at Ahichhatra. He had just come out of the shrine after worshipping the God of gods, surrounded by pious Brahmans. Drona and his pupils surrounded the unarmed crowd in the very precincts of the temple, against the canons of *dharma*. Arjuna, standing on a tree at a distance, took aim. With one arrow he brought Father's crown to the ground; with another, he cut his right ear-ring into two; with a third, he wounded him in the leg. Before he could take up his bow, Father fell. The people who surrounded him fled out of fright. Then Bheema and Arjuna bound Father—the noblest prince in Aryavarta—and dragged him to Drona, as if he was a thief.' The Princess stopped speaking, her beautiful eyes flaming with indignation, her breast heaving.

Krishna waited in silence for her to continue.

'Father would not have minded if Arjuna had fought as one warrior with another. But Drona had not in him to fight a battle. He wanted to take Father by surprise, to humiliate him before his people, to force him to crawl before him. Ultimately, Father was set free only after he offered an apology for having broken his promise and relinquished some of our lands. Even then Drona was not satisfied. He took possession of our lands, robbed our men of whatever they had, and drove them out, starving and helpless.'

Draupadi was not narrating an old story; she was recounting the drama of her father's humiliation as if she was seeing it in her imagination at the moment. And as she re-lived the events, her voice quivered in anger, her eyes were afire and her face glowed. Then she abruptly controlled herself and stopped for a while.

'You tell us, V*aa*sudeva, that you won't help us in the way Father wants

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you to. But we all want it the way he wants it,' said Draupadi and looked up with pride as she stood up for her father.

Krishna could understand the feelings of the Princess and smiled appreciatively.

After a little pause, Draupadi continued: 'V*aa*sudeva, you don't know Father. He has ever lived a righteous life. He has been a father to his people. He has never harboured malice against anyone.'

A look of deep affection came into Draupadi's eys. 'But he cannot forget the bitter moments when Bheema and Arjuna tied him and brought him at the feet of Drona. From that moment, he has been different, we have all been different. For months thereafter, Father felt so terribly hurt that he would have, out of shame, flung himself into the Ganga. But we, his motherless children, whom he had brought up with more than a mother's care, promised him to avenge the insult.' And she looked up with resolution. 'And we shall avenge it.'

Krishna saw the glowing cheeks, met the eyes of fire and heard the vibrant voice—they all told of a rare filial devotion. He almost felt as if he was in the presence of a divine being. 'Noble Princess, your devotion to your noble father is beautiful,' he said.

Draupadi looked up at Krishna to see whether he was being sarcastic, but was relieved to observe the generous impulse which had led him to express his admiration. 'Father gave us life. We are ready to give it up for him,' she said.

'If I do not agree to help, have you praising me,' said Krishna.

decided to accept the offer of Jaraasandha?' asked Krishna.

'Father has discussed that matter also with us,' replied Dhristadyumna. 'If you refuse help, we will accept the offer of Jaraasandha. If Draupadi is married to his grandson Meghasandhi, the allied armies will be led by Father against the Kurus.'

'And Aryavarta would be in flames,' remarked Krishna with a smile.

'Aryavarta was reduced to ashes when so saintly a king as Father was captured in *adharma* and made to fall at the feet of that proud Brahman,' said Draupadi bitterly.

'Where was Bheeshma then, who calls himself the pillar of righteousness? Where was Dhritaraashtra, the King of Kurus, who claims descent from Chakravarti Bharata? They all gave a welcome to Drona at Hastinapur, as if he had conquered a mighty *chakravarti* in battle,' she added.

Krishna was lost in thought. He could not help being drawn to this noble-hearted maiden. 'Suppose I promise help—and fail?' he asked.

Draupadi's face suddenly dissolved into a smile. 'We know all about you, V*aa*sudeva. You will never fail.'

'Why do you feel so?' asked Krishna, smiling in return.

'Drona has two pupils whose bows are gifted with miraculous powers—Arjuna and Karna. Guru Sandipani has only one pupil, V*aa*sudeva, whose *Sharanga* is more destructive than the *Triyambaka* of Lord Siva himself,' said Draupadi.

'It is all an exaggeration. As I told you, the Guru is very fond of

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'If you fail, we are prepared to accept failure,' said Draupadi with candour.

'Will you accept my help even if I don't accept the offer of your hand?' asked Krishna.

'Don't you like me? Am I so unfit to be your wife?' asked Draupadi, throwing a mischievous glance at Krishna.

'You know I am a cowherd and not fit to be a princess's husband. And I hate the way princesses are bartered away to secure alliances. Marriage is not a matter of commerce,' said Krishna. Then he added: 'Let us not talk of marriage. You will be free to choose whom you like regardless of your Father's pledge. But this I promise: I shall stand by noble Drupad—and you—if you take me as your own.'

They all stopped talking. Drupad was walking towards them in great agitation, his face grimmer than ever.

'Dhristadyumna,' he said in a voice choking with anger, 'Shikhandin has disappeared.'

Dhristadyumna, Draupadi and Satyaajit stood up in excitement. 'What?'

'Shikhandin is gone. No one knows where,' replied Drupad. 'I have had a search made in all possible places. He has left no trace.'

Drupad sat down on the platform built round a big tree, his hand placed on his forehead. 'I wish he had never been born,' he muttered.

Krishna, out of delicacy, quietly withdrew.

●●●

The beautiful picture of Drupad's family united in affection, remained vividly in Krishna's mind: the father stern, parental, feeling stunned; Draupadi, sitting at his feet, with her hands on his knee, looking into his eyes; Dhristadyumna, standing by his side protectively; Satyaajit, looking at his father in distress—all united in affection and purpose.

Shikhandin, the frightened prince, Krishna thought, was a problem child of this proud family and his sudden disappearance was both a shock and a relief, because he had presented an insoluble problem to the family.

Krishna's heart warmed towards Drupad and his children. In spite of their being steeped in hatred, there was a nobility about each one of them, which was difficult to find in all the members of the royal family.

Krishna thought of his conversation with Draupadi. In the course of it, he had to take a decision to commit himself to a definite course of action.

The situation was difficult and complicated. Any time it might turn into a conflagration. Bitterness had entered the hearts of Drupad and his children. The ambitious and proud Drona was not likely to become friendly towards them.

Hatred equally dominated Duryodhana and his friends—hatred for the Five Brothers, hatred of all those who stood in the way of their self-willed course.

Duryodhana was certainly a problem. He was at Kurukshetra for the moment, but when he returned to Hastinapur after three or four months, he, as the Crown Prince of the Kurus, would be in a formidable position. Advised by Shakuni and supported by Dronaacharya, he might

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even celebrate his assumption of office by a military adventure against the Panchalas.

Any conflict between the Kurus and the Panchalas, as things were at that time, would be to play into the hands of Jaraasandha. He would immediately overrun Kashi and march into Panchala.

A crisis was developing. He could not, Krishna thought, run away from it. He must play his part, whatever it might cost. This possible conflict might be postponed, if not avoided, by creating a new situation. Of such a solution, Drupad could alone be the key. Anyway he should be prevented from aligning himself to Jaraasandha or any other ambitious prince. Possibly he could conquer his bitterness if he could develop such power that to avenge the humiliation inflicted by Dronaacharya would no longer be the real passion of his life. His mind was made up.

●●●

The next day Drupad, his sternness a little subdued by the misfortune which had overtaken the family, asked Krishna as to what decision he had come to after he had met his daughter.

Krishna replied: 'Lord, I have met the noble Princess, your daughter. I have promised her that if you are willing, I am ready to help you as best as I can.'

'*Vaa*sudeva, I was sure that after meeting her, you would come to our help,' said Drupad, his face dissolving into a pale semblance of a smile. 'She is a wonderful girl, this daughter of mine.'

'I shall be frank with you, lord. I shall help you in every way to redeem your pledge. I shall stand by you so long as you consider me as your friend. But please, I beg of you, don't ask me to marry the Princess,' said Krishna.

'If you pledge yourself to stand by us, why don't you marry her? She is willing to do so,' said Drupad.

'She is the crest jewel among princesses. If she likes, she can marry the most redoubtable warrior in Aryavarta. But such a warrior must be ready to marry her,' said Krishna with an enigmatic smile.

'You would not choose her as your wife?' asked Drupad with a toss of his head. His pride was evidently hurt.

'Do not misunderstand me, lord,' said Krishna. 'I would not allow her to choose a husband because he is clever enough to kill warriors in battle. But she has made up her mind. She wants to marry the best warrior in Aryavarta. I would, therefore, help her to fulfil her pledge in the way she likes.'

Drupad felt that Krishna was equivocating and lapsed into his severe mood, knit his brow and asked: 'Then you refuse to help us?'

'No. I would be yours, no matter whom she marries,' replied Krishna.

'Even if she marries Jaraasandha's grandson?' asked Drupad.

'Yours, noble lord, is the final decision in the choice of her husband,' replied Krishna. 'If I were you, I would choose a husband for her regardless of your desire to avenge the insult and marry her to a noble prince who fully deserves her.'

These distinctions were beyond

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Drupad. 'What if she prefers to marry you?' he asked.

'Noble King, let us not forget what her heart is set on at the present moment. She has taken a pledge to marry one who can vanquish Drona's pupils in war. She will have such a one as her husband and will be happy with no other,' said Krishna.

'It is true,' said Drupad.

'Then may I suggest to you that you hold a *swayamvara* for her?' asked Krishna.

'*Swayamvaras* are getting out of fashion among us. Most of them are mere formalities now,' said Drupad. 'And there is no saying that such a *swayamvara* will throw up the best warrior in Aryavarta.'

'Why not hold a real *swayamvara?* This was held by our ancestors in the past,' said Krishna, lowering his voice. 'Let the noble King set up a real test and let the Princess marry the warrior who proves to be the best archer in Aryavarta.'

The idea of a *swayamvara* took Drupad by surprise. He took some time to realise its implications. 'But you are the best archer in Aryavarta,' he said.

'I am not sure. The race of master bowmen is not extinct amongst us,' said Krishna with a smile. 'But why even select me behind the back of others? Invite as many princes as you can. Put them to a severe test and let the Princess choose as her husband one who stands it.'

With chin on hand, Drupad tried to understand the implications of this proposal. Its possibilities were dawning on his mind.

Krishna continued: 'Most of the powerful kings and expert warriors who are desirous of aligning themselves with you, will come to the *swayamvara.* In this way you will be the centre of power on that occasion. You will acquire more allies. You will not alienate anyone, for you would have had the credit of being fair to all. In the end you will emerge stronger, I assure you.' Then he laughed aloud and said: 'If you selected me now as your son-in-law to secure an alliance, many princes would be your enemies.'

Drupad thought for a while. 'But if no one is able to stand up to the test?' he asked.

'Then naturally, lord, you and the noble princess will choose any of the princes gathered in the *swayamvara,*' said Krishna.

'And then if she chooses you?' asked Drupad with a smile. His mind was diverted from the hatred of Drona as he thought of the possibilities of holding a *swayamvara* and making friends.

'If I am not able to win the test, I will certainly not be fit to marry Draupadi, for she wants a redoubtable warrior as her husband,' said Krishna with a responsive smile and added: 'Anyway the Yadavas would be on your side and I would keep my pledge.'

Drupad sat silent for a little while, thinking hard. Then he spoke slowly. '*Vaa*sudeva, the *swayamvara* as you suggest is sure to enhance my power.'

Then he looked at Krishna in a new light. His proffered friendship, without seeking anything in return, was a challenge to his own in-

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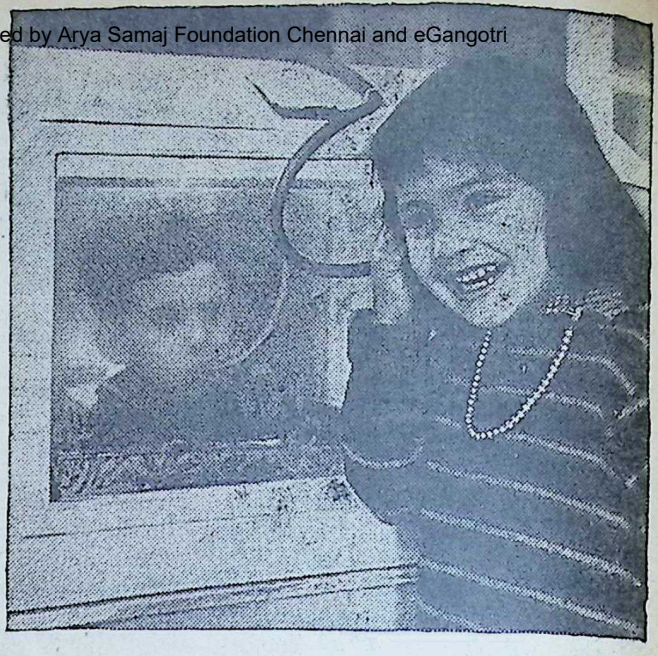

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nate goodness and sense of honour. For a moment, he forgot the bitterness which was in his heart and was lost in genuine admiration of this young man. He said: 'Vaasudeva, give me one promise: You will remain my friend, whatever happens —even if Meghasandhi or Duryodhana or Shishupal wins the test.'

'Yes, I promise,' replied Krishna. 'But I assure you that it will not be easy for any one of them to win the test.'

'Why do you say so?' asked Drupad.

'If you permit me, noble King, I would leave Acharya Shvetaketu to arrange the *swayamvara* for you. When Guru Sandipani comes here, he will decide upon the nature of the archery test,' said Krishna and added: 'But no one should know till the last minute that the choice is to depend upon a test in archery.'

'You want them to remain under the impression that Krishn*aa* will be free to choose any one she likes? That would be deceit,' said Drupad.

'Why? Is not the bride in a *swayamvara* free to decide for herself even at the last moment what her husband's merit should be?' asked Krishna.

'Yes, she is,' replied Drupad.

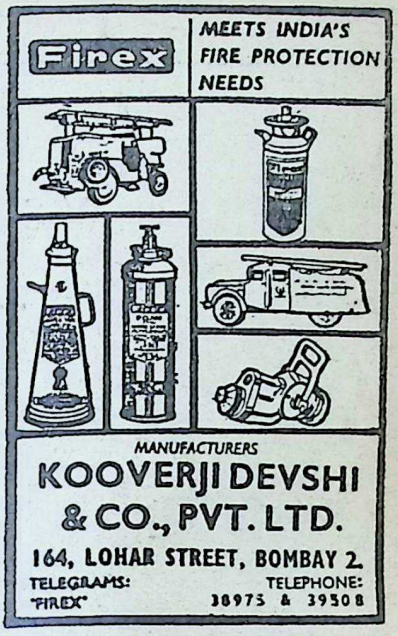
'Well, the noble Princess can make up her mind before the assembled Kings and declare how she would choose her husband,' said Krishna.

Drupad heaved a sigh. 'I do not know, Vaasudeva, why I have come to acquire such confidence in you in so few days or whether I am doing the right thing in accepting your advice. But somehow I am inclined to accept it, if you stand up to your promise that you will help me to redeem my pledge.'

'Noble lord, if the *swayamvara* goes well, as I think it will, you would have grown so powerful that you would have avenged your humiliation without striking a blow. You will win the best marksman among the Aryas as your son-in-law. His friends would then be your friends also. Those who are frustrated would have no reason to complain,' said Krishna.

'And the Yadavas will come too?' asked Drupad.

'Yes, all of us will come with Balaraama at our head to stand by you. And Drona, in spite of the Kurus to help him, will no longer be worth a thought,' said Krishna.

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I wish...
I wish....

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Drupad frowned. 'This is not deeming my pledge,' he said, lapsing into his dour mood.

'Noble King, don't be impatient' said Krishna. 'Your pledge is to avenge the humiliation inflicted upon you. What better way than to redeem your pledge by gathering strength to reduce Drona into insignificance?'

Drupad was impressed at the tone in which the remark was made. The handsome, boyish face, strangely transformed, expressed power. The eyes bespoke stern resolve. And he was convinced.

'Then are you sure that my vow will be redeemed?' asked Drupad.

'Sure. I will remain pledged to see it fulfilled,' replied Krishna.

'Will you enter the list in the *swayamvara*?' asked Drupad. His mind was still fixed on winning Krishna as his son-in-law.

'If I am so minded, not otherwise,' replied Krishna. 'But I assure you, whoever stands the test will be the best archer on earth.'

It was difficult for Drupad to fathom the working of the young Yadava's mind. Suddenly a vista of vast power opened up before him. He felt that if his guest's plan comes to pass, he would be in a better position to redeem his pledge than wallowing in bitterness as at present. He looked gratefully at Krishna.

'Vaasudeva, I will hold the *swayamvara* as you suggest. I am going to repose complete trust in you. I can lose nothing if your plan fails,' said Drupad.

Krishna smiled. 'If the plan fails, I would be the only man who would have lost everything.'

'Lost everything!' exclaimed Drupad.

'I would have lost you as a friend. I would have broken my promise to Draupadi. I would have humiliated the Yadavas in the eyes of the princes of the world,' said Krishna and added as if speaking to himself: 'What is Krishna after all? He is what he is, for he has never failed in his *dharma*.'

In a rare onrush of emotion, Drupad put his two hands on the shoulders of Krishna. 'Vaasudeva, I will leave everything to you. Give any instructions to Udbodhana and Shvetaketu as you like.'

'Will you accept one more advice of mine?' asked Krishna.

'What is it?' enquired Drupad.

'Announce tomorrow that you will be holding the *swayamvara* next year in the month of Chaitra,' said Krishna.

Drupad's face flashed with enthusiasm. 'Yes, I will,' he said and smiled.

[*To be continued*]

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# Lesson of the HOLI

Nishkinchan

TARAKA was a terrible demon. He was the son of Vajranga and Vajrangi. As a result of propitiating Brahmadeva by penance on the Pariyatra Mountain, he got from him a boon that no one should be able to kill him except a child less than seven day's old. No doubt, it was his intention to cheat fate, as no child of that age could possibly kill him.

On the strength of this boon, Taraka put the Devas on the hot pan. He harassed them so much that he became a veritable nightmare. The Devas were naturally obliged to appeal to Brahma who was responsible for the strength of this monster.

Thus caught both ways, Brahma contemplated and said: "It is true that I granted him the boon which became his right as a result of his penance; but inasmuch as he has misbehaved, he has earned the liability to be destroyed too. But no ordinary child can possibly do it under the terms of my boon. As far as I can see, only an offspring of Lord Maheswara can do it. For that, the union of Lord Siva and Parvati has to be brought about. As a result of their union a son, Karttikeya, will be born who alone can slay demon Taraka on the seventh day of his birth. Later on, Karttikeya will become the Commander-in-Chief of the Deva forces too." Brahmadeva further advised the Devas to seek Kama's help.

The Devas headed by Indra went to Kama and praised his powers so much that he volunteered to help the Devas by aiming his arrows even at Lord Siva.

That did not mean that Kama fell a victim to flattery. He knew fully

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. . . तापयामास तत्रैव हरो दुःखहरः परः ॥
वसन्ते प्रसृते तत्र कामो रतिसमन्वितः ।
चूतं बाणं समाकृष्य स्थितः पार्श्वे तु वामतः ॥
रत्या युवतं तदा कामं दृष्ट्वा को वा न मोहितः ।

**. . . Lord Siva, dispeller of sorrows, did his penance there. All of a sudden the spring season spread all around in its splendour when Kama, the god of love, in the company of his spouse Rati, appeared on the scene and standing to the left of Siva aimed his bow. Whoever could escape the enchantment of the Kama pair?**

—Siva Purana

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well the risk involved, but the very life of the Devas was on the balance, and it is only right to say that he deliberately decided to take the risk.

In the task of Hara-mohan (enticing Siva) Kama took Vasanta or the Spring-season as his ally, in order that an environment most congenial to his project may be created.

*Kalika-Purana* has it that Brahmadeva himself assigned the task of Hara-mohan to Kama. Agreeing to it, Kama asked Brahma: "Give me the weapons; I shall do the job."

Then Brahmadeva contemplated for a while and from his breath was born Vasanta.

Says the *Puranas*

एवं वादिनि कन्दर्पे धाता लोकपितामहः।
कया संमोहनीयोऽयमिति चिन्तां जगाम ह॥

चिन्ताविष्टस्य नि.वासो यो विनिस्सृतः।
तस्माद्वसन्तः संजातः पुष्पावृतविभूषितः॥

And what did Vasanta do? He created all the environmental conditions and the right atmosphere for the consummation of the Devas' object. He set the plants of the forest sprouting in their exuberance and the blooms to blow in their myriad colours and waft their scents for miles around:

Says the poet:

सुगन्धि कृतवान् अतीव शंकराश्रमम्।

"He made Sankara's ashram, extremely fragrant."

We know the aftermath. Siva was disturbed by the activities of Kama and burnt him to ashes by means of his third eye, although Rati, Kama's wife, was able to get him back and to be born as Pradyumna (Krishna's son).' Siva, be it noted, none the less married Parvati and begot Karttikeya who killed Taraka and became the Commander-in-Chief of the Devas.

Now, this Hara-mohana episode has a few lessons to offer us, which are particularly appropriate at the present time.

Kama gladly sacrificed his life in the cause of Devas. He did so because he valued the freedom of the Devas, as the *summum bonum* of life and he considered the safety of his own life as of little worth in the face of the common peril. As a direct result of his glorious self-sacrifice, Lord Karttikeya was able to be born who relieved the Devas of all their worries.

Again, in this episode, Vasanta as

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Kama's main weapon, played an equally important role by helping Kama.

We celebrate Holi year after year to commemorate the spirit of these gods, for Holi, Holika and Holaka are synonyms for Vasanta. Each year's Holi therefore is designed to draw our attention to the self-sacrifice of Kama and the help of his friend for a common cause.

May this year's Holi inspire the Indian nation to a new high and may a new Karttikeya be born who will dispel the Chinese threat to the nation.

For that eventuality to materialise, of course, the nation's Kama has to be sacrificed. That means, our wants should be curbed; an austerity programme should be self imposed. That is a *sine qua non*.

And where is ally Vasanta?

Our determination to fight the war is Vasanta, the weapon that is ultimately going to throw the Red demon out. Was he not born of Brahmadeva's breath?

---

*The weak enemy should not be ignored; even so should one not precipitate hostilities against a mighty enemy. In either case, he should intelligently prepare and strike boldly at the right time.*

—Mahabharata

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# SPACE TRAVEL
## *a threat to Scientific Research*

**Prof. Dr. Max Born***

ALMOST five years ago, in late February, 1958, to be exact, I spoke during a meeting of the Protestant Academy in the Loccum Monastery on the subject of Man in Space, in order to warn against severe aspects of space flight.

The sponsors of this new field of research have advanced two main arguments to advocate their efforts: space flight, they claim, would bring tremendous scientific knowledge to mankind, and space travel is the expression of the Promethean Urge of man to break through limits set by nature, and to advance to ever higher aims and loftier targets. As regards the first motive results reached and obtainable for special branches of natural science appeared to be of some significance, but the means expended did not appear to be in the right proportion, at any rate, this is my view; there are thousands of other scientific and human problems which are ever so much more important than the knowledge obtained from space.

The phrase of the Promethean Urge, obviously, was a euphemism for other less ideal things: the power rivalry between the two political giants, the United States and the U.S.S.R., for whom success in space is a highly efficient means of propaganda and self-praise. I had then concluded my lecture with a sentence that has been widely quoted since; I had said that space travel is a triumph of intellect, but a tragic failure of reason.

Ever since space research and space flight have developed very fast, gobbling up ever greater funds and material, human talents, energies and working time. By now it appears to me an inevitable process which together with the development of nuclear arms, of chemical and biological destructive means, must lead on to the self-destruction of our civilization.

*Professor and Lady Born*

*Winner of the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1954.

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That I should revert to the subject once again has its reason in the fact that during the course of this year for the first time British scholars and scientists of eminent rank have also raised their clear warnings. On this year's meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science held in Manchester, its President, Sir John Cockcroft, the former head of the British Nuclear Research Centre in Harwell, delivered an address under the title of "Investment in Science" during which he mentioned the annual expediture of between two and three thousand million dollars made by the United States for the race to the Moon, and he compared these sums with the same amount that would be necessary to raise the standard of living in the developing nations, by boosting the per capita income of the population in ten years by 25 per cent. He then arrived at the conclusion that in our world something must have gone absolutely wrong with the priorities, with the order of rank of scientific projects.

During that very same memorable meeting the Oxford philosopher Stephen Toulmin addressed the Educational Section on the relative values of scientific endeavours; his lecture can certainly be described to have been both explosive and dramatic. He described the two great periods of natural and scientific research.

The first great period has ended in the dark Middle Ages, because technological knowledge (one should only think of Roman architecture, streets, roads, aquaeducts etc.) was getting the upper hand over the urge to arrive at a more profound understanding of nature: the basic nature of things. It is to be feared that the second upsurge of scientific studies, which we now experience, will likewise ebb away in a similarly dismal way: The portents of the time tell us that this will be so, and one of the clearest proofs to that end is space travel.

The, perhaps, sharpest warning, however, comes from Sir Bernard Lovell, the leading British astronomer, and head of the Observatory of Jodrell Bank in Manchester, where he operates one of the largest radio telescopes in all the world. He had at first enthusiastically welcomed artificial satellites, and even now he expects most important astronomic and geophysical knowledge from space research. But he, too, can be felt to be most profoundly alarmed, full of great apprehensions, caused by developments today; he considers a very great danger for science that space experiments should be carried out under military and chauvinistic auspices.

The nuclear explosions triggered off by Russians and Americans in very high altitudes, in outer space, have disturbed the natural radiation belt of this earth. The Americans and the Russians consider these to be grand experiments; many European experts, however, are of an entirely different view: Our knowledge of the radiation zone, its significance for the energy balance of this earth, for our radio communications, and for other fields, is rather limited. It is, therefore, utterly irresponsible to interfere in these conditions without a previous thorough study of the possible consequences of such encroachments into

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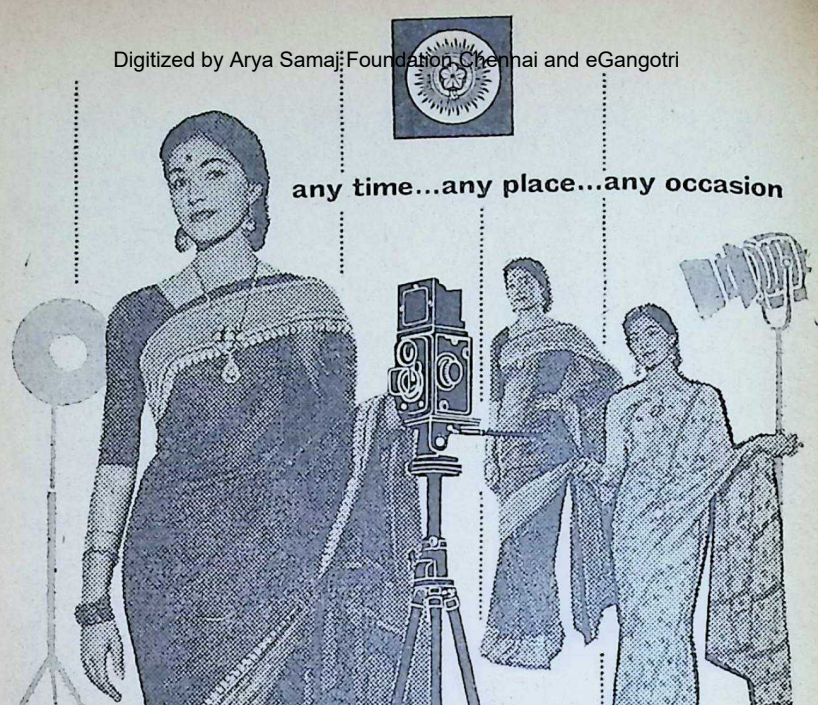


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The International Union of Astronauts, whose President incidentally is a Russian, is of the same opinion; the union has raised protests: but the military group on either side considers it necessary to effect these tests and, therefore, they were, indeed, made despite these prominent warnings.

Another bad thing is the heaping up of numerous objects in orbits close to the earth. Ever since the first Sputnik was launched some two hundred distinguishable objects have been put into orbit, which now circle around the earth; many of these will slow down, pass into lower layers of the atmosphere and will burn, but others will exist thousands of years and some may survive as long as our planetary system.

One may, perhaps, accept that year after year more of these artificial satellites will be launched, but anyone believing that the research urge of man is being satisfied thereby will sorely be mistaken; there is no danger that space around the earth will soon be as crowded as a bathing beach on a hot summer day. However, the real purposes of these artificial satellites are not of a scientific, but of a commercial and military nature.

Satellites, like Telstar, and of this kind there will be dozens soon, serve the purpose of improving radio, television and wireless telegraphy, in short communication. They could even be shot down, and therefore, these plans do not appear to be sufficiently safe to the military. That is why a new plan has been advocated by them which must, however, have catastrophic consequences, if really carried into practice. About 350 million small pieces of wire are to be brought into orbit around the earth in an altitude of several hundred miles. These would constitute a reflector ring around the earth, reflecting electro-magnetic waves, a system which could not be disturbed by the enemy; that it could also be used by the enemy, has not been mentioned by the sponsors; and so one must ask oneself, what the military advantage of such system could possibly be that will also serve the enemy.

But the astronomer, whether he will use any optical instruments or radio, will suffer from this, and very much so. Optical astronomers require a dark background of the sky for their observation work. The reflecting ring, however, will brighten the sky on the dark side of the earth, so that the weaker and particularly interesting heavenly objects will become invisible. Radio telescopes receive very weak radio signals from the depths of space, and these are in the very same wave length range which are used on earth for the transmission of news communication, for radio and television.

The curvature of the earth protects telescopes against all too violent disturbances by radio transmissions on the earth. The satellites and heaps of wire pieces in space, however, will reflect earth broadcasts into the radio telescopes and will, thereby, prevent future observation of radio signals from space.

The world's astronomers were outraged and shocked when they heard of these plans; they immediately protested energetically through their international organizations. It is a tra-

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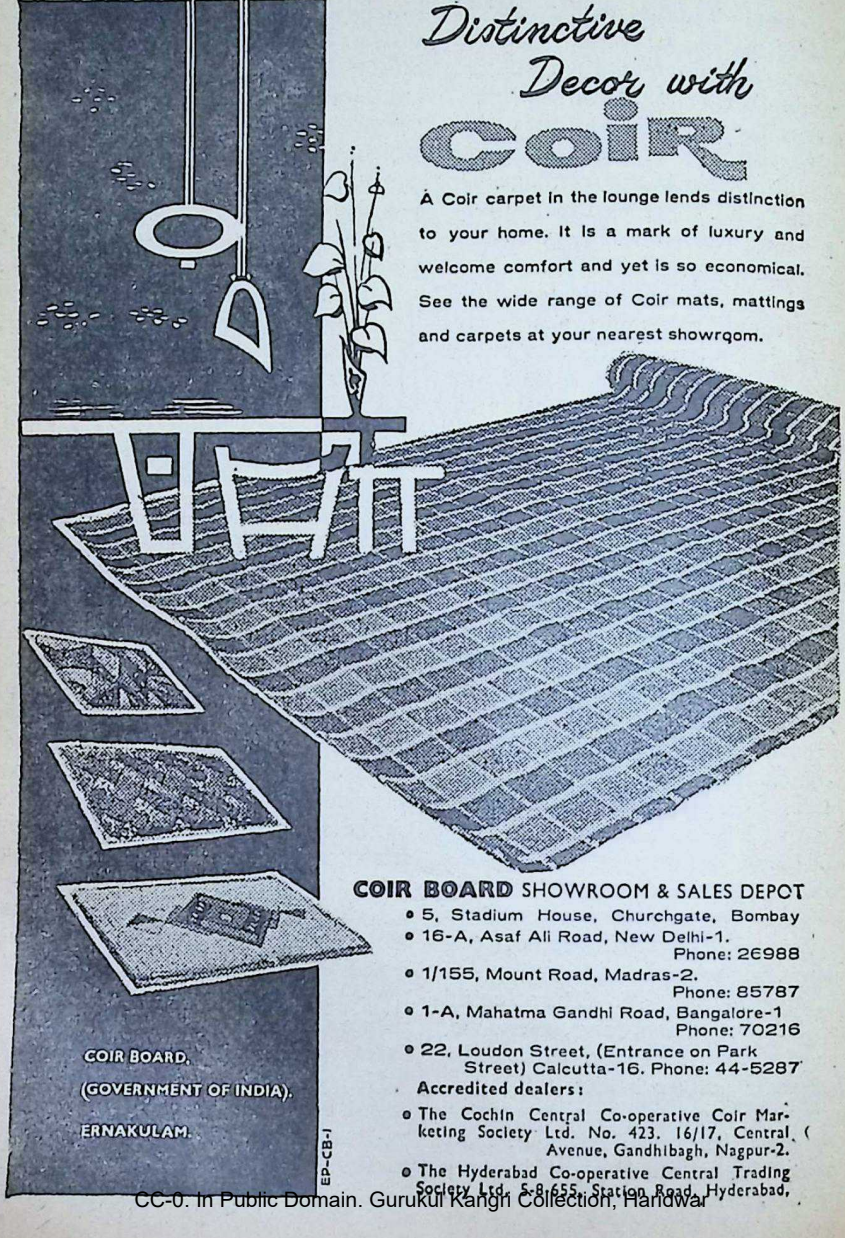



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gedy that an invention good in itself should lead to a situation that will be the end of that great science of astronomy which is as old as mankind. International agreements on the protection of astronomy are, therefore, urgently required.

Likewise the strict international control of rocket research and space travel in outer space is as urgently required. In September, 1957, the Russians have found out how far their rockets carry: by aiming a shot at the moon, approximately on a third of one million kilometres, away. The rocket hit the moon, broke up and presumably, apart from the Russian flag, it also spread earthly substances, particles of the earth's microcosm on to the Moon.

As no vegetation is known to exist on the Moon this in itself does not mean much. But it is a bad precedence, for planned space shots to neighbouring planets, such as Venus and Mars. Once any such crash-landings will occur on these other planets or any planned landing, without certain protection measures having been taken, very serious situations will arise for science.

Our knowledge of the origin of life is very scanty. A rather likely hypothesis about the formation of the planetary systems assumes that all planets have been formed by a condensation of a dust cloud of matter surrounding the sun. This then would mean that life on all planets has to be of identical origin, and, therefore, the planned research of the neighbouring planets could shed some light into the beginnings of evolution of living organisms on our earth. A crash-landing of an earth rocket on any planet, however, without very careful planning could produce a poisoning of the planet with earthly organism and could kill once for all any possibilities that may exist for a new discipline of astronomical biology, before it has ever really begun.

The Americans have revealed some understanding for the situation and are endeavouring to design suitable instruments for this purpose. Nothing, of course, is known of the plans of the Russians. Their first Venus probe in 1961 has missed its target.

Space travel as a means of astronomic research can be held to have badly turned against its aim: it has become a major threat to research, defeating its own objectives. In favour of speedy and sensational results well-proved methods of science have been gravely endangered and great aims and targets of mankind have been recklessly risked. This is the inescapable consequence of the combination of research and military planning.

The Promethean Urge of mankind, however, to me at any rate, appears to be ever better represented by thinkers such as Newton, Rutherford and Einstein than by the makers of artificial satellites, and even by the couraged men who orbit around this earth.

My own motive in making these statements is only to contribute to the efforts made to make man realize that behind the glittering success of engineering and technological achievements great dangers are lurking about to defeat the objectives of real science.

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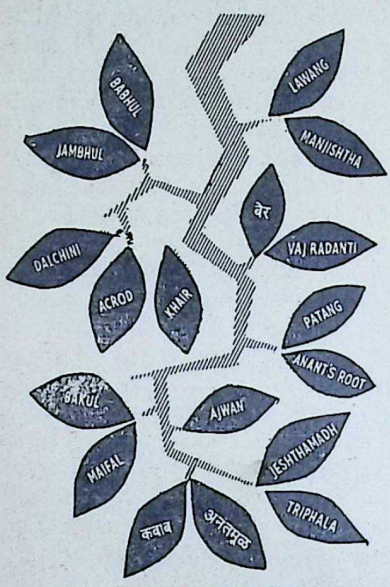
# 18 VALUABLE HERBS GO IN THE MAKING OF

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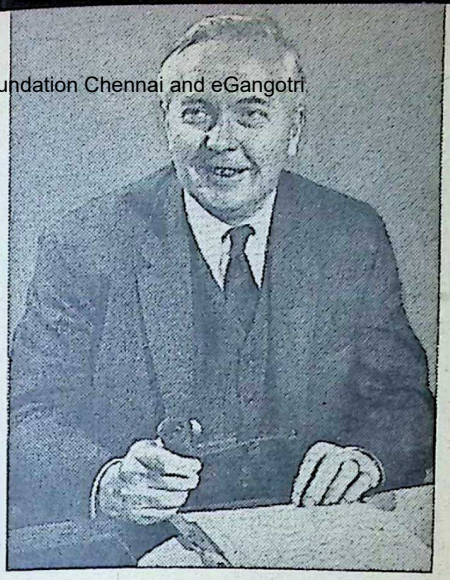

# Rt. Hon. HAROLD WILSON

THE British Labour Party has cast the dice. It has chosen Mr. Harold Wilson as its Leader by a majority of 41 votes over his rival Mr. George Brown in the second ballot.

From what was said by henchmen of the Party since Mr. Gaitskell died, expectations ran high that the Gaitskell line would be continued, but the present choice belies it, despite Mr. Wilson's protestations to the contrary; for Mr. Wilson, along with Mr. Bevan, has always had leftist leanings and has time and again challenged the policies and leadership of Mr. Gaitskell, continuing at the same time, in his Shadow Cabinet. And his present election should set the seal of party approval on a shift in policy, unless Mr. Wilson allows himself to be sucked in by the rightist swirl which is doubtful.

Mr. Wilson's impressive majority of 41 came near to the most optimistic forecasts of his supporters.

Mr. Wilson becomes the 10th leader in the Labour Party's 57 years' history, and at the moment of his election the youngest, barring two—Arthur Henderson, in 1908, and James Ramsay Macdonald, in 1911.

As leader of the official Opposition in Parliament, he will receive 3,750 sterling a year.

There has been some quibbling as to whether the choice has not been influenced by personality or made with an eye to election. Again, it is said that de Gaulle's jettisoning of Britain's entry into the Common Market queered the pitch of the ballot or because a defeated Wilson would be a greater risk to the party. These are irrelevant to the issue. What we have to consider now is Mr. Wilson as elected leader and by what we know of him by his prior performances, for the future is in the lap of gods.

In this context certain peculiarities connected with the election of the British Labour Party leader may be noticed. Unlike in other countries, he is chosen not by the rank and file but by its parliamentary wing and he is accepted as the leader of the entire party. Secondly, the leader's election

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has to be confirmed each year by party ballot. While it may be premature to consider whether Mr. Wilson's leadership will be challenged later, his comfortable majority has certainly put him in an advantageous position so far as the immediate future is concerned.

Assuming Mr. Wilson has his way—it is pure bunk to say that he has received a centrist mandate with less than half the party strength backing him at the first ballot—,one practical advantage to us in India would appear to be his opposition to Britain's entering the Common Market and advocacy of increased Commonwealth trade instead, although it is well to remember that his constituency favours Lancashire.

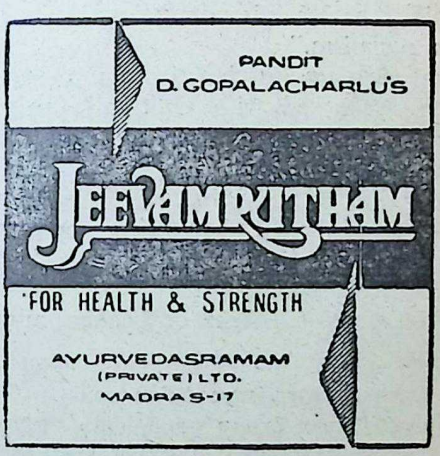
Objectively speaking, the manner of his election has reduced marginal risks in the first instance. As between the Tories and Labour, the policy cleavage can become more clear which is a distinct help to the electorate when and if an early poll is called.

So far as Labour in power is concerned, Mr. Wilson can be expected to give it a distinctive orientation what with his intellect, training and massive memory which has been likened to Macaulay's. But the one question that rises uppermost is this: could powers of the head alone build up a successful leadership of a political party or nation? Again, his approach has always been pragmatic.

Forty-six-year old, pipe-smoking, James Harold Wilson entered Parliament in 1945. From 1947 to 1951, he was President of the Board of Trade. His father was a works chemist in Huddersfield. Mr. Wilson went from Wirral Grammar School to Jesus College, Oxford, where he took a first in political philosophy, and economics, and several prizes, and became an economics don. He was Director of Economics and Statistics, Ministry of Fuel and Power, 1943-44, and became Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works in 1945.

Mr. Wilson resigned from Mr. Attlee's government with Mr. Bevan in April, 1951, over the rearmament programme and the imposition of Health Service charges. Three years later he replaced Mr. Bevan on the Shadow Cabinet after another of Mr. Bevan's resignation.

In 1956 Mr. Wilson headed the Parliamentary Labour Party's ballot for its Shadow Cabinet (he was still the youngest member). In 1960 after Scarborough, he challenged Mr. Gaitskell for the party leadership and was

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beaten 166-181. A month later he fell from first to ninth place in the Shadow Cabinet elections. He went back to the top in 1961. He stood against Mr. Brown for the deputy leadership last year, and lost by 133 to 103. Thus besides actual Cabinet experience, he has worked with men like Lord Beveridge and Sir Stafford Cripps. He has helped the party a lot in the formulation of policies and organizational matters.

Here is what he has been telling what he would do for his party: "The party should not only be modern, but relevant, and up-to-date, but present a modern image." Mr. Wilson is not a unilateralist and on Defence production he has said "There is in my view an unanswerable case for the public ownership or nationalisation of defence industries...." and on economic policy, "I do not accept the view that welfare capitalism has solved all the problems. An economic crisis may come. This is a very real possibility, but that is not the main case for socialism."

As shadow Foreign Secretary, Mr. Wilson worked with Gaitskell fairly well, keeping however a personal opening to the left. He was one of those who strongly criticised President Kennedy in the Cuban crisis—before U.S. action. He was neutral to the Nassau decision. He has made strong anti-Common Market speeches and now has defeated anti-communist Brown. Not unnaturally therefore does the U.S. view his election with caution. His Shadow Cabinet now includes R.H.S. Crossman who has a decidedly leftist leanings.

As future Prime Minister, Mr. Wilson will no doubt be a match for Macmillan. We can look forward to some pyrotechnical fare in the Commons. Astringently witty, Mr. Wilson shares with Mr. Iain Mcleod, a phenomenal memory and is an extremely efficient committee chairman. The main criticism about him however is not that he is an extreme left-winger, but that he is unpredictable, his career has been so unevenly fluctuating and that he is opportunist.

A Privy Councillor, and O.B.E., Mr. Wilson has travelled widely, having visited the U.S, Russia, and China among others. Since going out of office, he has written a number of articles to the press on political and economic problems and books and pamphlets. His thesis on Coal mining won him universal esteem. He had been Chairman of the Fabian Society. Married to Miss Gladys Marry Baldwin, the Wilsons have two sons. Mrs. Mary Wilson is a poet and an accomplished singer. Their elder son who is at Balliol is said to be a mathematical prodigy and a poet. They live at Hampstead.

---

*Brother, say: "The soil of Bharat is my highest heaven, the good of Bharat is my good," and repeat and pray day and night, "O Thou Lord of Gouri, O Thou Mother of the Universe, vouchsafe manliness unto me! O Thou Mother of Strength, take away my weakness, take away my unmanliness, and make me a Man!"* —Swami Vivekananda

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# TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

*Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel,* I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART III

## CHAPTER 107

## *Message from Jani*

RAVI'S wonder and elation knew no bounds. Could it really be that Rajba, the ascetic, had proposed to him, offered to accept him as her husband? He felt like shouting the good news to the world from the house-tops.

To work off his high spirits, he walked with rapid strides from one end of the yard to the other. He forgot everything that had happened during the past month—his frustration, the sense of his own meanness, his unexecuted decision to offer an apology to Government, the cowardly desire to run away from life. He was certainly not a degenerate scoundrel. Had he not passed Rajba's test, Rajba who was always immersed in the contemplation of God and who was herself the object of adoration of so many?

He went into one of the 'condemned' cells with immense joy in his heart. Kapadia's contemptuous look and the artificial humility of Joshi were no longer unbearable. Once again he found pleasure in Dolly's playful pranks. He felt like embracing them all. He even felt kindly towards the lower beings which he had hated—the odious snake which

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a colleague had killed and kept in a bottle, the lizard on the wall, the procession of bugs climbing up a crack in a corner of the room. His colleagues were astonished at this sudden change in him, but could not guess the reason.

After dinner he went into the inner yard and fell into conversation with Veerappa Pehelwan, who was serving a life sentence for murder. Veerappa, who had been a wrestler, was slim but well-built and muscular. He had the knack of becoming a leader of his fellow-prisoners in whichever jail he was kept. He overawed them or kept them pleased as fancy took him and made the jail officers do his bidding through fear. If there was a quarrel among the prisoners, he took it upon himself to settle it. If any prisoner did not obey him, he would beat him up. If a cell mate fell ill, he nursed him. He bribed the warders and sent out messages to his cronies or obtained whatever he wanted. In collusion with the jamadar he had tobacco brought surreptitiously into the prison and traded in it. Since the coming of political prisoners, Veerappa had not ceased to declare that he had been wrongly imprisoned because he had incurred the enmity of the Britishers.

Ravi had not forgotten the story of Veerappa's life which he had narrated to him one evening. Veerappa had been employed in a textile mill in Sholapur and was also conducting a wrestling gymnasium. One day he returned home earlier than usual. He knocked at the door, but when his wife failed to open it promptly, he looked through a chink in the door.

He saw a man inside, so he kicked down the door and broke into the room. He saw his wife and the man, who was his dearest friend, adjusting their clothes. He seized an iron rod which was lying by the door and killed them both.

To Veerappa, the sentence of life imprisonment had caused no concern. For six years he had raised the standard of revolt in every jail he had been in and had harassed the jailors and the superintendents. He could not be tamed by force. Hard labour at the grinding wheel held no terrors for him, for he coerced other prisoners to turn out his quota. No warder dared complain against him. If he was handcuffed and chained and given a solitary imprisonment, he would promptly drop off to sleep until the jamadar came and freed him. The jailors were not unaware of these goings on, but ever preferred to keep their mouths shut, for to cross him was to invite trouble.

And yet Veerappa was as affectionate as he was strong. The prisoner who learned to be on the right side of him earned his staunch friendship, and extra facilities through his intervention with the jamadar.

Ravi was in an expansive mood that evening, so he settled down in Veerappa's cell for a chat.

"You look pleased with yourself!" remarked Veerappa.

"I certainly am," replied Ravi.

"Have you become a father?" inquired Veerappa.

"No. I am not married."

"Has the Government ordered your release?"

Ravi's heart was overflowing with

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joy, so he could not help confiding that he had found a partner in life.

"That is good news. But remember what happened to me. Don't ever trust your wife. Keep her in proper control."

Ravi was much amused at the very idea of his trying to keep Rajba under control.

"This calls for a celebration," said Veerappa. "First, I want a present. Can you get me two bottles of *ambla* oil?"

"Why do you want two bottles?"

"Some of my friends want a good rub down with oil."

"For the last four days you have been massaging one another morning and evening," said Ravi.

The wrestler shut his eyes in a significant wink. "Even twenty-five bottles will not be enough." There was in Veerappa's voice a hope of some conspiracy.

"Very well, I will tell the jamadar and get him to produce two bottles for you.

"One thing more," said Veerappa. "We are tired of eating *bajri chapatis* and onions. You are a wizard at securing extras. It is *Pandharpuri ekadashi* day after tomorrow, and we'd like to celebrate it with fruits. It's a long time since we had bananas, almonds and dry figs. Come on, show you are the boss, get this stuff for us."

"Leave it to me," said Ravi.

"And I promise to serve you all my life."

"I am as badly off as you. How do you think I am to keep a servant?"

"But where would you like me to meet you after I am released?" inquired Veerappa.

"You are not going to be released for the next ten years. Why worry about that now? In any case, if you need any help, ask for Rajba Solanki. I will tell her about you. You will get her address from her brother, Uday Solanki, who is a barrister and who lives in Bandra."

"Is she the one who is going to be your wife?" Veerappa took the liberty of asking.

"Yes," Ravi confirmed.

As he walked away, Ravi said to himself how much nicer would it be, if he could spend his time talking to Veerappa rather than his 'patriotic' fellow-prisoners.

When he came out of the yard, he found Jamadar Dashrath Sinh, dressed in plain clothes, waiting for him. He asked, "I hear you are going to be married? I hope you will be inviting poor folks like us."

"Certainly, why not? But your superior officer is surely a strange person. He seems to have broadcast the news as soon as he read the letter."

"Saheb, you are our leader. You must give us some present to mark the occasion."

"How much money have I left with the grocer?"

"Nearly three hundred rupees."

"Well, then, you take a hundred rupees out of that. And look, day after tomorrow is *Pandharpuri ekadashi*, which is a big festival. Tell the grocer to send nuts, bananas and fruits for the regulars in place of the jail rations."

"That is very simple. But how do you expect to get the fruits for the

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price of *jowar* and *bajri?*"

"If they cost more, you have my secret fund to draw upon. But do it carefully. Don't let the Superintendent and the Jailer know of it."

"Of course. Don't forget, Saheb, I have been serving for 22 years. I'm an old hand at the game!"

Two hours later, the jamadar, now dressed in uniform, came to the 'condemned' yard on the pretext of making his night rounds and called Ravi out of his cell. "Tripathi Saheb, I have made all arrangements for the *ekadashi* treat. It will cost you a hundred and fifty rupees! And here's some news. Someone called Dhansukh has come to stay with the grocer. He has brought a message for you from Jani."

"Jani?" Ravi was astonished. Dinkarbhai Jani, to the best of his knowledge, was busy overrunning the police stations in the Broach District and stabilizing his power in the area he called free India. "What message has he sent me?" he asked.

"He has sent you his fraternal greetings and the message that if he does not get assistance from you now all the efforts that he has made so far will be in vain. Dhansukh will wait for your reply for the next three days."

Instead of going back into his cell, Ravi went into the yard and sat on one of the steps. He muttered to himself: 'Rajba, Rajba, I can hardly believe what is happening! Will miracles never cease? When I was sinking, you came and grasped my hand. When I called out, you hearkened. I have been longing to make you my wife and instead of my asking you, you have offered to marry me. I was about to apologise, but you intervened in time and saved me. You sent an invitation to me to meet you and now comes this message from Jani. I wanted to run away from jail and here has the opportunity presented itself. Instead of rotting in this jail, would it not be better for me to go to Jani's assistance and face death, fighting? Rajba, my Raj! Are you human or are you divine? My goddess!'

The letter of Rajba had brought him to respect her. She was transforming him, moulding him with the inevitability of destiny. 'I don't deserve to be your husband, I can only be your slave. To me, you are Existence, Knowledge, Truth. I know no God but you!' he muttered exultantly.

CHAPTER 108

# The Escape

RAVI was now obsessed by the restless desire to get out of jail by any means and meet Raj. Jani's message was an added incentive.

The following morning he sent off a telegram to Rajba with the permission of the Superintendent: "GURUJI, EXTREMELY GRATEFUL GIVING BACK MY LIFE. WISH HAD WINGS TO FLY. RAVI."

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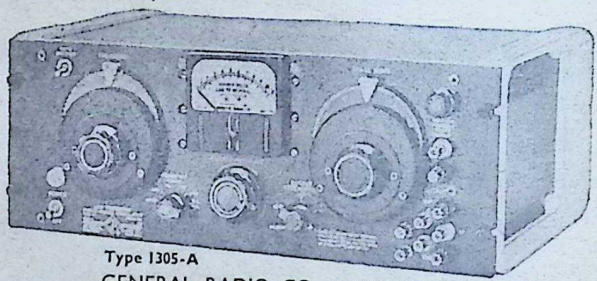

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That afternoon Ravi went over to see Veerappa and his friends. He found them vigorously massaging one another with *ambla* oil to loosen their muscles.

"How are things getting on?" he enquired.

"We are getting ready," replied Veerappa, with a wink.

In the evening, the jamadar came over to see Ravi to tell him that he had met Dhansukh and that he was waiting for him. Ravi merely smiled in reply and the jamadar understood. As he left, the jamadar whispered, "Arrangements for tomorrow's treat and everything else are complete," with a significant emphasis on the word 'everything.'

The next day was Maharashtra's big festival day, the festival of *Pandharpuri ekadashi*. No officer visited the jail. The jamadar also took leave of absence. All the three gates were kept locked.

Ravi could not enter the inner yard because the gate to the yard was locked. He could not take his walk either, because there was no warder to lead him out.

In the afternoon, the prisoners in the inner court began to sing the hymns of Vitthal-rakhumai, Namdev and Tukaram. A few sat down to listen to a reading of the *Gita*.

At six o'clock in the evening, the jamadar returned and took the roll-call, after which the guard was changed. He then entered the condemned yard, carrying a small cloth bag. He talked with the politicals, noted their presence. Before he left, he talked with Ravi, but forgot to take his bag. Ravi rushed after the jamadar and called him back to tell him that he had forgotten his bag.

"That is all right," replied the jamadar and walked away.

Ravi was suspicious. He peeped into the bag and to his surprise discovered that it contained the uniform of a jail warder. Evidently, the jamadar too had received inspiration from Raj!

After their evening meal, all the political prisoners settled down to read or to rest. Ravi's mind was once again preoccupied with plans to get away to Raj and Jani, who were waiting for him. 'When, oh when, will I be able to get out and fall at Raj's feet?'—this was the thought which haunted him.

The devotional songs were still being sung in the inner yard. At the stroke of ten, the guard was again changed. Soon after, the prison siren wailed ominously throughout the prison. Everyone in the political prisoners' yard awoke with a start. "What has happened? Is there a fire? Has a prisoner escaped? Is there a murder?" they asked agitatedly.

Shouts and counter-shouts could be heard from every corner of the jail. Doors were opened and slammed. The jamadar came running in and as he passed he shouted that a prisoner had escaped.

Ravi was aquiver. He took this as a sign that Raj wanted him to escape. He examined the bag once again and made sure that the uniform was there. He muttered thanks to Raj for having found a way for him.

Half an hour later, the jamadar and four warders came into Ravi's yard with their lanterns. They took

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a fresh roll-call and counted the prisoners. Ravi felt that there was a twinkle of amusement in the jamadar's eyes, as he gave the information that Veerappa and six of his colleagues had escaped by jumping over the outer wall.

"How did they manage it? How could they slip through the narrow bars?" Kapadia was puzzled.

"They removed one bar and then somehow pushed their way out," said the jamadar. "They scaled the outer wall by climbing over one another's shoulders." Ravi now understood the significance of the *ambla* oil.

The jamadar and the warders examined the yard to see whether any one of the escaped prisoners had hidden there. While the warders were checking the yard, the jamadar drew near Ravi and whispered, "The jailer will soon come and once again take the roll-call. I'll leave your yard gate unlocked. Put on the uniform. Outside the main gate, you'll find a cycle with the number 2122. Dhansukh will be waiting for you till two o'clock near the entrance to the Whispering Gallery."

The jamadar then moved away and went out of the yard with the warders. He left behind a jubilant Ravi.

After a while the jailer came into the yard with the jamadar and one warder. He took a roll-call of the political prisoners. Ravi, to draw attention to himself, asked him how Veerappa had made his escape. The jailer then went out, followed by the jamadar and the warder, to count the regular prisoners. As they left, the jamadar made a pretence of locking the gate.

Ravi checked the gate. The jamadar had been true to his word. The lock was in the gate, but the bolt was undrawn. He returned immediately to his cell, put out his light and said to his friends, "It is already very late. Let us all go to sleep."

Within a few minutes all the lights were extinguished. Ravi got up in the dark, picked up the bag, silently opened the gate and crept out of his yard. The jailer's party was still busy counting the prisoners in the inner yard. Ravi rapidly changed into the warder's uniform and briskly walked through the middle gate to the front gate, which was unbolted from inside. An armed guard was doing sentry duty outside. Ravi walked fearlessly towards the cycle which he found standing by the gate as the jamadar had promised.

The sentry called out, "Halt, who goes there?"

"Friend," answered Ravi, as he mounted the cycle and rapidly rode away. The cold night breeze was bracing.

'Raj,' he murmured to himself, 'my one objective in life hereafter will be to make myself worthy of you. Raj! I am coming. Can you hear me? I am coming.'

[*To be continued*]

---

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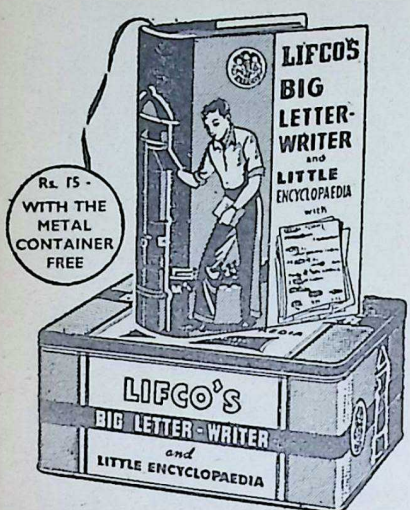


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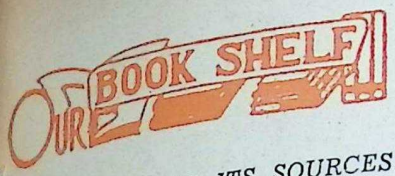


*HITOPADESHA AND ITS SOURCES.* By Ludwik Sternbach. Published by the American Oriental Society, New Haven, Connecticut. pp. 109. Price not stated.

THE exhaustive six tables wherein a sincere effort has been made to trace the various sources (like *Panchatantra, Chanakya, Dharmasastra,* etc.) where-from Narayana, the compiler of the *Hitopadesha,* has gathered his excellent material, exhibit the vast critical apparatus. The labours of Edgerton and Hertel, correlating as many as eight editions of the text from as far back as 1804 in Serampore, are here pushed on to their logical conclusions. The origin of nearly three quarters of the *Hitopadesha* can be traced to the *Panchatantra* and only one quarter is either original or borrowed from other sources. The *Hitopadesha* has been popular with the English from 1787 when it was first translated into English and has all along been their introduction to the study of Sanskrit. The critical work turned out by Sternbach is almost Herculean and is performed as a labour of love.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

*PRACTICAL METAPHYSICS OF ZOROASTRIANISM.* By H. M. Toot. Published by R. S. Dhondy, 4, Sleater Road, Bombay-7. Price not mentioned.

THOUGH brief, this is a satisfying handbook on the history and main principles of the religion of the Parsis, founded originally by Athravan Zarathushtra who is said to have laughed as he came to birth. From his childhood he had a spiritual bent of mind and he underwent a series of decisive inner experiences culminating in a state of super-consciousness wherein a new Truth was revealed to him. On coming out of his withdrawal, Zarathushtra formulated a New Way of Life.

According to his teaching, the Absolute Reality which is Impersonal, the Ahu, manifests as an Almighty Intelligence in the form of a Personal Being, the Ahura-Mazda. This supreme Creator further manifests Himself in seven infinite aspects of Intelligence, Benevolent Mind, Sublime Reality, Absolute Power, Perfect Love, Whole-Being and Immortality and Infinitude. Basing Himself on this seven-fold Revelation, He creates this Universe and lets it evolve on the springs of the twin Spirit-Forces, Angro-mainyus (the force of contraction) and Spenta-mainyus (force of expansion). Evolution from the lower to the higher, from the Base to the Better, goes on as a result of the interaction of these two Powers subservient to the Almighty. He who would grow higher and arrive at the state of the Highest, shall throw his weight on the side of the Spenta-mainyus by leading a life of good thought, good speech and good action, till he arrives on the threshold of Frasho-Kereti, the completion of the evolutionary progress and attains spiritual perfection.

The author gives a connected account basing himself upon authentic texts and his explanations of many of the customs and ceremonies among the Parsis are full of interest. We only wish the publishers had not thrown in so much of advertisement matter in the book giving it a garish effect.

—*M. P. Pandit*

*THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL FORCE OR MAHATMA GANDHI'S DOCTRINE OF TRUTH AND NON-VIOLENCE.* By N. B. Parulekar. Published by Hind Kitabs, Veer Nariman Road, Bombay-1. pp. 107. Price: Rs. 3.50 nP.

THE volume under review is a competent anthology and commentary on the Gandhian Philosophy of Non-violence and its relation to Truth. It is a work of great devotion and discernment. The author, himself a noble Satyagrahi, has retained the Gandhian Phraseology in propound-

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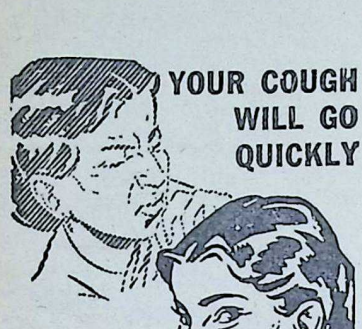


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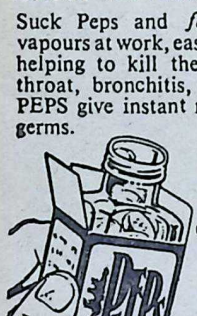


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ing the fundamental ideas that underlie the philosophy of non-violence, its implications, technique and potentialities. It gives a clear, comprehensive, concrete and detailed account of the growth of the doctrine of non-violence. The author has laboured at his work for long and Dr. Kailas Nath Katju has given a foreword to the book.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

*THE MESSAGE OF SAINT THAYUMANAVAR.* By K. Ramachandra, Editor, *Religious Digest.* Published by the Author at Jayanthipura, Talangama, Ceylon.

THE lyrics of Thayumanavar are the outpourings of a mystic-seer-poet and they embody his personal experiences and the revels of bliss due to self-realisation. He was a native of Trichinopoly and lived in the 18th century during the rule of the Nayaks of Madurai. This brochure is a revised and enlarged edition of the paper read by Sri K. Ramachandra, Editor, *Religious Digest* of Ceylon, at the International Congress of the History of Religions held at the Marburg University in West Germany in 1960. The author has selected a few of his 1452 poems and published them in an appendix for the benefit of foreign scholars.

—*S. R. Balasubrahmanyam*

*ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHY.* Published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. pp. 527. Price: Rs. 25.

THIS is a volume of essays on various philosophical subjects written by fifty-two scholars and presented to Dr. T.M.P. Mahadevan of the University of Madras while felicitating him on his fiftieth birthday. "Scholars of different nationalities, of different scientific, ethical and religious persuasions, working in vastly different technical fields of inquiry" have provided a kaleidoscope of multiple forms and fascinating hues of thought on a variety of subjects. Classical systems of

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Indian thought, contemporary Western schools and philosophies as they developed in Japan and other eastern countries are represented by quite an interesting array of exponents. Many of the essays are technical, intended for the professional philosopher. But there are a few which the layman can read with profit.

Apart from the personal aspect of the publication as a memento of the appreciation of Dr. Mahadevan's scholarship by his contemporaries in different lands, it provides much material for leisurely study and careful understanding.

—S.

## MALAYALAM

*SAUNDARYA LAHARI.* Translated and explained in Malayalam by Sri G. S. Srinivasa Iyer. Published by G. S. S. Iyer & Sons, Madras. 1962. Price: Rs. 6.50 nP.

*SAUNDARYA LAHARI* is a devotional lyric attributed to the great philosopher Sankaracharya. It contains 100 verses. There is a view that only the first 41 verses were composed by Sankaracharya. Editions with commentaries and translations in English are available and there has also been some Malayalam translations of the work. Yet this is a very welcome publication.

The author gives the verses in Malayalam characters and below are given in two columns the prose version of the text, word after word, given one below the other in the first column and the Malayalam meanings in the second column. Thus the second column read from top to bottom would be a good Malayalam translation. This is a very convenient arrangement.

The translation is correct and the language is simple and lucid. In spite of the profundity of the text, the translater has been able to present the text in a very simple way which can be understood even by the ordinary reader without any scholarship. Below the translation, some explana-


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tions are also given. This is also quite scholarly and at the same time lucid.

The text relates to the Shakti (Power) worship and there are various technicalities connected with the employment of the text in that form of worship. They are also given in the text. "At the end are given some other texts related to it, namely, *Mantramatrika-pushpamalastava, Tripurasundarichakrarajastava, Tripurasundaryaparadhakshamapana,* and *Devinavaratnamalikastotra.* As an appendix is given the *Bhavanopanishad.* There are also given the Yantras and other associated matters for the various verses and an index of half verses. Thus the edition and translation are complete.

There is a wealth of wisdom contained in Sanskrit and it is a very commendable undertaking of the author to render them into Malayalam. Such undertakings in all the languages will provide a common stock of ideas and a common vocabulary for the whole of India and this will help the intellectual and emotional integration of the people.

There is a foreword by Sri A. S. P. Ayyar, I. C. S. (retired) who translates the name of the text as the Intoxication of Beauty, which is unfortunate. Lahari is "wave" in Sanskrit and intoxication is a derivative meaning in Malayalam. This is a small matter.

It is hoped that the author will make available the other valuable, intellectual heritage from ancient India in Malayalam.

—*Dr. C. Kunhan Raja*

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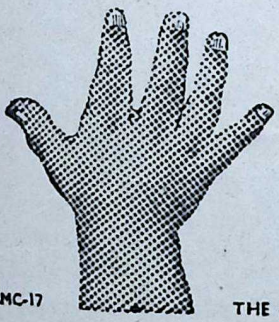

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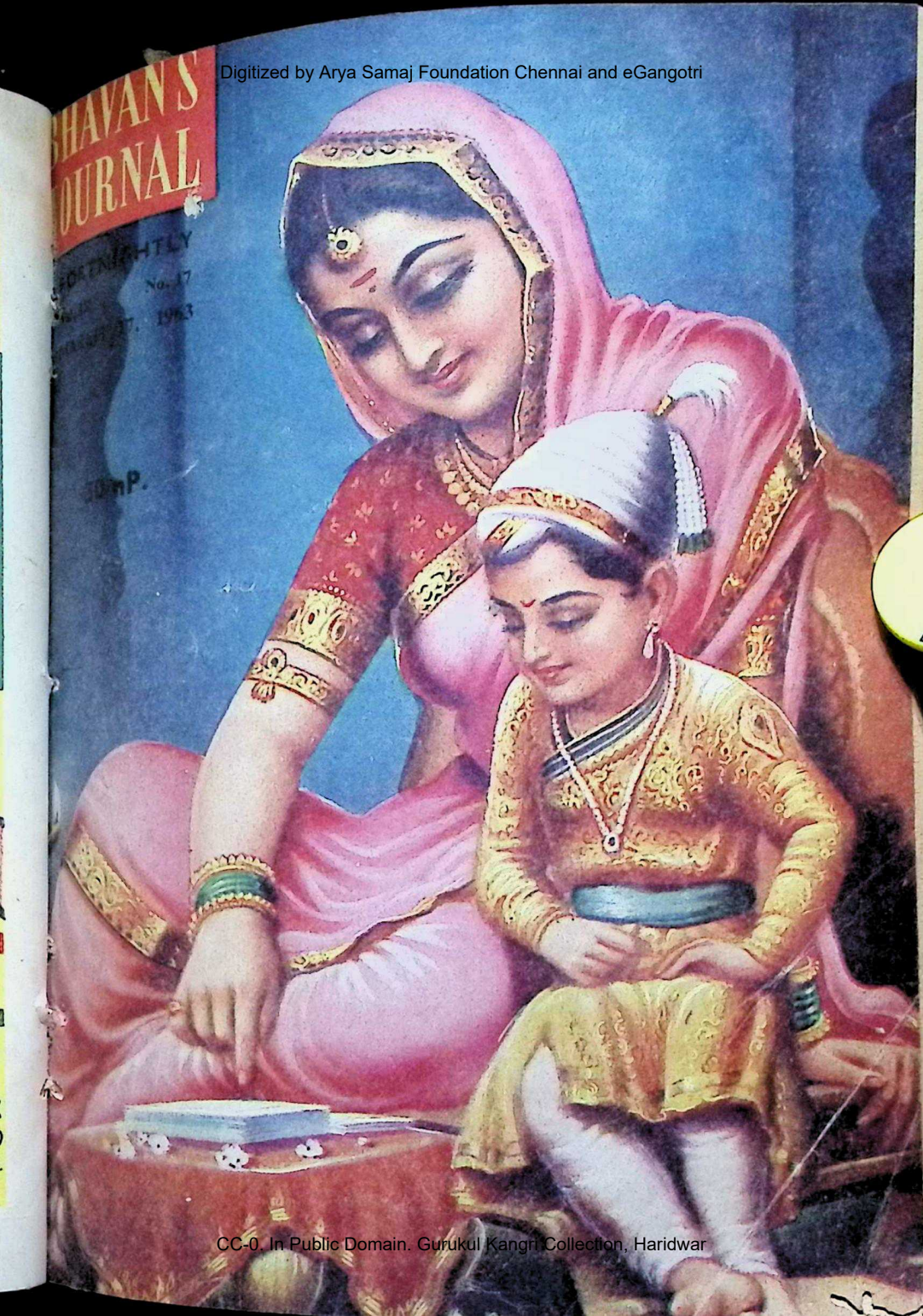


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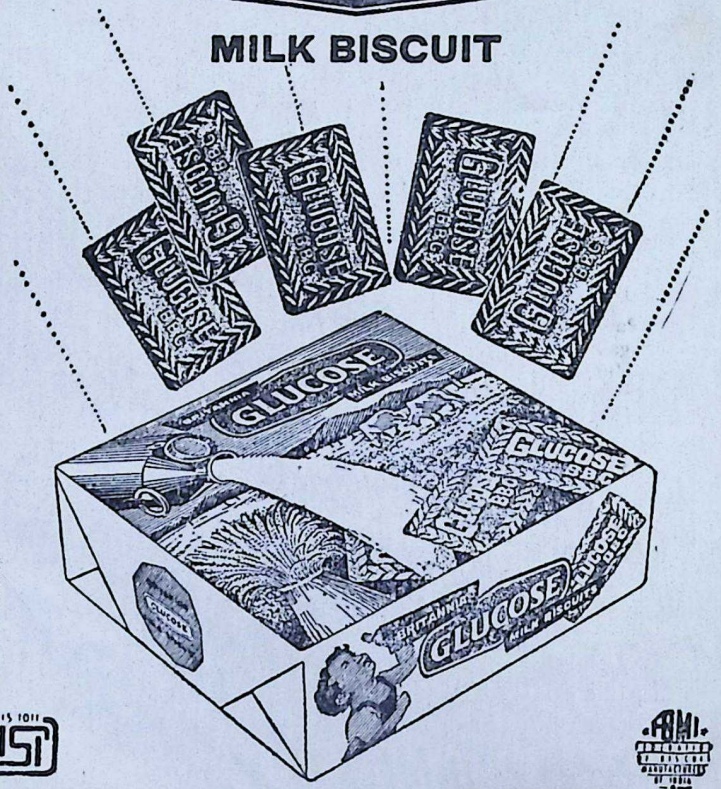
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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# WILL TO VICTORY

जयेम कारे पुरुहूत कारिणो
ऽभि तिष्ठेम दूढ्यः।
नृभिर् वृत्रं हन्याम शूशुयाम
चाऽवेर् इन्द्र प्रणो धियः॥

May we be victors, O much invoked
in the songs of poets,
and challenge the wicked;
May we with heroes smite the power of evil
and show forth our strength.
O God! further Thou our intellectual powers.

—*Rigveda*, VIII 21-12.

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 279

# ★ CIVIL LIBERTIES DURING AN EMERGENCY

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

MARCH 17, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

"CIVIL LIBERTIES" is a magic term which in a democracy evokes strong sentiments. Broadly speaking, it means the basic freedoms relating to the person of an individual on which the Rule of Law is founded.

In normal times, the doctrine underlying the term is invoked to arrest the authoritarian tendencies in a government. Even during an emergency, the doctrine is often invoked to see that the emergency powers are not misused or misdirected by the government to the prejudice of the citizen.

If the term is not to sink into a *cliche*, the doctrine has to be considered in the light of the conditions in which it is evoked.

For us in India, civil liberties in normal times mean the freedom to exercise the Fundamental Rights under the conditions prescribed in the Constitution. When we talk of them, we have therefore to take note of the balance struck by it between the exercise of Fundamental Rights and the circumstances under which they can be restricted.

The Constitution also provides for the suspension of Fundamental Rights during emergencies arising from internal disruption or external danger. Thus, it assumes that a situation in which emergency is declared may be so abnormal that individuals, during its existence, have to be denied the exercise of civil liberties.

This is as it should be. The very concept of freedom to exercise fundamental rights presupposes the existence of a state of things in which such exercise is conducive to and compatible with the normal life of a free people. Such a state implies stability, of which the elements include: First, the security of the country, secondly, the prevalence of law and order, so that normal legal processes are able to control anti-social or subversive activities.

From this it follows that where a situation does not permit of a normal [illegible] of freedom

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cannot be left unrestricted. In such circumstances, the primary business of a government is to meet the danger which threatens internal stability or external security.

Any comprehensive definition applicable to all situations when civil liberties can be legitimately restricted or suspended, is beyond human ingenuity. Whether any given situation permits or does not permit of normal course of life, can only be decided in the light of prevailing circumstances by the government of the day.

The restrictions on civil liberties permissible under our Constitution are enough to maintain stability during normal times. But when abnormal times prevail and when the course of life is threatened and, ordinary legal processes lose their efficacy, civil liberties have necessarily to yield place to measures directed to meet such a threat.

At such a time, however sacrosanct civil liberties are for normal times, the paramount obligation on the part of the government as well as the saner elements of the public is to preserve or restore normal conditions under which alone they can be enjoyed.

If the threat, unfortunately, becomes real, stability will be undermined and in certain cases freedom extinguished. The chance of civil liberties being ever restored would then disappear.

During World War II, in U.K., even the British Parliament, which gave birth to the concept of civil liberties, vested sweeping powers with the government of the day, to enable it to deal with the life and death struggle which the country was facing. The Chamberlain and Churchill governments wielded the powers wisely and with discretion. The public cheerfully surrendered their personal freedom to protect the larger national freedom.

There may be difference of opinion whether there is an emergency or not. But once an emergency is declared to exist—and the declaration is not a dishonest one, inspired by ulterior motives—it necessarily implies that there is a threat to normal life and extraordinary measures are required to successfully meet the challenge. An obligation is immediately imposed on the government to meet it in the best way possible. Insistence on civil liberties being maintained in their normal amplitude is out of question.

Take the restriction on freedom of expression, which is a paramount fundamental right. It is the very basis of democracy. It is so stated in the Preamble to our Constitution. In normal times, freedom of expression can only be restricted under the specific conditions prescribed under the Constitution itself.

However, when there is an emergency, that is, when there is a threat to the stability of normal life, due to internal or external danger, the prescribed restrictions are not adequate. Declaration of emergency itself means that the normal working of the Constitution requires to be restricted or suspended to meet the exigencies created by the emergency.

Let me take an extreme case. We have an emergency arising out of the Chinese aggression which threatens our national existence. Would it be

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permissible for any one in India to carry on propaganda that the Chinese are coming as saviours of India, or that the Indian soldiers are cowards, or that the members of the Government are Chinese agents? The answer can only be "no". Such propaganda would increase the threat a hundredfold by weakening the national will to resist.

In practice, hostile propaganda is not carried on in such blatant terms. It takes a hundred subtle forms. It exploits the inexhaustible resources of the language to weaken the national will to resist by insinuations, sarcasm, indirect attacks; all such propaganda could conceivably be argued in a court of law as not endangering security or law and order under the provisions of the Constitution. Should such attempts to weaken the will to resist be permitted?

In an emergency arising from foreign aggression, the external danger has to be resisted, as also internal morale maintained. How can such a morale be maintained if each act of hostile propaganda has to be scanned and argued about in normal judicial trials through publicized proceedings in court after court? By the time the culprit's sentence is finally confirmed by the Supreme Court, the hostile propaganda, intensified by the publicity which a case of this kind receives, would have served its purpose. It would have sufficiently undermined the morale of the people and helped the enemy to carry out the threat.

An emergency would be robbed of its point if prompt action is not taken to meet it, for Constitutionally preventing any action calculated to weaken resistance to the threat. To think of meeting an emergency by non-emergent action is a contradiction in terms.

●●●

I may further illustrate my point by pointing out the difference between emergent and non-emergent action taken under the detention laws passed under Article 22 of our Constitution.

When that Article, empowering the Parliament by law to authorise detention without trial, was before the Constituent Assembly, there was an uproar against it in the name of civil liberties. During the last twelve years also, we have again and again heard the plea that detention laws infringe civil liberties.

I have systematically opposed this view. I yield to none in my love for civil liberties. Not a few of the fundamental rights owe their existence to my uncompromising advocacy of them. And yet, I have defended the detention laws. I consider them as restrictions on personal liberty essential to maintain stability of the State under modern conditions. As one who had to deal with law and order, I found them indispensable. So have Sardar, Rajaji, Pantji—three great Home Ministers of Free India,—who yielded to none in their love of individual liberty.

The resistance to the detention law arises from a carry-over of the mid-Victorian concept that society could be protected from serious threats through normal processes of ordinary judicial trials.

The history of the last hundred years on the other hand proves that

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conditions that prevail at present, these normal processes are no longer adequate to maintain well-ordered existence in a society. Conspiratorial techniques have been devised which can successfully circumvent these processes and have been perfected by crooks, conspirators and revolutionaries, to carry on anti-social activities or subvert stable Governments pledged to democratic forms.

Normal processes of law are based on the hypothesis that all anti-social or subversive activities could be established in a court of law under well-accepted canons of evidence. But the new techniques are devised successfully to bypass these processes. Proof in a court requires incorruptible or fearless witnesses ready to step into the witness-box to depose what they know.

The old concept, however, did not take account of the fact that criminals would be resourceful enough to see that all traces of conspiratorial activities are eliminated; that witnesses could be frightened into forswearing their knowledge; that legal proof could be avoided even where the criminal or subversive activity endangering stability is known to exist.

Arch-conspirators in fact do remain at a safe distance and engineer and trigger highly explosive situations. Anti-social elements working to overthrow governments or to disrupt social order masquerade as champions of freedom or friends of the people.

Such dangerous activities cannot be successfully dealt with through the ordinary processes.

The sparks must be extinguished before the hay-stack catches fire.

**Late DR. RAJENDRA PRASAD**

**"Dr. Prasad was the noblest and gentlest of all the architects of free India. He was a guide, philosopher and friend of many leading men and movements.**

**"Both the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad and the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, with which he was closely associated, have lost in him their source of strength and inspiration."**

*—K. M. Munshi*

If society has to be maintained in a well-ordered manner, if normal course of life is to flow unimpeded, subversion—potential or actual—must be met for the time being by removing from circulation those persons who engineer it.

However, even our detention laws as enforced in normal times have not obviated safeguards altogether. They envisage a quasi-judicial process of scrutiny. The courts, under *Habeas Corpus* proceedings, often scrutinise the legality of an order. Many a detention order has been subjected to legal scrutiny as exhaustive as in any criminal appeal.

●●●

I owe an apology for digressing into this aspect of detention laws which form part of the ordinary statute law of the country. But our detention laws, as they are, are not adequate to meet a situation in an emergency.

In times of emergency like the one which we are passing through, it is essential that a person suspected of espionage, sabotage or of aiding the enemy should be removed from the

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field of his activity. Their numbers today in India are not small. We are pathologically an unsecretive people, and if in every case an elaborate process has to be put in operation to justify the detention of a suspected traitor, his mission would have succeeded long before the proceedings end in the Supreme Court.

In an emergency, which, I repeat, implies emergent action, the government of the day should be *prima facie* trusted to act *bona fides* in the discharge of its responsibilities.

It is true that the governments may tend to take action on insufficient grounds or with motives not directly connected with meeting the threat. But they are entitled to be trusted to deal with the threat in the best way they can and in the light they possess.

What then is the scope of the civil liberties during an emergency? Under those conditions, it necessarily becomes restricted within the limits which are not capable of precise definition.

Broadly speaking, civil liberties in an emergency would mean the exercise of freedom in all matters which fall outside the restricted sphere of necessary emergent action directed to meet the threat. If governmental action goes beyond this sphere, civil liberties could be said to be violated.

What falls within or without the sphere of necessary emergent action cannot, in the nature of things, be determined by courts of law. The role of the courts of law, under those conditions, has to be played by ever-vigilant criticism in the Parliament, by public men and by the Press.

If civil liberties have to be maintained during an emergency, this freedom of criticism has to be fully exercised in the manner suggested and must not be sneered at; indeed it must be encouraged by the Government.

The criticism may conceivably take the form of insidious hostile propaganda; that has naturally to be prevented. But criticism directed to the laxity or inadequacy of the government or those who govern in meeting the threat can never be hostile and should not be deemed as such. If attempts are made to stifle such criticism, civil liberties are in danger.

Governments are apt not to encourage such criticism; they would prefer to scorn it as inspired by ulterior or party motives. But if attempts are made to smother such criticism which seeks to scrutinise, promote or energise emergent action, they will be suspect.

In an emergency, continuous pressure of public opinion is necessary to be brought on a Government to see that all its actions are solely directed to meet the threat. To thwart or ignore such pressure is to betray the trust.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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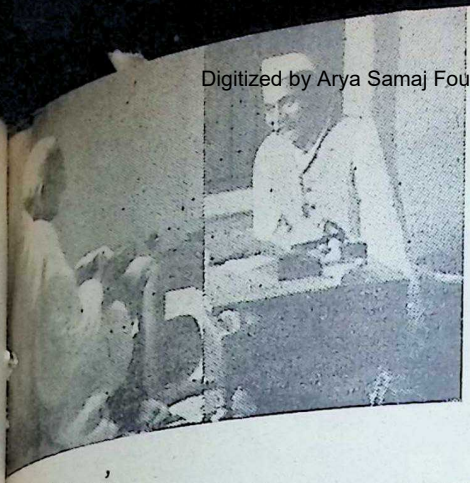

'Ram Bhajo . . .'

'He Ram . . .'

# A DHARMATMA PASSES AWAY

*The passing away of Dr. Rajendra Prasad removes from the Indian scene a unique personality. He had in him a distinctive gentleness of mien and manner. He was endowed with an uncommon talent for imparting rectitude to whatever he did. In many ways he was, by nature, temperament and inclination, closer to Mahatma Gandhi than any of his other colleagues and fellow-workers. He typified in his personality the Gandhian virtues of simplicity, selflessness and service.*

*Without the strategems and claptraps of the popularity-hunter, even without the gift of mellifluous oratory, Rajendra Babu enthroned himself in the hearts of his countrymen by his sincerity of conviction and honesty of purpose, his deep devotion to the nation's good, his utter selflessness in whatever he did, his genuine humility, religious piety and absolute integrity of character. He answered in full measure the definition of a "Mahatma"—मनस्यैकम् वचस्यैकम् कर्मण्यैकम् महात्मनः; there was complete accord between his thought, word and deed. In fine, he was "God's good man;"—nobility and humility personified; he symbolised the Soul of India.*

*Rajendra Babu was anchored in God. His heart beat in unison with the common man because his soul was always linked with the Divine. His proclaimed prophets were the seers and sages of India; his faith in Vedic culture was profound. He had the strength of will, in scorn of cavil or criticism to observe the practices of the Indian code of life. Simple in his ways and austere in his habits, he was cast in the mould of a "Rajarishi."*

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*A true representative of Indian culture and profound scholar, Dr. Prasad had an identity of interest with the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and was genuinely happy in being of assistance to further the Bhavan's mission, namely, the re-integration of Indian culture to suit modern conditions. In his death, the nation has lost one of the most outstanding figures among the makers of modern India and the Bhavan a great and good friend, guide and philosopher.*

*A Founder and Honorary Member of the Bhavan, Dr. Prasad had evinced a paternal solicitude in the progress of the Bhavan during the last 25 years of its existence and had closely associated himself with its manifold activities. He was also intimately connected with the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad sponsored by the Bhavan, and was its Founder-President. He had also taken the onerous responsibility of the Presidentship of the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of the Bhavan in December last.*

*The good that men do is not interred with their bones. The fragrance of a noble life is wafted through the years and endures beyond the short span of physical existence. The memory of this god-man, who like Gandhi, his Master, drew his last breath with Rama Nama on his lips, will survive for long as one who held his head high above the clouds of prejudice and the thunder of polemics, and invested every office he held with a halo that sprang from his characteristic serenity, saintliness, sagacity and sacrifice.*

*As one of his biographers has written: "Rajendra Babu possesses genius without pride, power with charm and a style of thought bereft of mental pose. In the blue void of our politics, he remains the single star of truth and felicity." He was an Ajatasatru, a Dharmatma in the real sense of the term.*

*To the last Rajendra Babu remained a man of truth and God, ever responsive to the peoples' joys and sorrows.*

*In the words of Valmiki*

व्यसनेषु मनुष्याणां भृशं वति दुःखितः।
उत्सवेषु च सर्वेषां पितेव परितुष्यति ॥

*His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Bharat might stand up and say to all the world 'This was Rajendra'!*

*May his Soul rest in peace.*

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*The Veda advises to entertain the claim made by the invading enemy on grounds of friendship, kinship or neighbourliness. Its codes make it obligatory to defend the country against all inroads . . .*

# The Ideal Kshatriya

Abinash Chandra Bose

THE word 'Kshatriya' comes from the *Rigveda*. It is derived from *kshatra*, protective power, and means one who wields this power. Sometimes 'kshatra' is used in the same sense as 'Kshatriya'.

*Kshatra* protects *Rita* or *Dharma*. It is the power that makes *Rita* prevail in the government and defence of a state. The *Rigveda* speaks of the Devas, Mitra and Varuna, as Kshatriyas presiding over the working of *Rita* in the universe and setting the example for the human ruler of a state. The Veda calls them 'great Kshatriyas' (*mahi kshatrau*) who are the lofty *Rita* itself (*ritam brihat*).[1]

The following is another description of Mitra and Varuna:

"Upholders of *Rita*, these two who are highly skilful have established themselves for universal rule. Being Kshatriyas, dedicated to their holy task, they have adopted their protective rôle (*kshatra*)."[2]

1. *R.* V-68.1.
2. *R.* VIII-25.8.

For the two tasks of the *kshatriya* —government of a state according to *Rita*, and its defence by fighting the aggressor—the Veda finds the divine prototypes in Varuna and Indra respectively: "One of the two (Indra) destroys the Vritras (Powers of lawlessness) in fight, the other (Varuna) perpetually maintains his holy laws".[3] People resisting the aggressor are told: "Friends, follow Indra and quit you like heroes (*virayaddhvam*)."[4]

The Veda takes the question of defence very seriously. The enemy has not only to be fought and defeated from time to time but must be permanently kept away. The *Atharva Veda* prays:

"May Indra, the Vritra-slayer, drive away the enemy, who assails us, to the remotest distance from where nevermore shall he return in all the years that are to come."[5]

3. *R.* VII. 83.9.
4. *R.* X. 103.6; *S; Y. Vs; A.*
5. *A.* VI-75.2.

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The Veda finds that it is possible to stop all warfare by getting the people of different states to establish goodwill and love through mutual understanding—*Samjnana* is the Vedic word for this union of minds and hearts. The Veda counsels the application of *Samjnana* to all human relationships—between members of a family, of a society and of different states ("Let there be *Samjnana* among your own people, and *Samjnana* with foreigners"). This *Samjnana*, the Veda says, binds the Devas together in perfect harmony, and 'the divine spirit in man'[6] desires it. By establishing *Samjnana* with the foreigner, says the Veda, wars should be brought to an end so that Indra's arrows are no longer found flying.[6]

Vedic exhortations to heroism refer to situations in which an enemy has made an onslaught on the state, threatening destruction and using treacherous wiles. There could be no question of practising *Samjnana* with him. The Vedic sages knew that *Samjnana* implied a mental transformation for one who had risen above the impulses of human nature in the raw, and without such transformation any pretension to a union of hearts would be suicidal. So they demanded valiant resistance to the invading enemy as in the following exhortation to a king:

"Subduing our enemies, subduing all malignities, withstand the man who menaces, withstand the man who makes war on us."[7]

Indra, the Model for the human fighter against a lawless enemy, is a perfect Kshatriya not only in the art of fighting but also by his temper. "He does not bend before the strong, nor before the firm, nor before the arrogant challenger, instigated by the marauder; for him lofty mountains are as plains and in the deeps there is a ford."[8]

The reaction of men attached to *Rita* against a wanton attack is the noble wrath, called *Manyu* in the Veda. *Manyu*, personified as a Deva, is invoked by the Veda to lead the people to a battle against the invader: "Flashing like fire, conquering *Manyu*, be Thou invoked as our army's leader! Slay our enemies, sever their acquisitions; and, showing forth Thy valour scatter those who assail us."[9]

Manyu is identified with Indra, 'the holiest of the holy, the most valiant, the slayer of Vritra (the Power of lawlessness)'. He becomes 'the Banner of the heroes',[10] under whom the people unite to offer solid opposition. In resisting aggression the Veda refuses to entertain the claim on grounds of kinship or neighbourhood made by the invading enemy. This principle is set forth in prayers, e.g.—

"May all the Devas discomfit the enemy who wants to slay us, no matter who he is—whether a stranger or one having kinship with us."[11]

It is a stern moral stand, unaffected by racial or regional considerations. It is their ethical approach to war that made the Vedic people think of fighting as a defensive operation. They have not preached offensive or

6. *A.* VI-52.
7. *R.* X-174.2; *A.*
8. *R.* VI. 24.8.
9. *R.* X. 84.2.

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expansionist war. Even for defence they established a strict moral code which has generally persisted to this day. It is this code that made the Indian warrior, defending his country or cause, feel that he was performing a sacred duty (*dharma*).

Manyu for him was not brutal vindictiveness, but noble wrath demanding supreme courage and sacrifice to vindicate his *Dharma*. "Make the mind good while fighting the enemy"[10] is a Vedic prayer. The Vedic fighter, clad in his coat of mail, says: "Prayer is the coat-of-mail within me."[11]

In the *Samaveda* there is an addition to this *Rigvedic* prayer: "Divine protection (*sarman*) is the coat-of-mail within me."[12] When it is desired that "the Devas may rejoice in the victory won by the fighters",[13] there is the implication that it should be in accordance with *Dharma*. The spot on which the battle in defence of *Dharma* or Justice was fought has been called 'holy soil', *Dharma-kshetra*, in India.

The Kshatriya ruler at his coronation had to take the pledge of ruling by *Dharma*. In theory it was *Dharma* that ruled a state, and not the will of a king. This is one of the reasons why the Kshatriya, though in charge of the government and defence of a state, did not become its absolute ruler.

Brahman, the pursuit of knowledge, both material and spiritual, co-existed with Kshatra, making its own contribution to national culture and religion, and set itself up for the intellectual and spiritual leadership of the people. Brahmanas, after performing the coronation rites of a Vedic king, say: "We will remain wakeful in the state, being at the forefront."[14] The Veda seeks *brahman-kshatra* union: "I would know that holy land where *brahman* and *kshatra* move together in harmony."[15]

The Brahmana co-operated with the Kshatriya not only by making wisdom support valour, not only fighting side by side with the Kshatriya, and by teaching the science of warfare, but in the supreme way by forging power for the Kshatriya by his self-sacrifice. "Indra, the irresistible", says the Veda, "slew nine and ninety Vritras with the bones (from which his thunderbolt was made) of Dadhichi (the sage)".[16]

The Veda takes a comprehensive view of life and demands attention to every aspect of it—the intellectual and the spiritual, the political and the military, the economic and the hygienic. The following prayer is very expressive:

> "Vitalise brahman and invigorate the powers of mind;
> vitalise kshatra and rouse up heroes;
> vitalise the milch cow (representing the sources of nourishing food) and strengthen the masses of people;
> drive out marauders and remove disease."[17]

Kshatriyahood developed and flourished with this social background. It was part of its political function to organise the smooth working of all these activities and establish the unity

10. *R.* VIII. 19.20; *S*; Y. Vs. 11/13. *R.* VI. 75.19; *S.* 12. *S.* 1872.

14. *Y.* Vs. 9.23.
15. *Y.* Vs. 20.25.
16. *R.* I-84.13; *S; A.*
17. *R.* VIII-35.16-18; *Y.* Vs.

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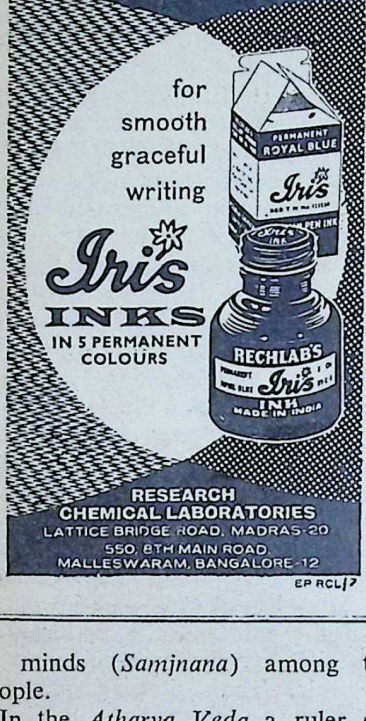


of minds (*Samjnana*) among the people.

In the *Atharva Veda* a ruler exhorts the people: "Close-gathered be your bodies! May your minds and vocations be in unison.... Let there be union of your minds and union of your hearts"; and he prays: "Lord, cause Thou these people to be one-minded."[18] For, the Veda believes that it is in the people that the strength of a ruler lies,[19] and that a united people alone can generate that strength.

This, then, is the ideal of the Kshatriya that has come down from the ancient times. It is true that an ideal often remains a mere ideal, without vital contact with reality. But whatever its deficiencies, the Kshatriya ideal has in every age of Indian history infused in the people the spirit of indomitable courage in facing armed aggression and meeting force with force. This spirit has been specially cultivated among sections of the Indian people who have by tradition accepted the vocation of the Kshatriya.

Attempts were made in different periods of our history to do away with the vocation of the Kshatriya and have in its place the renunciation of secular interests and self-sacrifice, characterising the Brahmana ascetic. Renunciation of secular interests worked wonders in the case of some deeply spiritual natures, but as a popular movement it weakened national defence and led to tragic consequences. Certain great protagonists of the creed of non-violence agreed that the armed valour of the Kshatriya was indispensable in defending national liberty, integrity and honour against aggression. So, till the world has been united through *Samjnana* and no nation invades another, the Kshatriya will be called upon to play his great role in national (and, as we have found recently, in international) life. But even when Indra's thunderbolt is no longer needed, the Kshatriya will dedicate himself to his other function for which his guide will be Varuna, and strive to make *Rita* or *Dharma* rule the dealings of men,—make justice overpower injustice and good prevail against evil.

18. *A.* VI-74.3.
19. *Y.* Vs. 10.28.

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# 10

# COMMANDMENTS OF BHAGAVAN SRI KRISHNA

Swami Vimalananda

IN the *Gita* there are some passages which are directly addressed to the Jiva in the second person singular number of the imperative mood, as Vidhi.

Ten of these collected passages may be considered as the ten commandments of Sri Krishna.

The last passage, though not in the imperative mood, forms a fitting conclusion and the first one, though in the words of Arjuna, is necessary as a fit opening of this decalogue. For, all commandments become effective only when the listener has a teachable attitude.

शिष्यस्तेऽहं शाधि मां त्वां प्रपन्नम्

"O Krishna I am at thy command. I have surrendered myself at thy feet. Teach me and mould me."

ज्ञात्वा शास्त्रविधानोक्तं कर्म कर्तुमिहार्हसि।

"In this life you should work after acquiring a proper knowledge of the commands and rules of the Scriptures".

We are told here that we should try to seek guidance directly from God through our purified minds and till we attain to that state we should seek it from the scriptures which represent God's perpetual revelation.

न त्वं शोचितुमर्हसि - मा शुचः

"On no account you should grieve over anything whatsoever. No, you must not lament."

This is the second commandment of Bhagavan enjoining on us to be cheerful and to be equal to all situations. How are we to acquire that strength? The answer is in the third Commandment.

पाप्मानं प्रजहिहि

"Strive always to remove sin and evil."

But we have no strength for it. What shall we do? The next commandment shows a way.

क्षुद्रं हृदयदौर्बल्यं त्यक्त्वोत्तिष्ठ

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"Shake off this mean spirit and arise." The Lord is all-powerful. He is *Satya Sankalpa*. He has commanded us to shed all weakness and to exert manfully. Do we listen to His words? If we do, then certainly we shall have the strength to overcome sin and evil. Still we may say we have no method to shake off this *Hrudaya Dowrbalya*. Answer to this is in the fifth commandment.

योगाय युज्यस्व–मामिच्छाप्तुं

"Resolve yourself to practise yoga. Yearn to get me."

The Lord has commanded us to arise, and we shall arise. But we have to practise the method of union; and the root of this practice is to hunger and thirst after Him as He Himself has taught it. But usually we have not even the desire to seek Him. What shall we do?

अनित्यमसुखं लोकमिमं प्राप्य भजस्व माम्

"This life and world of yours is not eternal and is joyless. So the way open to you here is to resort to Me."

The desire to realize God can come only when we are convinced that our life and its environments are impermanent and infested with misery. When we start to cultivate Bhajan we will be becoming more and more aware of these defects of mundane existence. Then, of course, we should know what real Bhajan is. The seventh commandment instructs about real devotion.

बीजं मां सर्वभूतानां विद्धि–मे रूपमिदं प्रपश्य-सर्वाणि भूतानि मत्स्थानीत्युपधारय

"You must understand that all beings have their cause and seed in Me. You must endeavour to see all this as My form. You must fix your mind for all in Me."

that all creatures have their residence in Me."

Here the Lord has commanded us to despise nothing, as the Lord is the seed of everything. We are ordered to see in our relatives, neighbours and all living beings and in the whole of nature the underlying beauty of God, and to adopt an attitude of love and service in and through God. Here we may misunderstand Bhajan merely as loving contemplation. So we have the eighth commandment which states that Love is not idle.

नियतं कुरु कर्मत्वं–कार्यं कर्म समाचर
मुक्तसङ्गः समाचर-कुरुष्व मदर्पणं-निमित्तमात्रं भव

"You must do the allotted work always. You must correctly, thoroughly and joyfully do the appointed duty. Do it without narrow selfish attachments. Do it as My work dedicating it to Me. Consider yourself a mere occasion of your work."

These commands will apply to anyone in any position and one may find it hard for practice. But a clue for its easy accomplishment is given in the next commandment.

बुद्धियोगमुपाश्रित्य मच्चित्तः सततं भव–मय्येव मन आधत्स्व, मयि बुद्धिं निवेशय

"Take for your suppport *Buddhi Yoga* and always give your mind to Me. Bring back and place the running thoughts in Me and push your thinking faculty into My focus."

This may be taken almost as the final commandment. *Yoga, Nityanitya viveka, Samadarshana and karmayoga can bear fruit only when we constantly endeavour to remain with God.* Hence we get this stress on placing Buddhi and mind always in God, with repeated endeavour whenever it strays

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away. After scanning these commandments it is natural that the Jiva still feels diffident. The Lord who is in the innermost heart of all detects this and gives the greatest and the last commandment.

प्रतिजाने प्रियोऽसि मे

"I promise, You are dear to Me."

We have no loss greater than losing faith in this commandment. Let us feel at every moment that we are dear and precious to the Lord however unclean we may be. When this faith is strong, when we have the sincere conviction that the Lord in His infinite mercy and affection is ever watching us, seeking only for a moment when we wholeheartedly turn toward Him, with the earnest longing that He should receive us and hug us to His bosom, then—at that very moment—we are on the path to liberation and blessedness.

May these commandments make an appeal directly to us and render us strong, illumined and peaceful.

[Courtesy: *Vedanta Kesari*]

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*Whoever gives a small coin to a poor man has six blessings bestowed on him; but he who speaks a kind word to him obtains eleven blessings.*—Talmud

**RAMA-NAVAMI NUMBER**

**The next issue of *Bhavan's Journal* will be a Special *Rama-Navami Number* carrying special articles.—Ed.**

**"RAM BHAJO" were the two last words which Rajendra Babu, the incomparable savant and patriot of India, uttered. It is his testament to the nation. What great and heroic things could be done by contemplating on "Ram Nama!" and acting as Sri Rama did! Did not Gandhiji liberate India with that Taraka Mantra, "Rama Nama"? Fancy an obscure village boy from Bihar becoming the first President of India. With God's name, miracles can and do happen. May the holy name of "Rama" inspire this great nation to deeds of valour!**

**1900. Sixty-three years ago, Rajendra Prasad was in his teens. He had won laurels in the entrance examination of Calcutta University. He was staying with relatives in Calcutta. One day a wise man came unawares on a visit to the family. On seeing the bright-looking boy, the Pandit remarked "Oh, you are going to become the 'Rajendra' (King or President) of India. May God bless you."**

**Those who heard the prophecy and the seer who uttered those words have all passed away. But the wonderful prediction came true fifty years later. In the memorable year of 1950, the nation placed the crown on Rajendra Prasad's head.**

**Rajendra Babu was unanimously elected President of the Indian Republic. For twelve years he ruled over the country and over the hearts of her people. Millions saw a continuation of the Mahatma in his foremost disciple. In the midst of pomp and splendour Rajen Babu lived a life of austerity, purity and simplicity. He was dressed in home-spun garments; looked like a Kisan, though he sat on a royal throne. Rajen Babu loved a nameless life and walked in fear of God. Till his last breath, Mahatma Gandhi was his beacon-light. The Mahatma gave up his life with "He Ram" on his lips.**

*—V. A. Sundaram*

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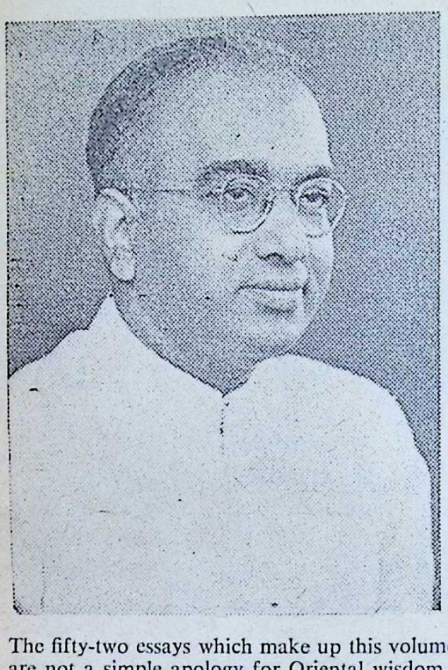

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*Presented to*

DR. T. M. P. MAHADEVAN

*Head of the Dept. of Philosophy, University of Madras*

ON

HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

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# The LAMP that showed the Lord

D. Ramaswamy Ayyangar

IT was night time.

The entire sky was overcast with dark clouds, the intense blackness being torn asunder by frequent streaks of lightning accompanied by loud thunder.

It was raining terribly.

Man and beast sought shelter from the beating rain and blinding lightning.

A stranger to the place walking along the streets of Tirukkovalur,—where the scene is laid—tried to bear up with fortitude, but when he could do so no more, sought shelter in a way-side house in that place.

He knocked at the front door. The owner of the house opened it and the stranger made a request to him for shelter.

The owner of the house said: "By all means. Please come in. There is room in this *dehali* (front room) for one person to comfortably lie down."

So saying he admitted him into the *dehali* and himself went inside.

The stranger bolted the front door and was preparing to lie down when he heard a knock on the front door.

Stranger No. 2 in similar plight prayed for shelter.

This time shelter was given to him by the first stranger who admitted him with the remark, "There is room enough for one person to lie down and for two to sit comfortably".

As they were sitting in the darkness of that *dehali* and enquiring about each other, there was another knock at the front door, the third knocked for that night.

Stranger No. 3 sought admission which was readily accorded by the two inside with the remark, "There is certainly room enough for three to stand".

The front door was once again bolted from inside. There were no further knocks on that door thereafter.

But there were knocks on the souls of the three strangers and that happened in a very peculiar and mystifying way.

The first of them hailed from Kancheepuram, the second from Mahabalipuram and the third from Mylapore.

They had no relations or friends, and the life of each one of them was unmarked by any incident or episode. Even the parentage was unknown.

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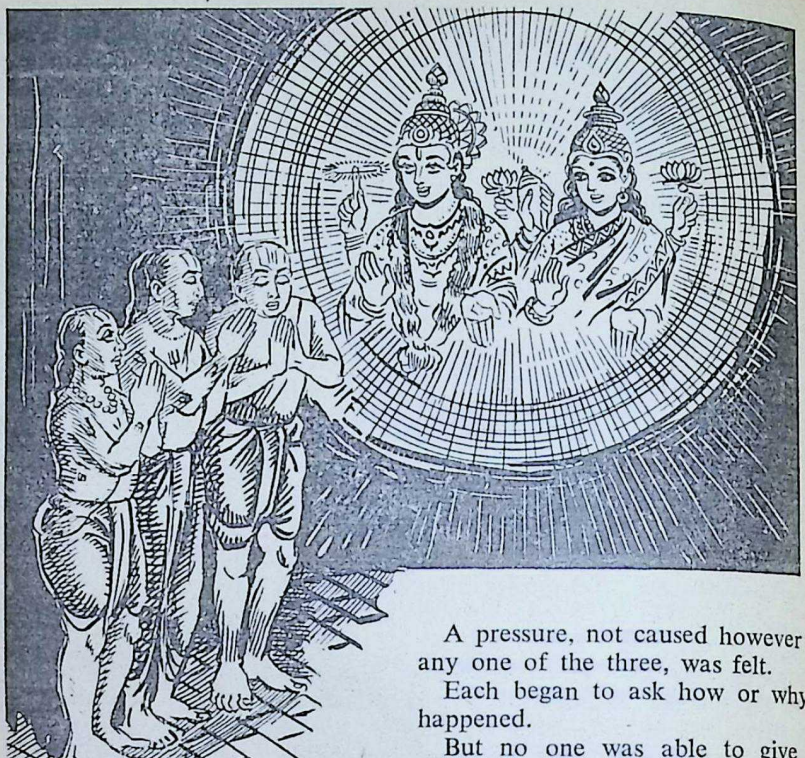

They were all imbued with religious fervour and were moving from place to place worshipping the gods and the deities in the several sacred places for which India has ever been famous.

While they were recounting to one another the religious experiences gathered by each of them, they got a feeling that the *dehali* was getting more and more cramped and that the place became more narrow than they thought or found it before. They were able

A pressure, not caused however by any one of the three, was felt.

Each began to ask how or why it happened.

But no one was able to give an answer.

The feeling of pressure increased.

In the darkness it was not possible to find an explanation for the feeling that was creeping over them.

It occurred to the first of them that unless the darkness was dispelled by light, the cause for the cramped feeling would remain undetected.

He lit a lamp by his poetic and *yogic* power, constituting the entire world of matter as a lamp, the seven seas as the ghee, and the bright sun as the flame or *jyotis*.

There was light.

But in that light they were able to find another. They were able

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to see the *dehali* in which they were all standing, but they were able to see no more.

The feeling of pressure continued, but the cause of it was yet invisible. Thereupon the second of them the *yogi* from Mahabalipuram, thought that probably the object or Being exerting the pressure was one that could not be seen with the external eyes, for in spite of the fact that the external darkness had been dispelled, they were no wiser. A case had therefore been made out, he felt, for lighting a lamp which would dispel the inner darkness, the darkness of *agnana* or ignorance that had enveloped the soul, and he lit the second lamp.

This time *Anbu* (love) was the receptacle (lamp), yearning was the ghee, the mind pining away in bliss was the wick.

As soon as this "Lamp of Gnanachchudar" (effulgence of *gnana*) was lit, the darkness of the soul was also dispelled, and before the eyes (the external and internal eyes) of the three, stood revealed the Person who was the cause of the pressure!

It was the sage from Mylapore that first sang about what now stood revealed before their wondering eyes. This is how he sang: "I have seen *Tiru* (Lakshmi). I have seen a golden-hued beautiful figure (body). I have seen the lovely effulgence of Bala Surya (the rising sun): I have seen the bright Chakrayudha and the Shankha in the hands. All these I see today in my ocean-hued Lord."

The three seers* who saw as above thereupon began to elaborate the glory of the Person they had seen.

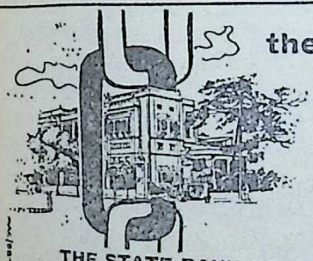
The Brahman of the Upanishads, had revealed itself unto them; and by their Tamil verses they re-stated the truths of the Upanishads in the language of the land,—Tamil. The "*Divya Prabandham*" was born.

[From the author's *Peeps into Mysticism*, published by Visishthadvaita Pracharini Sabha, Madras-17. Price: Rs. 2/-.]

*Poigai Alwar, Bhoodattalwar and Peyalwar.

*How can we tell when a sin we have committed has been pardoned?*
*By the fact that we no longer commit that sin.*

—Rabbi Bunam.



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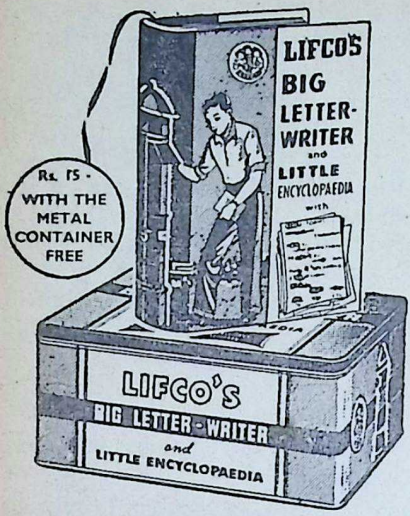


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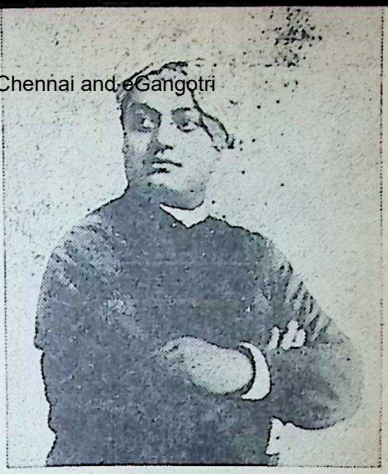

[The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Delhi Kendra celebrated Vivekananda Centenary on February 1, 1963. The following is the text of the speech delivered on the occasion by Sri Jaisukhlal Hathi, Union Minister and Vice-President of the Bhavan's Delhi Kendra.]

# Message of Swami Vivekananda

**Jaisukhlal Hathi**

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA to whom we are paying tribute today is one of the greatest and most illustrious sons of India, of whom any country would be proud. He was a spiritual athlete and a great awakener. His luminous life and marvellous teachings continue to radiate spiritual light.

Swami Vivekananda believed in a man-making religion. He was the servant of the forsaken and forlorn, the bereaved and broken ones. He saw God in every human being and his greatest worship was the worship of humanity.

He believed that God resides in every human being and the best worship is the worship of and service to mankind. He asked the question, "Where go ye to seek God? Are not poor people themselves God? Why go to dig a well on the shore of the Ganges? Have you love, are you unselfish, then you are irresistible. Let me help to serve my countrymen, that is all I seek. Throw overboard your ceremonials and worship the living God, the man-God, every being who wears a human form. Go ye where there is an outbreak of plague or famine or where the people are in distress and mitigate their sufferings. I bequeath to you, young men, this service of the poor, ignorant and the oppressed."

As he said, "Love is, therefore, the only law of life; he who loves, lives; he who is selfish is dying. Therefore, love for love's sake, because it is the only law of love." According to him, the power of love is infinitely of greater potency than the power of hatred. He preached forbearance and forgiveness. "If anybody comes to you to speak ill of his brothers, refuse to listen to him *in toto*. It is a great sin to listen even. In that lies the germ of future troubles. Moreover, bear with every one's shortcomings. Forgive offences by the

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millions. If I do not find bliss in the life of the spirit, shall I seek satisfaction in the life of the senses? If I cannot get nectar, shall I fall back upon ditch-water?"

His preachings contain an appeal to the young men and women of India to love and respect their country. He said, "Be proud that thou art an Indian and proudly proclaim: 'I am an Indian, every Indian is my brother.' Say: 'The ignorant Indian, the poor, the destitute Indian, the Brahman Indian, the Pariah Indian, is my brother.' Forget not that the lower classes, the ignorant, the poor, the illiterate, the cobbler, the sweeper, are thy flesh and blood, thy brothers. Thou too clad with but a rag round thy loins, proudly proclaim at the top of thy voice: 'The Indian is my brother, the Indian is my life, India's gods and goddesses are my God, India's society is the cradle of my infancy, the pleasure-garden of my youth, the sacred heaven, the Varanasi of my old age.'

"Say, brother: 'The soil of India is my highest heaven, the good of India is my good,' and repeat and pray day and night: 'O Thou Lord of Gauri, O Thou Mother of the Universe, vouchsafe manliness unto me, O Thou Mother of Strength, take away my weakness, take away my unmanliness and make me a Man'."

Swami Vivekananda always thought in terms of manhood and strength. He asked young men to make 'Mahavir' (Hanuman) their ideal. He said, "See how at the command of Ramachandra, he crossed the Ocean. He did not care for life and death. He was the perfect Master of his senses and had wonderful sagacity. You have now to build your life on this great ideal of personal service; through that all the other ideals will gradually manifest in life. Obedience to the Guru and strict observance of Brahmacharya constitute the secret of success.

"As on the one hand, Hanuman represents the ideal of service, so on the other, he represents leonine courage, striking the whole world with awe."

Vivekananda's message and preachings are of great value at the present juncture when we want every man and woman of India to be strong to be able to defend our country. It requires hard work and determination to achieve an object and the message which he gave to the world holds good more today than at any other time. His message which we should remember today and act up to, is: "Let us all work hard, my brethren, there is no time for sleep. On our work depends the coming of the India of the future. She is there ready and waiting. She is only sleeping. Arise and awake and see her seated here on the eternal throne rejuvenated more glorious than she ever was, this Mother of ours."

Let these words of Swami Vivekananda be engraved in the hearts of every man and woman of India and let us remember this message on this day when we are celebrating his Birthday Centenary.

Let his spirit guide us through all the difficulties that we have to pass.

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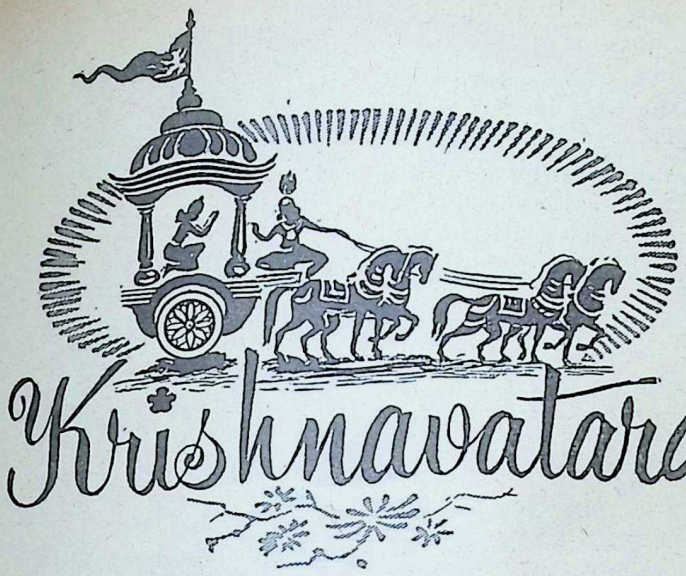


PART III

CHAPTER XVI

# UDDHAVA AMONG THE NAGAS

UDDHAVA was by temperament slow in making decisions, but when occasion demanded it, he could not only take a decision, but follow it up by prompt action.

The moment Krishna told him that the Five Brothers were believed to have escaped death, Uddhava made up his mind to pay a visit to his father's maternal grandfather, King Aaryaka, the Naga lord of the forests between the Ganga and the Yamuna, who alone could help in finding out the fate which overtook the Five Brothers after they escaped from the burning palace at Varnavat.

When he met the Master in Dhaumya's *ashram*, he somehow felt that the Sage, who himself was proceeding to Nagakoot, the capital of Aaryaka, could provide the key to the mystery. So, late at night, after Krishna had retired, he sought the Sage's permission to accompany him, which was readily granted.

The Sage's party, which Uddhava joined, consisting of ten disciples headed by Acharya Jaimini, besides a few Naga chiefs, travelled by boats, and reached Ekachakra Tirth after three days.

Uddhava soon found that the presence of the Sage had a powerful influence over the Aryas and the Nagas as well as the Nishadas.

On the way, wherever the news of his arrival reached ahead, the villagers gathered on the bank of the river to welcome him. At times, on their pressing request, the Sage even step-

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ped down from the boat, received the homage and gifts of the hospitable villagers, most of whom were Nagas.

Wherever they were invited to halt for the night, the Sage presided over the *homa* which his disciples performed. Led by Jaimini, whose rich voice sent waves of inspiration surging, they chanted the Vedic *mantras* and invoked the gods. Then, as in the *ashram* of Dhaumya, the ailing and the maimed were either cured or taught to pray to the Aswins, the twin gods of cure, for their recovery. The Sage with his own hand distributed food to those who had assembled and gave them his blessings. And as he came, he left, giving the people he met a new life of hope.

From Ekachakra, the Sage, who was the guest of the local King, and his party proceeded on foot through the forest to Nagakoot, the Naga chiefs acting as his guides. On the way also, crowds of Nagas came to touch the feet of the Sage and received his blessings.

From his infancy, Uddhava had heard the name of Veda Vyaas, the Best of Munis, spoken with reverence. However, for the first time he saw with his own eyes the magic of his presence and the depth of affectionate reverence which he evoked. For years, the Sage had been going up and down the Ganga and the Yamuna, visiting the *ashrams* as well as the settlements of both the Aryas and the Nagas, inspiring the *rishis* and their disciples to a life of high living according to the strict Arya code; bringing the Nagas nearer the Aryas wherever he could; allaying their distress and shining hostili-

ties; conferring his blessings on all people who came to him and curing the ailing and the maimed; above all, giving all in distress a new zest in life which flowed from the love which he had for every one who came to him.

After four days' journey on foot, they came to Nagakoot, the capital of King Aaryaka. Large crowds of Nagas headed by King Aaryaka and his grandson, Prince Karkotaka, had come to the outskirts to welcome the Sage.

The old King, now over a hundred years old, came in a litter. A body of skin and bones, thin hands, palsied legs, shrunken face like a death mask, wide open yellowish eyes which watched every one, a brain still alert, a tongue which on occasions could lash out, and a terrific will—these formed the relics of what was once the great Naga chief, whose word was law in the forests which lay between the valleys of Ganga and Yamuna.

The King had survived his six wives and eleven sons and numerous grandchildren, and though a living corpse, dominated the life of the Nagas, who looked upon him with a curious mixture of affection and awe. He was one-third a King and two-thirds a god, for he was believed to receive direct messages from Lord Pashupati, the guardian deity of the Nagas.

When the Sage introduced Uddhava to him as the grandson of his daughter Marishaa, the old King asked him to come to him, embraced him warmly and entrusted him to the care of his great grandson Prince Manimaan, son

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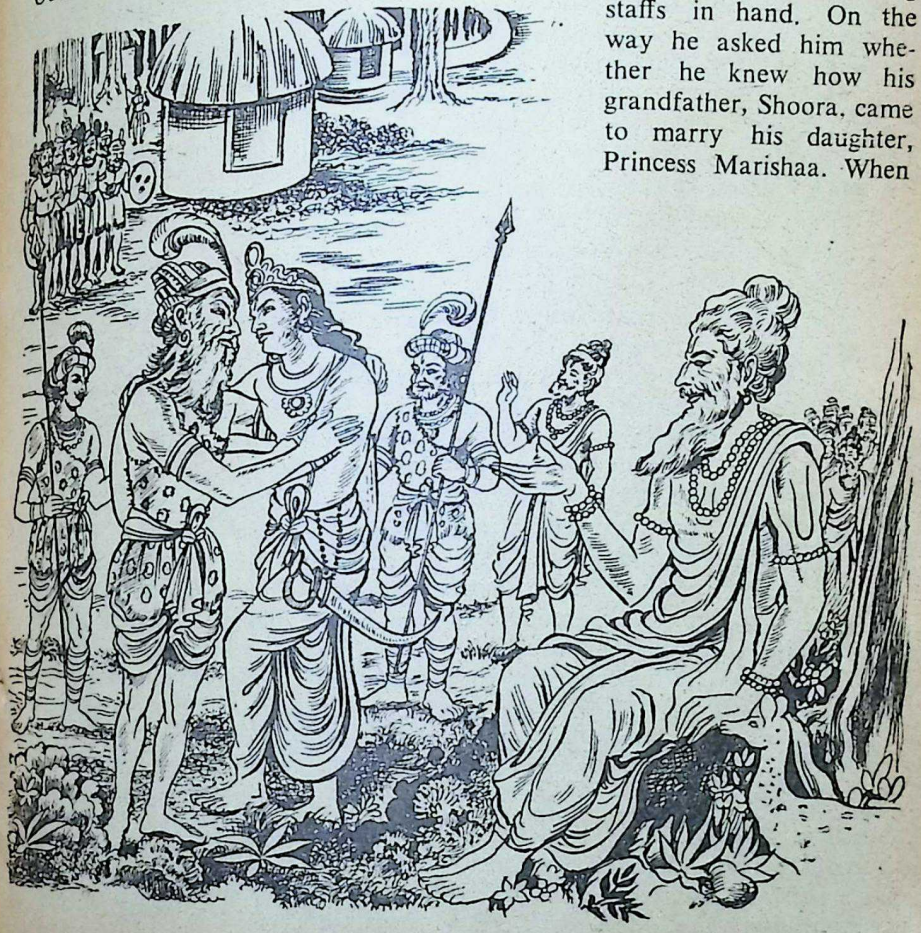
of Prince Karkotaka, his eldest grandson who was the *de facto* ruler.

Karkotaka and Manimaan, both were fine-looking warriors of the Naga variety, one of about fifty and the other of about twenty-five. Their bodies were painted with red and white stripes. They wore feathered head-dresses, and each carried a shield and spear as a royal Naga should.

Uddhava had been to the Land of the Nagas beyond the seas when he had gone with Krishna to rescue Punardatta, the son of Guru Sandipani, but so far he had never been among the Nagas from whom his father's mother had come. He was, therefore, delighted to meet them.

On their way back to the settlement, Aaryaka insisted on Uddhava walking by his litter, on both sides of which walked the priests of Pashupati with shaven heads and long staffs in hand. On the way he asked him whether he knew how his grandfather, Shoora, came to marry his daughter, Princess Marishaa. When



*the old King embraced him warmly . . .*

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Uddhava replied that he did not, the King told him the story with an old man's garrulity.

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It was in the old, old days, said Aaryaka, when the Yadava tribes of Vrishni, Shoora and Andhaka had been clearing the forests on the banks of Yamuna to establish a home for themselves.

Shoora was a bold chief. Once he went hunting and in the forest was attacked by a pack of wolves. He would have been killed by the beasts but for the timely arrival of a party of Naga chiefs, who rescued him.

Shoora had received severe injuries and was unconscious. The Naga chiefs brought him to where he, Aaryaka, happened to be camping.

'I immediately saw that Shoora was a brave chief and took him into my own hut, and my family nursed him back to health,' said Aaryaka. 'Marishaa—she was my eldest daughter—attended on Shoora during his illness,' continued the King. 'She was a fine woman, bright, vivacious and bold. She had serpentine grace. Marishaa decided to become the wife of Shoora, and when Shoora recovered, he was also captivated as much by her attention as by her charms.'

Aaryaka paused for a while and continued: 'When the Yadava chiefs came to take Shoora away, he went with them, but left his heart with Marishaa. When fully recovered, he returned to me and asked for Marishaa's hand in marriage. His Yadavas were angry at first; they were a very proud people. But Shoora was a brave man. He came with me to Nagakoot, married Marishaa and took her away to his people.'

The old King paused for breath and then added reminiscently: 'Oh, it was a great occasion when the Nagas and the Yadavas held high festivities. And my Marishaa was a fine woman. She became the mother of many brave sons and beautiful daughters,' he added proudly.

'Did you ever go to Mathura?' asked Uddhava.

'Your grandfather was not settled in Mathura when he married Marishaa. Later I went to Shoora's home in Mathura only once. That was when his eldest son, your uncle Vasudeva, was born,' said the King.

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These Nagas were simple, unsophisticated folk, who lived in brick houses or mud huts and, except for the barley and gram which effortlessly grew in their fields, on what the forest yielded—fruits and roots, and the fare which the birds and animals of the forest provided.

Men and women went bare-bodied except for a short piece of cloth wrapped round the lower limbs. At first Uddhava was shocked to see the women with their bosoms exposed, freely mixing with men—an unpardonable sin amongst the Aryas.

They were a happy-go-lucky people, not venomous as the reports stated. Their cattle was meagre. They only cared for their goats, sheep and donkeys which they had in abundance.

Uddhava also found the Nagas easy-going. Their priests did not hesitate to give a hearty welcome to Sage Veda Vyaas. They also worship-

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ped their Great God, Pashupati, in their own way, with water and flowers and leaves, but had no objection to the Sage and his disciples worshiping alongside them in the characteristic Arya way of setting up the sacrificial fire.

When the Sage performed the daily *homa* in the open-air shrine of Pashupati with Vedic chants, the priests were also happy to sit by his side and listen very reverently. Even their magic priests betrayed no jealousy when the Sage cured the ailing and the maimed. And throughout, King Aaryaka sat in his litter by his side, his uncommonly wide eyes fixed intently on him.

Possibly this was the secret of the Sage's magic, thought Uddhava. Wherever he went, he created in people an instantaneous desire to come to him, to have him in their midst and to worship him. So, whenever he came to Ekachakra, the King had insisted on his visiting Nagakoot. In the company of the Sage, he always recaptured a part of his old vitality, and his large family somehow felt a little more united. His people also felt as if he was one of their elders. No one felt that his race and ways and worship were alien.

Day after day, a huge crowd came from long distances to have a *darshan* of the Sage. Every day the *homa* was ritually performed. Milk pots were distributed; a sacred leaf was put into each of them. The ailing and the maimed drank the milk in hope and faith. There was a rush to get the Sage to apply sacred ashes to their forehead. Then the miracle followed.

Some, who had lost the use of their eyes, saw. Others, whose legs had been palsied, began to walk. Some, who rolled on the ground, had the demons driven out of them. A huge feast was then held at which the Sage served with his own hands. And as later he took his seat with Aaryaka and Karkotaka, a great shout of joy went up in honour of the Sage.

The report had gone round that Uddhava was the grandson of Princess Marishaa. So, to his extreme embarrassment, he found himself surrounded by Naga chiefs, dressed in war paint and feathered head-dresses, carrying spears. The elders patted him on the back. Others gazed at him in warm admiration.

The younger chiefs were particularly fascinated with his diadem, his well-shaped, unpainted body. the large bow which he carried—a strangely accoutred stranger and yet of their own blood.

The Naga women also gave him an effusive welcome as if he had been the long lost prodigal son returned home after years. Some old women of the royal family looked him all over and even lifted his face to discover whether it bore any traces of the well-recognisable features of the royal family.

Uddhava was tempted to run away when he was surrounded by forward women, all wearing a short, one-piece cloth. He had never been besieged by so many women in his life before.

The young Naga women were shapely, slim and free in their movements. Though dark compared to the Arya women, their bodies shone like gold by constant application of

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turmeric powder. The young princesses—and they were a legion—surrounded him, talking to him with easy familiarity. Their graceful, sinuous movements justified the name of *Nagakanyas* (snake maidens) given to them, thought Uddhava.

Uddhava took to his uncle, Prince Karkotaka, as if he had known him all his life. He was a sturdy man and had a frank and open countenance. His son, Prince Manimaan, younger than Uddhava by a few years, wrapped up in the pride of his tribal superiority, could never overcome his fascination for the long bow and arrow and the sword which Uddhava carried. For the first time in his life, he felt an urge to be something more than what he was. He was dying to learn everything which Uddhava could teach in the art of war.

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On the full-moon night, the Nagas held festivities in honour of Uddhava's home-coming. At the feast, Aaryaka sat in his litter next to the Sage, who, belying his reputation as the most revered sage in Aryavarta, sat amidst the crowd, broadly smiling, the very image of a doting grandfather of a large devoted family.

After the feast, there was dancing till the early hours of the morning. Men and women joined in it freely —men and women facing each other in groups; men with multi-coloured war stripes on their bodies, with feathered head-dresses and armed with spears and shields; the women with jingling bracelets from the wrist to the elbow and anklets almost reaching up to the knee. Karkotaka and Manimaan, by affectionate insistence, even dragged Uddhava into the dancing, who awkwardly stumbled at every step to the good-natured merriment of the opposing group of princesses.

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Uddhava was surprised to learn that, in spite of their warlike propensities, the Naga warriors' finest weapons were only copper-head battle-axes and spears of different sizes, which they could throw from a great distance to kill an enemy or a wild beast or to fix the fish with great accuracy.

The Naga warriors prized personal bravery and scorned the use of their crude bows and arrows, considering it degrading for an expert to take an aim against an enemy at a safe distance. Many warriors prided themselves at killing bears and lions in hand-to-hand fight. That, they said, was the true test of a warrior.

Uddhava found it difficult to understand this attitude towards archery. He could not understand how Krishna or Arjuna or himself, expert bowmen as they were, were lacking in courage. But the Nagas had their own standards. Possibly because of them, they were paying a heavy price in their skirmishes with the Aryas. No wonder, he thought, that his people with their might were driving the Nagas into the interior of the forests or bringing them into their world as inferior beings.

The more he saw the difference between his own people and the people of his grandmother's father, the better he understood the significance of the Sage's life. This mighty descendant of Maharshi Vasishtha, the nob-

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jest of Arya sages, had no trace of snobbishness. To him both Aryas and Nagas were his own people and he could make each of them feel that he was of them. It was no wonder that Bheeshma, the terrible, the great Guru Sandipani and King Aaryaka and his Naga chiefs—and even the lowly and the ailing—saw in him their friend who gave them solace which no one else could. He no longer wondered at the new world that the Sage was trying to create—nobler life than the one Brahma had created.

Uddhava lived with Prince Karkotaka, who, with his three wives and numerous children, lived in a group of huts. Prince Manimaan, his wife —he had as yet only one—and his twin sisters, Kapila and Pingala, looked after him with such effusive solicitude that, unaccustomed as he was to such ministrations, he felt embarrassed.

The next day, Uddhava was surprised at the change that had come over him. For many years he had schooled himself to behave like an ascetic. Now he found his self-restraint falling away from him. He felt different. So far as he could remember, he had never been so unrestrained in his behaviour after he had given up Shaibya and surrendered himself to Krishna. He also could not help feeling dissatisfied with himself for having studiously cultivated austerity. Uddhava could not help sighing. He had missed something in life.

Uddhava, however, was impatient to fulfil his mission. Three days later, he told the Sage the purpose for which he had accompanied him. The Sage replied with a laugh: 'Don't I know it? I guessed as much the time you asked my permission to come with me,' he said and added: 'Karkotaka has already entrusted some of his chiefs with the mission to find out whether anyone had seen the Five Brothers and Kunti in these forests.'

'We must find the Five Brothers, Master,' said Uddhava. 'It would be best if the Five Brothers and Aunt Kunti came to Dwarka with us, when Krishna comes here on his way back.'

'I cannot stay here long,' said the Sage. 'I will have to leave for Ahichhatra on the tenth day from now. You can stay here till you receive the news. Would you like me to leave a few disciples here to help you?'

'No, Master,' replied Uddhava. 'Uncle Karkotaka will give all necessary help.'

While they were talking, Karkotaka himself came and prostrated himself before the Sage. 'Master, we have some news,' said the Prince. 'Siguri Naga, one of our chiefs, who has been going round the villages, has sent word that one of the Nagas of our frontier village Lahuria, seems to have seen five Aryas some months ago. One of them, to use his words, was as big as an elephant and carried an old woman on his shoulders.'

'Brother Bheema and Aunt Kunti, possibly,' remarked Uddhava.

'But where did they go?' asked the Sage.

'Siguri's message is: the Naga who saw them was so frightened at seeing the strangers that he ran away; he did not know where they had gone,' said Karkotaka. 'Siguri has gone to Lahuria to make further enquiries. We will get some news when he returns.'

*[To be continued]*

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*RAJENDRA BABU:*

*Top:* At the Free India Agricultural Exhibition in support of Bhavan (1947).

*Left.* Arriving to preside over the Kurukshetra Session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad (1957).

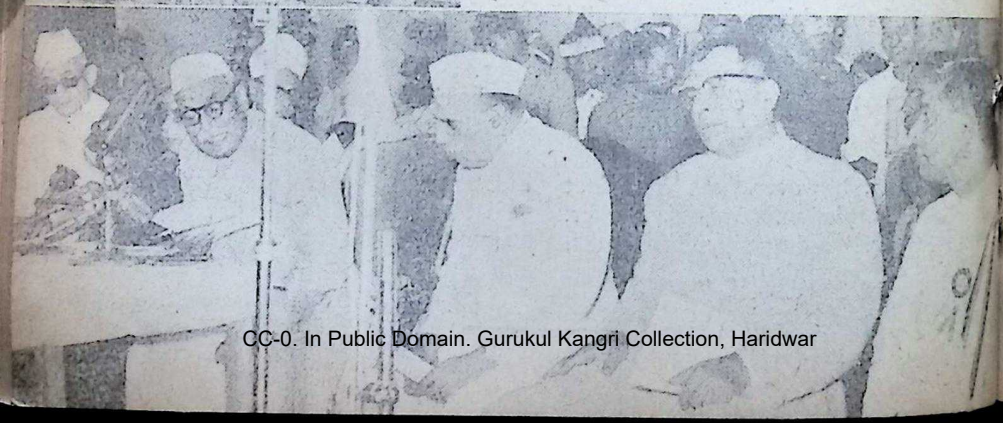
*Below:* Delivering the Presidential address of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad at Tirupati (1955).

*Opp. Page: Top to Bottom:*

Laying the Foundation-Stone of Bhavan's Delhi Kendra (1952).

At the Exhibition of Bhavan's Books at Delhi (1952).

Delivering Bhavan's Convocation address (1957).



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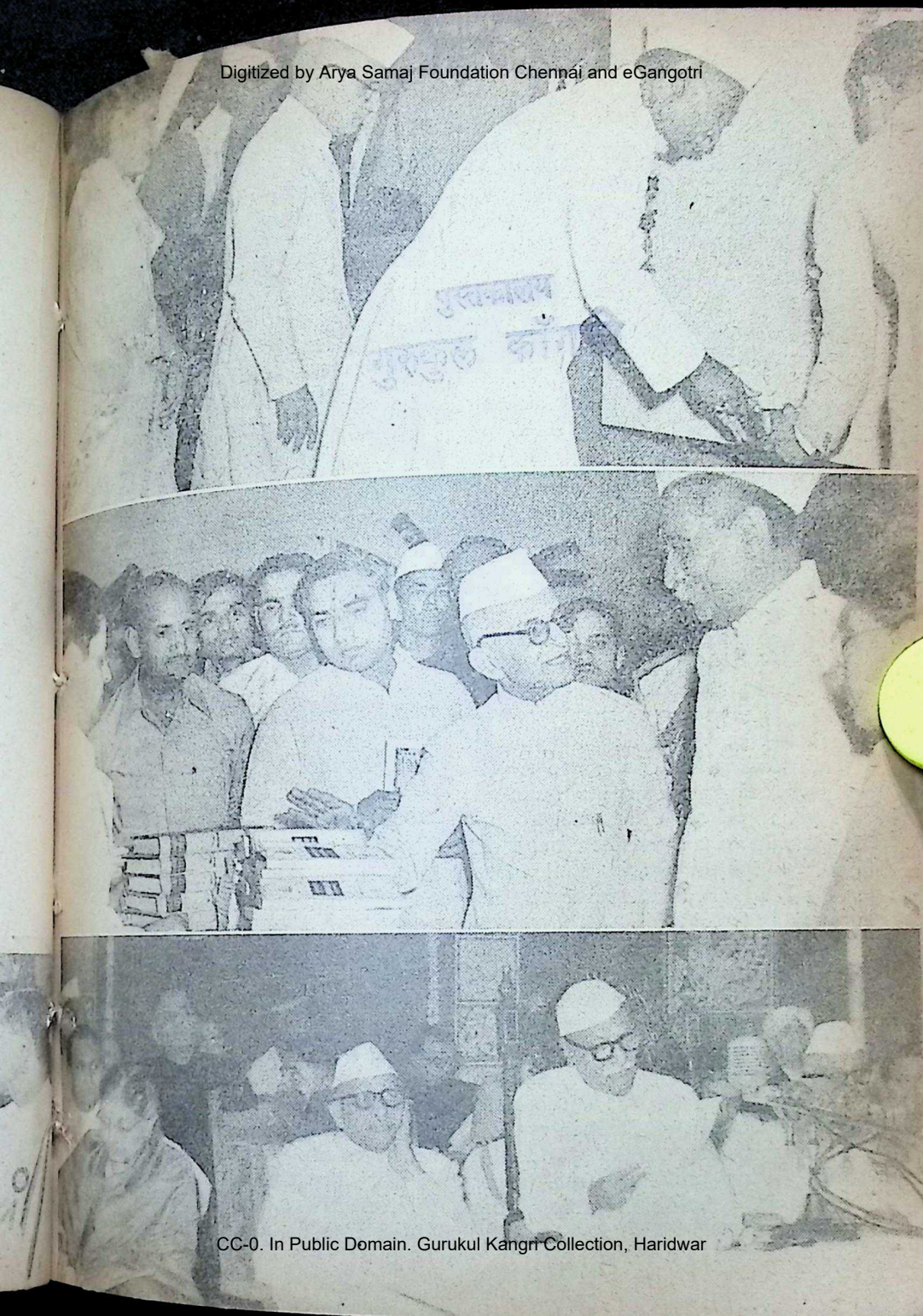

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# The Story of Savitri

**Mrinalini Sarabhai**

THERE was once upon a time a wise and powerful king, who for all his wealth and lands, had one great sorrow. He had no child. So he prayed and prayed, and at last one day, the Goddess of the World came to him in his dreams. "I am well pleased with your prayers", she said, "and you shall have what you desire most in the world". A few months later the Queen bore him a daughter, the most wonderful child imaginable whom they named Savitri.

As the years passed, she grew so lovely, that when she walked in the forest, the birds sang, and the flowers shed their petals to make a carpet for her tiny feet.

The fame of her beauty and sweetness spread through the land, and all the young princes of the neighbouring kingdoms begged her hand in marriage. But the Princess smiled and shook her head, and to every Prince she said "No".

The king, her father, was troubled. He called his daughter to him and said, "Child, you are now a grown woman. It is time for you to marry. So many princes have come and gone away in vain. Who is it that you would have for your husband?"

"Dear Father," Savitri replied, "let me go out into the world and search for my husband. I shall come back to you when I find a man whom I can marry."

**In some parts of our country the Savitri Vrata is observed by married women on the day previous to the Sun's entry into Meena Rashi (March 14 this year). They fast and pray for a long married life.—*Ed.***

So the king, who loved his daughter dearly, chose the best warriors to protect her, and her hand-maidens were picked from the fairest in the kingdom. The Princess wandered through the country, into the dry hot plains, and through the mountains covered with snow. One day, tired with travelling she saw a huge forest, that looked cool and green. The trees cast lovely shadows, and birds sang softly. Savitri left her friends and walked through the forest alone.

Now there dwelt in the forest a king, who had been defeated in battle. He had lost his kingdom, and had fallen upon evil times. He had become old and blind, and lived in a tiny hut with his wife and son. The son, now grown to manhood, was the great comfort of his parents. He was a noble young man, and the forest had become his home. He knew every winding path, and loved every tree and every bush. He knew which trees blossomed in the summer, and which in the winter. He chopped wood, and sold it in the countryside, and with the money he

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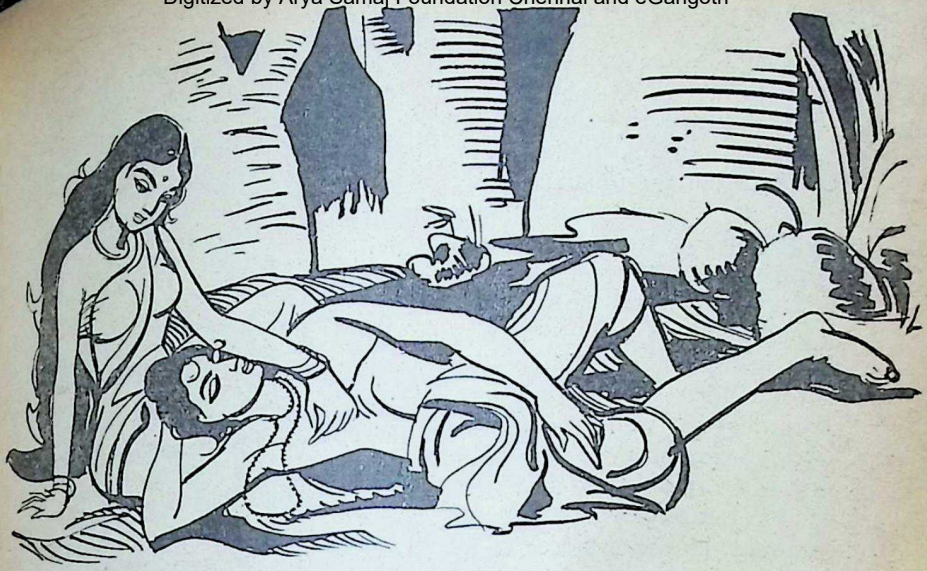

*... I feel weary. Let me sleep awhile ...*

earned, brought home food for his parents. Though he was sad sometimes that he had no companions, and no horses to ride, he never once let his parents know that he was ever unhappy. Indeed those moments were rare. His father and mother and he lived together in great happiness, for there was so much love and understanding between them.

It was to this hut the Princess came, and seeing the tenderness between the three people, she was greatly drawn towards them. When she saw the handsome young man, so gentle with his parents, she knew her search had come to an end.

She hastened back to her father, whose eyes lit with joy at her tidings, though he was unhappy when he realised she had chosen a penniless prince. However, as she was so determined to marry him, he gave his consent. A sage who was passing by, heard the words of the Princess. He listened for a while, and then went up to the King. "Sir", he said, "I know the young Prince. He is called Satyavan, and his gracious ways are known throughout the countryside. But there is a terrible curse laid upon him. He is to die within a year". The King shuddered when he heard the terrible news. Turning to his daughter, who stood with tears welling up in her eyes, he said "Choose another. You cannot marry this Prince who is doomed to die."

"Father", she replied, "this curse is indeed horrible. But I love him and I shall marry him".

So the King, though his mind was heavy with grief, consented. The Princess was dressed in a wonderfully gorgeous sari of spun gold. Upon her black hair she wore dark red rubies. Clusters of pearls were threaded for her into a necklace which fell to her

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waist. On the lobes of her ears were fastened emeralds, the colour of the sea.

The whole palace was hung with white jasmine flowers, and lamps twinkled like little stars in every corner. There was a great feast, after the wedding, and as the people were making merry, the Princess changed her sari into a simple red cotton one, and placed her jewels in her father's safe. Hand in hand, she and her husband went to their simple little hut in the forest. For a whole year they lived happily, and no wife has ever loved or been loved more than the sweet Savitri. But as the days passed by, she carried the dreadful secret in her heart.

Soon the last day of the year came. Savitri rose early, and when Satyavan took up his axe to go into the forest to chop wood, he found his wife waiting outside.

"Please dearest", she said, "let me come with you. Today, I feel a great desire to be with you the whole day".

Satyavan did not say no, for he was only too glad to have her with him in the forest, for then the hours passed so quickly. Amidst the tall trees, he made a seat of soft green leaves, and plucked flowers for her to weave into a garland, while he chopped wood. Towards noonday he felt a little tired. Savitri watched him anxiously, and after a while, he came and lay down, placing his head in her lap. "I do not know why the sun seems so strong today," he said. "My head aches, and I feel weary. Let me sleep awhile". And he closed his eyes. Savitri laid her hand on his brōw which was burning hot. The tears welled up in her eyes, and her mind was filled with fear.

Suddenly the whole forest grew dark, and the leaves stopped rustling. The birds sang no more and there fell a great silence. Savitri looked up timidly. In front of her stood a tall man, and in his hand he held a rope. She could not see his face, for about him was a dark shadow, but she felt a chill shudder go through her.

"Who are you?" she asked gently.

"I am Yama, God of Death. I have come to take your husband". He looked down at where Satyavan lay and the youth's spirit left his body and went to the God. Yama turned to go but Savitri ran swiftly after him.

"Oh Yama," she pleaded, "can you leave me thus without Satyavan? Take me also to the land of the dead or give back the life of Satyavan."

Seeing her grief the God of Death replied, "No child, not yet. Go back to your home".

But Savitri followed him stumbling in her haste.

Yama turned and was filled with pity. He asked her to wish for anything except Satyavan's life.

"Let my father-in-law regain his sight" she asked. But still she followed him. "Take another boon, Savitri," Yama said.

"Please return my father-in-law's kingdom to him", she asked.

"The wish is granted", Yama replied, "now, you must go back".

He strode rapidly through the forest, but he still heard the patter of her steps behind him. He turned and faced her, looking very stern and angry.

"Savitri", he said, "I am now en-

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tering a land where you cannot follow. Please go back. You may ask me for one last gift before you return".

"Grant me many sons, then, O King of Death!" she said, "and may they all grow handsome and gentle as Satyavan!"

"Your wish shall be fulfilled" said Yama and turned to go, glad that he had made her understand at last.

Savitri was radiant. "Oh, honoured One!" she said, "how can sons be without a father? Therefore, I beg of you, give me back his life".

Yama looked at her amazed. How wonderful was her love!

"May your brave heart never know sorrow, Savitri. Go back now to your husband," he said.

Savitri hastened to where Satyavan lay and took his head upon her lap. A little later he awoke.

"I had a strange dream," he said, "but now I feel well again."

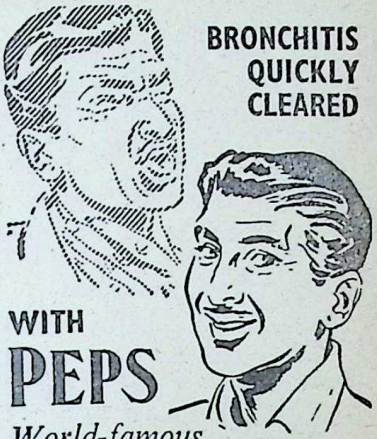
Savitri smiled and took his hand. "It is late; let us go home", she said tenderly.

Suddenly through the jungle came men on horseback and men with torches searching for them. When they saw Savitri and Satyavan, they came and bowed before them:

"There is great news, O Prince," they said, "your father has regained his sight and we have come to ask him to return to his kingdom and be our king!"

Savitri was filled with gladness and in her heart she thanked Yama, the King of Death, for his wonderful kindness.

*My belief is that to have no wants is divine.*
—Socrates.

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Elisabeth Barker

# EUROPE at the crossroads

IT is the head-on collision of two visions of Europe that has caused Britain to be denied partnership in the European Economic Community. More than the future of Europe is at stake as a result. The fate of the whole Western alliance has been called into question.

The alliance, in fact, faces two alternatives—either growing strength through the growing interdependence of its members, or gradual disruption. The choice rests mainly with the Europeans, and it may be decisive for world peace.

It is true that the Common Market is in itself a purely economic organization, and that Britain's exclusion by the French veto is primarily an economic matter.

Yet the founders of EEC—M. Monnet, M. Robert Schuman, Signor de Gasperi, Dr. Adenauer, M. Spaak, and others—saw it as something much more than this. They saw it as the starting-point leading to European political unity.

At the same time they believed that this political unity would strengthen not only the West European States themselves, but also—and equally—the whole Western alliance.

They saw the new Europe as the equal partner, ally and friend, *not* as the rival, of the United States.

This was the vision of the Community's founders. When the British applied to join the Community in 1961, they accepted that vision as their own.

The British also believe that Europe's natural role in the world is *not* to turn inwards and try to form a self-sufficient and exclusive unity, but to look outwards and to live and work in close contact with other continents.

In past history, the seafaring nations of Western Europe, Britain among them, have been pioneers in forging links with distant countries, through exploration, trade, and colonization.

Today the "colonial age" is drawing to an end, but the logic of history and Western Europe's industrial strength make it natural that these same nations should take on the new task of helping the economic growth of the developing countries in Africa, Asia and Latin America.

Yet this is so vast a task that, as the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, said recently, it cannot be done by Europe alone, or by Britain and the Commonwealth alone, or by

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**INDIA'S TRADE WITH EUROPEAN COMMON MARKET**

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*Rupees Million*

| | Imports | Exports | Trade Balance |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1958-59 | 1665 | 392 | —1273 |
| 1959-60 | 1911 | 499 | —1412 |
| 1960-61 | 1958 | 517 | —1441 |
| 1961-62 | 1819 | 521 | —1298 |

the United States alone, but only by all three working together.

He has also described his vision of the future Europe as a Europe of equal, democratic, politically mature nations, in complete partnership with America, doing their duty by the whole world.

This is, of course, the vision not only of the British but of most other Europeans also. Unfortunately, it is not President de Gaulle's vision. To him, it seems, the only Europe worth having is a Europe completely independent, completely aloof, from the outside world—economically, politically, and in defence. To him, Britain's belief in interdependence within the Western alliance means nothing but subservience and subjugation to America.

He therefore thinks that Britain would pollute, or even destroy, his vision, and so must be kept out of the Community.

President de Gaulle often presents himself as a realist, dealing in hard facts and exposing misty abstractions such as the pooling of political sovereignty or interdependence in defence. Yet which is the more realistic? His vision of Europe or the other one? In economic terms, the Community has a very real long-term interest in expanding its trade with the outer world and in its aid to developing countries.

In political and strategic terms, "independence", in the sense of cutting off continental Europe from Britain and America, is both unrealistic and dangerous, above all for the Europeans themselves (more especially as President de Gaulle seems to see it as "independence" for himself rather than for the rest of the European Community).

As Lord Home said recently, "a kind of balancing act of a third force—balancing itself between the Americans and the Russians—has no appeal whatever ... It is not a concept which is worthy of the Western alliance."

Again, in defence against the Communist Powers today, or in any attempt to negotiate with them in the future, the interdependence and unity of the Western nations is the only realistic policy. Recently, in the House of Commons, the British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, spoke with anxiety of France's refusal to join in NATO's air defence arrangements or to let her Navy play any part in NATO's plans.

For the European nations, whether in or out of NATO, anything that threatens NATO must be a source of deep alarm, he said.

Mr. Macmillan concluded: "On the strength and unity of the Western alliance depends the peace of the world."

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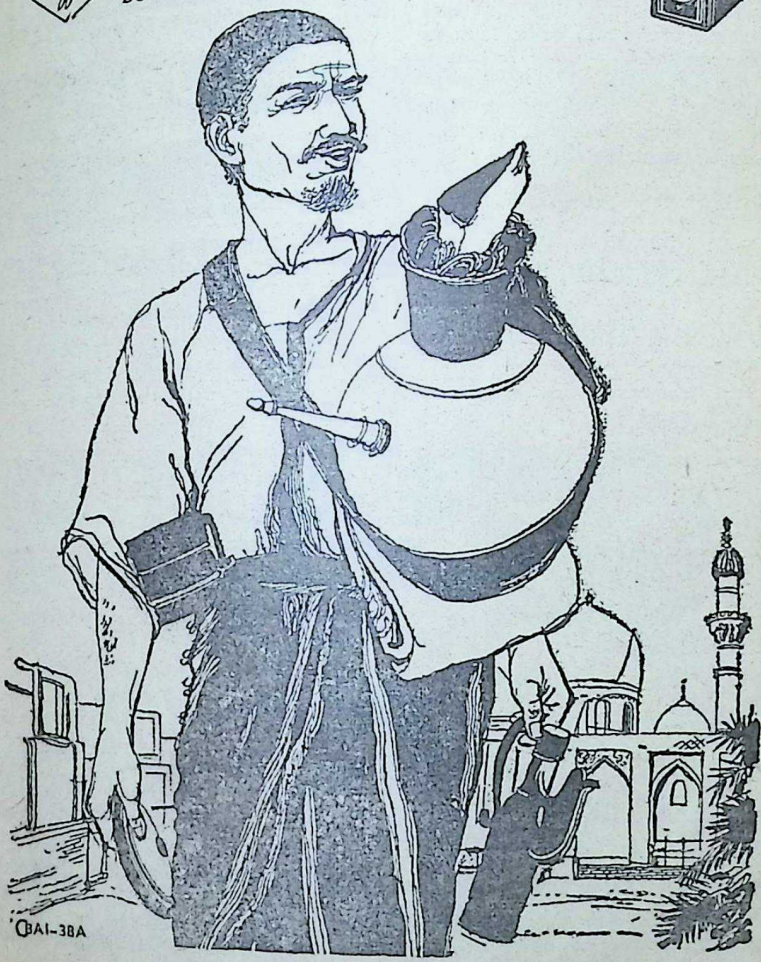



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*[In this article, the authors outline a few measures to supplement our educational system and they deserve serious consideration.*—Ed.]

# CO-OPERATION IN EDUCATION

BRAHM & L. N. AGARWAL

ONE of the most trying problems of parents today is the education of their children. The home finds it difficult to provide all the help and guidance to the child to develop its personality to the full so that it may live a personally satisfying and a socially useful life. Necessarily, therefore, the parents have to take the help of the school in fulfilling their obligations to the child.

*Parent-Teacher Associations*

There is an erroneous feeling among parents that merely giving their children a school education absolves them of the troublesome responsibility of watching their progress carefully. It has been time and again emphasized, and rightly so, that parent-teacher co-operation could help this situation by facilitating meetings between the parents and the teachers with a view to acquainting each other with the student's behaviour and actions at home and the school. It is the joint responsibility of the home and the school to help the child in the development of its personality in all respects, namely intellectual, moral, spiritual, physical, aesthetic, social and vocational. For this, a maximum co-operation between the parents and the teachers must be obtained in order to make it possible to render the much-needed help and guidance to the children, to prepare them adequately and appropriately to take their place in the world.

*Association of the Youth*

Experience has shown that parent-teacher co-operation, wherever it exists, has been useful in the matter of student and educational welfare. But, there are some obvious difficulties—multifarious family and social obligations and the like—that come in the way of the parents in the execution of certain important programmes. Perhaps, the lack of proper understanding of the values of such co-operation on the part of some parents, or maybe a majority of them, also contributes to a not so effective utilisation of this venture.

It is imperative to bring in some fresh youthful vigour into the field of educational welfare work in the school to fill in this gap obtaining in the speed of execution. The boys who

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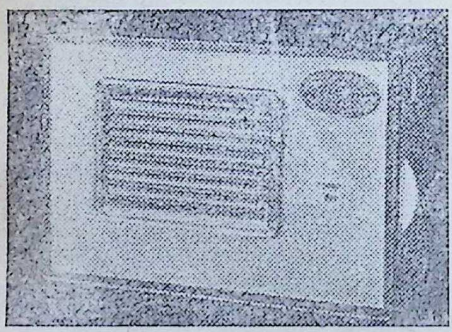

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have in the past passed out of the school can be counted upon, and they would be comparatively free from the domestic and external demands that the elderly parents may have to meet.

*An Additional Advantage*

The old boys by virtue of their having studied in the school in the recent past will also bring in the extra advantage into this triangular co-operative—between the parents, the teachers and the old boys—of informing parents and teachers alike of certain common experiences and difficulties of their student life while in the school. This understanding of the student's point of view would be very useful in planning curricular and welfare programmes in a proper perspective.

The scope of work for these alumni-parent co-operation programmes is vast and enormous. Some stray effort here and there to provide funds and services, including some essential equipments and materials for the school through contributions can be observed to be the score of some parent-teacher associations or individuals. Improvement of recreational facilities and other community services that the children need has also engaged the attention of welfare workers.

*A Vast Field*

But still, there is much more to it which leaves us in search of some effective measures of execution and programming.

We find from a casual study of the practice availing in other countries like America that the parent-teacher association is at the heart of all constructive work regarding children's educational welfare, and not merely a meeting place to exchange niceties. We can justifiably pose the question to ourselves if we could not do the same here in our country; and the answer would be a straightforward "Yes, why not?" The school administrative machinery and the teachers would heartily welcome any measures of co-operation and assistance from the parents and the old boys which should be helpful in the development of the personality of the child.

Every school has in some measure or the other on its list of annual programme one or two holiday excursions for the students. We can quite advantageously associate the parents and the old boys with this programme, or maybe we might as well leave it to them altogether to plan and organise local and out-of-town trips and picnics with the active co-operation of the students and their teachers. This would provide a sound base for establishing more cordial relations between all parties and for better and healthy exchange of thoughts conducive to efficient planning and execution of welfare programmes.

What is more important, this provides a welcome relief to the teacher from such extra-curricular responsibilities for utilising his time and energy on better projects of education.

*Participation Spirit*

A good source of developing the interest and confidence

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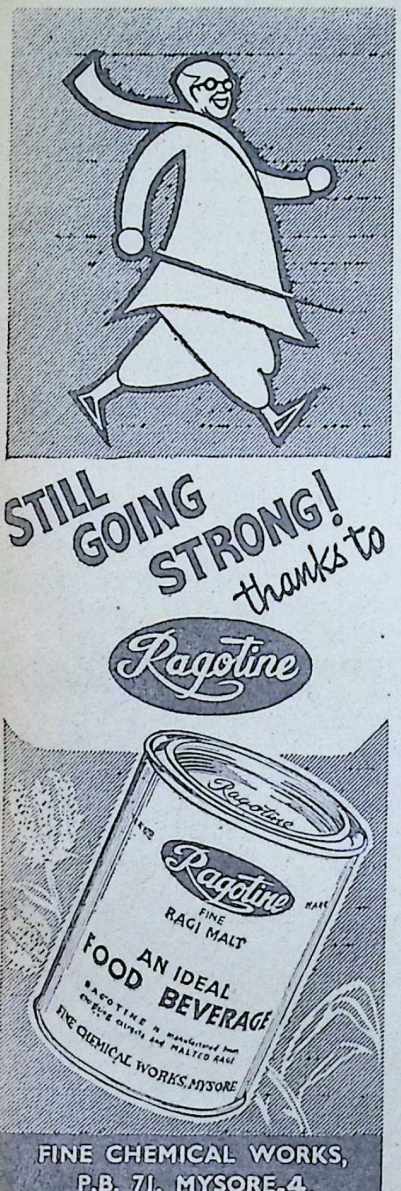


among the students is provided by hobby workshops which are becoming popular in our schools. There is, however, not the needed spirit and enthusiasm for the work that is being done in these workshops. It is also found in some cases that the parents do not much like their children being engaged on this work, even though the child may have an earnest desire to express himself all for it.

Our parents have to be apparently rallied round to give their wholehearted support to the working of these hobby workshops. The patronage of the parents and the old boys in providing better guidance to the student in production technique, market intelligence, quality improvement and such other aspects of it, through their experience in business or employment, will not only help grow the workshop but will go a long way in boosting the morale of the student by infusing in him the desired degree of self-confidence and usefulness to the society. The appreciation of the student's effort in the hobby workshop by the parent and the teacher will create a true participation spirit which can work near wonders in the venture.

*Career Education*

The parents, teachers and old boys by working together can be expected to give a fillip to the programme of educational and vocational guidance so essential in modern education. Of course, they would not be in a position to do much in regard to the

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psychological or technical aspects of it. But the assistance of the parents and the old boys can very usefully be employed in matters like collection of information on educational and vocational facilities, organisation of career talks and exhibitions and advising the students with the help of trained counsellors in planning a better career. It is generally agreed that the fullest co-operation of the parent is essential to achieve our objectives in the total guidance programme. And, with the parents and old boys running the programme, no wonder it would culminate into a really fruitful proposition!

Road safety education and civil and health education are also some of the important guidance projects which can bear more weight and carry more conviction with the student if patronised and managed by the parents and the old boys.

*Vacation Employment*

Every year after the annual examinations the students have to cross one step of their journey towards total education. We find that in other countries a variety of utility occupations are offered to the student in his vacations, whereby he can learn something of real interest to him besides school studies and also earn to pay for a major part of his expenses for education. It only needs to be tapped to find some rich sources for providing such valuable occupations in our country too. The parents and the old boys will do a great service to help the student explore and utilise such avenues of outside work during his vacation.

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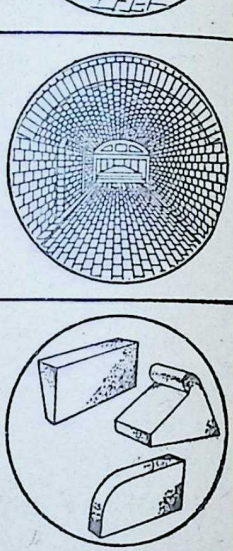

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*Student Co-operatives*

It has been suggested above that hobby workshops, besides preparing the student fully for the real life ahead, relieve his parents of some of the financial worries which may, and it does, although to some extent, prevent some of our parents from educating their children even upto the minimum requirements. Apart from this benefit, we can also expect the student to better realise the creative values of the art and craft on which he is engaged and not merely to produce something for the simple purpose of adding to his turn-out or for sale. The real benefit will be felt when a student in his later life would be able to pronounce a higher degree of craftsmanship than the ordinary trader or worker in the market and to contribute further by his creative thinking and better quality work.

There is yet another important field of operation for the student co-operatives, with the patronage and guidance of the parents and the old boys, to afford an opportunity to every deserving student to acquit himself in the learning of co-operative spirit and business techniques including public relations. A student co-operative store —to trade in essential supplies of books, stationery and equipment of use to the students—managed and run by the students themselves can very well launch them on "learning their way in the co-operative venture and earning to their benefit." A sizable percentage of profits earned by the store can be conveniently disbursed to the working students and a fair amount of it earmarked and utilised for investment in important welfare projects for their community in the school.

An independent control of the co-operative store in the hands of the students will help them further in acquiring a high degree of judgment, responsibility, cost control, self-confidence and self-reliance, while introducing to them the picture of the real life ahead.

*A Useful Venture*

Every school should, it can be reasonably expected and hoped, find it very helpful to form some co-ordination or advisory committees where the parents, teachers and old boys can assemble and work the triangular co-operative venture between themselves for the better of the student, the school, and the society. ●●

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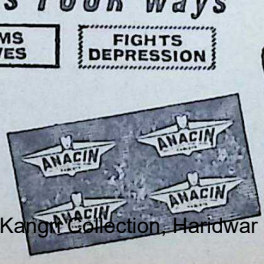

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*Our Front Cover*

# JIJAMATA

*JIJABAI, the great and noble mother of Shivaji, was born as the daughter of Lakhuji Jadhavrao who had a royal ancestry and was a powerful warrior in the service of Nizam Shah of Ahmednagar. In the year 1605 at the age of 11 she was married to Shahaji, a powerful chief who held the jagir of Poona and the forts of Shivneri and Chakan under Nizam Shah.*

*Jadhavrao who clapped up a camaraderie with the Mughals of Delhi soon found himself at war with his son-in-law who being a faithful servant of his master was now his chief lieutenant. Jijabai was thus placed in the unenviable situation of being torn between her filial affection and conjugal devotion only to see the latter sentiment prevail over the former; for she was a dutiful wife who had the courage to face adversity unflaggingly and a resoluteness which made light of all disasters.*

*Jijabai was expecting a baby when her father inflicted a severe defeat on her husband in battle and he had to flee the place, leaving her behind. Jadhavrao's importunity to take her to his own place did not prevail with her who preferred to stay at the fortress of Shivneri itself from where she had witnessed the plight of Maharashtra, her beloved land, being overrun by the Mughals from the North and Muslim kings of the south.*

*She prayed from the bottom of her heart to Shivai, the guardian-deity of Shivneri, to bless her with a son who could set things right in Maharashtra and end the tyranny of her enemies. Her prayers bore fruit and when a son was born to her she named him Shivaji after the Goddess Shivai.*

*It is a known fact that Shivaji owed his sterling qualities to his great mother. It was she who inspired him with the courage to endure any hardship for the sake of freedom and taught him to value justice and tolerance above everything else in life. She did not want her son to be a militant adventurer but a ruler whose determination to strike at the roots of evil was balanced by an uncompromising sense of justice.*

*While Shahaji acted as the chief minister of Ali Adil Shah of Bijapur, Jijabai stayed at Poona with her son teaching him his first lessons in administration while managing the affairs of their jagir herself. She gave discreet counsel to Shivaji in chalking out and fulfilling his ambitious schemes and felt a mother's pride in the success of her son's adventures. When Shivaji won his renowned victory over Afzalkhan, Jijabai's joy knew no bounds and she bade the poet Ajnandas to compose a ballad in her son's honour.*

*To what extent she was responsible to the success of Shivaji as a warrior is evident in many instances. When Shivaji lost to his mother once at the game of chess, she demanded her son should capture Fort Kondana from the Mughals to acquit himself of his debt. Shivaji won the fortress in battle, though it cost him the life of his dearest friend, Tanaji.*

*When Shivaji was on his perambulations, as when he was in Agra in 1666, Jijabai acted as the head of the little kingdom of Poona. Under her instructions, the ancient reverence for the honour of women was strictly enforced in the Maratha kingdom. To check the gradual decline of Hinduism, Jijabai set up a custom of reconverting converts from Hinduism; and to show that those so converted enjoyed an equal status with others, she even gave in marriage her own granddaughter Shakubai to Bajaji Nimbalkar, a re-convert.*

*Jijabai lived to the ripe age of eighty to witness the growing power of the Marathas and the coronation of her son, Shivaji, as their chief, and peacefully passed away in the village of Pachad in the year 1674.*

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*In recent months mortality on account of heart diseases would appear to be on the increase: while it is a matter for our Health Authorities to institute a searching inquiry as to the causes for this spurt and seek remedy, we reproduce below some practical hints on how possibly we can safeguard against them.*—Ed.

# How to Avoid Heart Diseases

S. Swaminathan

EVERYONE would have experienced the reaction of the heart to emotional disturbances and emotional calm. Unfortunately there are plenty of persons in the modern world who simply imagine themselves as having weak or troubled hearts. Such persons are filled with apprehension and they go on trying one "remedy" after the other, all of which are poisons. The emotional illness that they suffer from makes matters much worse. With the kind of emotional upset that they usually suffer from, they generally have disturbed digestion all through. There may be distension of the stomach or there may be flatulence. Either, or both, these would disturb the proper functioning of the heart.

Not being able to assimilate food, they suffer from one or the other symptoms of incorrect nutrition.

Emotions further restrict the blood supply; and the heart is called upon to take an extra load of work, causing it considerable additional strain.

How could the average individual in modern civilization avoid stress and strain? How could he continue to live healthy, so as to be of maximum use to society throughout his life? Let him not be "working against the clock." Let him bear in mind the advice of Dr. Joseph F. Montague, M.D.:

"Learn to say no to those things that will upset your pre-arranged plans, that will put too much of a burden on you for any one day's work and, finally, that will disturb the peaceful application of your mind to the work at hand. Nobody ever suffers from hard work, even hard mental work. It is from the distractions and disturbances that they suffer. Don't let time kill you—arrange your work so that you can kill time."

The heart-machine falters and fails in numerous cases in the modern world *not* because of old age, but because of the fact that the "owners" of those hearts had subjected them to continual strain and stress, physically and emotionally. The constant drugging that they had indulged in to "treat this disease or that" weakened the organism to such an extent that the heart too got affected ultimately.

The increased incidence of heart disease in modern days is due to the strain and stress of modern life. It is due to the continual intake of de-

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vitaminised foods by vast sections of humanity. It is due to the intake of too much fats, especially the saturated fats. It is due to the consumption of drugs and of the so-called stimulants almost as a regular routine, by the masses in different parts of the civilized world. It is due to worry and other destructive emotions which sap the vitality of numerous persons all over the world.

## DENATURED FOODS

Readers know that regular consumption of denatured foods will reduce the health-level of any individual. In this article I would like to deal with certain specific nutritional deficiencies caused by the consumption of denatured foods, having a direct bearing on the development of heart diseases.

It is now admitted by many specialists the world over that accumulation of cholesterol, a fatty substance in the blood and the artery walls, leads to the development of circulatory disorders and certain kinds of heart diseases.

Foods that are extra rich in cholesterol, e.g. flesh foods, fish, egg, and even milk and milk products, are better cut from the diet, for this reason.

Lecithin is a good substance found in many natural foods of plant origin. This substance enables the human organism to protect itself against accumulations of cholesterol. In other words, if the food consumed by an individual is deficient in lecithin, cholesterol may get deposited in the arteries.

Fats of vegetable and cereal origin are fairly rich in lecithin, the essential fatty acids, vitamin E, and the vitamins of the B group. The germ of the cereals also contains these. In refining, every one of these important substances is lost completely. The refined grain has no health value whatever. The bread made out of it is worse still. Let nobody get deceived by catchy advertisements of "enriched" bread, for the substances that have been added to "enrich" the bread are synthetic ones.

The liver in the human organism is, no doubt, capable of manufacturing lecithin, but only in certain conditions. The liver needs choline (a vitamin of the B group) and the unsaturated fatty acids, to manufacture its own lecithin. But if the food consumed is a refined one, the system is deprived of the vitamins of the B group (including choline) and also the unsaturated fatty acids. So, lecithin could not be supplied even by our own liver, if we eat processed foods.

As for oils of a vegetable origin, they do contain cholesterol but in comparatively small quantity. But they also contain lecithin, the cholesterol-emulsifying factor. Hydrogenate the oil and you lose all lecithin. You have only the cholesterol left free to bring you any amount of trouble.

It is not only the hydrogenated oil which is bad for health. As Mr. John Heron has pointed out in his article "Essential Fatty Acids," it is necessary to avoid the cheap, processed and refined vegetable oils. The chemical processing, steaming, heating, bleaching, etc., remove four-fifths or more of the various essential nutri-

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tional factors. Only cold-pressed, unrefined "natural" oils should be used. Incidentally, hydrogenated oil is the worst among the predominantly acidic foods and its consumption in any form, even in a very small quantity, if continued daily will have very undesirable repercussions on health. The human organism cannot handle the fats in the hydrogenated oils, without the substances which were there with the oils in their unprocessed form. And when fats are not properly absorbed in the system, the other substances, e.g. calcium, phosphorus, vitamin A and so forth, that depend on fats for their absorption, would also be utilised very imperfectly.

The health-seeker should avoid hydrogenated oils of all kinds. He should also avoid the packaged foods made with hydrogenated shortenings. If health is desired, all these are to be avoided. Otherwise, the nutritional deficiencies brought about by the consumption of such processed foods will lead to various kinds of diseases, including those that go under the name "heart diseases."

For the matter of that, even oils and fats of a vegetable origin belong to the "predominantly acidic" group of foods, but they are far, far better than the hydrogenated, processed oils, from the hygienic standpoint. Even natural oils should be consumed in a very small quantity, otherwise health problems may be created.

For supplying lecithin to the body, one need not take to flesh food, fish or eggs. These contain saturated fat and hence are harmful to health. Enough lecithin would be available to the human organism if natural, unrefined foods are consumed, in strict moderation and with due regard to the law of Vital Economy.

**A wealthy patient had with great difficulty arranged an appointment with a well-known London heart specialist, as he considered that there might be something wrong with his heart.**

**On reaching the hospital, he found that the doctor's office was on the third floor, and the lift was not working.**

**He was therefore compelled to walk up three flights of stairs, and finally knocked at the door of the specialist's office.**

**When the door was opened, the doctor looked at him and asked: "You walked up the stairs because the lift was broken?"**

**"Yes," replied the patient.**

**"Then your heart is perfectly normal. Good afternoon!" said the doctor.**

And now, a few words about vitamin E. This is a heart-vitamin, if I may so call it. It has some special characteristics which make it useful in the prevention of—and the cure of —heart diseases. I am not, of course, recommending the intake of synthetic vitamin E, which is quite different from the natural one.

The whole wheat contains vitamin E. Natural oils also contain vitamin E. When these are refined, the vitamin is lost.

The vegetables and fruits which contain Vitamin E are: apples, banana fruits, oranges, fresh cocoanuts, carrots, grapes, lettuce, onions and tomatoes.

[Courtesy: *Life Natural*]

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# TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

*Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)*

CHAPTER 109

## Face to Face with the Beloved

RAVI and Dhansukh, disguised as sadhus, arrived in Bombay by slow stages on the third day. They had done part of the journey by foot, part in bullock-carts which gave them a lift, and for some distance by train. Immediately on arrival, Ravi telephoned Raj and arranged to meet her later that same day. Towards midnight he went and stationed himself just outside the rear entrance of Uday's bungalow. Dhansukh stood on guard on the main road to give timely warning of any imminent danger.

Raj had been waiting for Ravi at the rear entrance. She opened the gate the moment he arrived. Ravi reached her with one bound and gathered her in his arms. She welcomed him with love-filled eyes.

They went up swiftly by the servants' staircase into Raj's room. Nothing in it had changed; the same order and neatness prevailed. It was the same Raj, beautiful and gracious as ever. But there was an added quality in her that made her a different Raj, a more beautiful Raj, a helpmate who exuded loveliness and charm.

Ravi's heart could scarcely contain itself for joy. The very touch of Raj's smooth body had, as if by magic, made him forget his self-consciousness and his humility, and had enlarged his vision. He laughed as he had never laughed before, in the ecstasy of his possession, in the joy of his knowledge that she was completely his. He was now not only the lord and master of Raj but of the dreams both of them had dreamt. Raj was the personification of truth and beauty. For the first time in his life, he had a vision of truth, realised what it was to live a life of truth. Thanks to Raj, he also learnt what beauty meant.

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Ravi was overwhelmed by a sense of gratitude. He exclaimed, "Raj, how can I ever thank you?"

Raj smiled as she looked at him with eyes which were shining with joy and affection. "Don't spend your time thanking me. Remember the police are after you. Go and have your bath, the water is drawn. I'll be right back with your dinner."

While he was taking his bath, Ravi asked himself the eternal question which all thoughtful human beings ask themselves some time or other: 'Is this world real or is it a dream? What a change from the world of prison cells full of bugs, from the Pandharpuri *ekadashi* festival, the unexpected meeting with Dhansukh and the eventful journey to Bombay, to this delightful world of a bright bathroom, luxury of a tub, of his beloved waiting for him to come out!'

As he soaped himself, he remembered how he thought of Raj in prison. He remembered a Sanskrit verse which said: 'Formerly when my beloved had come close to me, I had ignored her, and now I look upon her portrait with affection and respect. It was like passing by rivers with abundant flowing water, and then looking longing fondly for the waters of the mirage!' He burst out laughing, for the verse was meaningless. Where was the need for him now to run after mirages?

As soon as he came out, Raj served him dinner with the affectionate devotion of a newly married wife. Ravi ate ravenously, because he had almost starved during his flight. As he ate, he told her of his experi-

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ences in jail and concluded with the thought that had been uppermost in his mind, "Raj, you are truly my saviour."

"You embarrass me," admonished Raj.

"I will always look upon you with respect. I am not fit to be your husband."

"But if I am fit to be your wife? In any case, let's not waste time in talking about such matters. Tell me what you wish to do next. Dhansukh was here in the afternoon to give me a full report about Jani. I gave him five hundred rupees and I have kept another two thousand ready, which I shall send to Kalubhai in Baroda tomorrow. You can collect this money from him. But let me tell you what I think of all this. Jani is taking meaningless risks and is making you share them."

"I'll try to dissuade him. But in his hour of need I must be by his side."

"I agree. I hope you don't blame me for bringing you out of the peaceful sanctuary of jail!"

"Raj, how wicked of you!" said Ravi fondly. "Do you know, I had become worse than useless in jail. Had your letter not come, heaven knows what foolishness I might not have committed. I was so desperate. I was ready to write out an apology to get out. I thought of hiding myself in the Himalayas. Had I done all this, could I have seen your sweet face again?"

Raj smiled with understanding. She said, "So after all, I was of some use to you?"

"Of course. Your letter made a new man of me. Once again I felt the urge to fight."

"But take care that in trying to show your strength, you may not find that the struggle has passed you by!"

"As long as you are by my side," replied Ravi, "nothing can stop me—not even death."

"Ravi, let there be no doubt. I will be by your side, always, wherever you are, whatever may happen to you," Raj said passionately.

"Raj, you are indeed wonderful! I can't believe that you are a mere mortal."

"You can pinch to verify whether I am flesh and blood or not," she laughed. "You and I are as God made us, and we have accepted each other as He has made us. Isn't that so?" she asked, suddenly becoming serious.

Ravi did not like her serious mood just then. He felt refreshed, in his element, elated, and hated to be brought down from his own mood. Her physical nearness, the fragrance of her body, the musical quality of her sweet voice, were making the blood course fiercely in his veins. This was surely no time for serious conversation.

They were seated side by side on a sofa. Her nearness maddened him. His whole body was afire. He wanted to pick her up and carry her to the bed which stood in a corner of the room.

He stood up suddenly and faced her. His passionate eyes were inviting her. Then he pulled her up to him and held her close to himself. His eyes strayed to the bed.

"Raj!" His voice was hoarse with

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passion. His limbs trembled with desire.

Raj closed her eyes as she clung to him. She surrendered in an attitude of devotion, of consecration, of prayerful worship. A prayer escaped her closed lips: "To Vyasa in the form of Vishnu, I bow."

Like a galloping horse standing up and snorting when he finds himself checked suddenly, without a warning, Ravi said between clenched teeth, "Oh, what a woman! Even at this moment you talk of God?"

Raj looked back at him with innocent eyes. Then he heard a voice which seemed to come from a great distance, "It was God who said to me, 'Look for me in Ravi, you will find Me there'."

Ravi felt a shock as if ice-cold water was being poured over his fevered body.

He shook himself. Then in frustration he pushed Raj away from him. Raj's eyes reflected the innocence and purity of a young girl. In her eyes he could read nothing but faith, worship and respect.

Ravi's senses began to reel. Could this be a woman of flesh and blood madly in love with him, or an ascetic in search of God, offering worship with a pure heart?

Ravi's eyes fell upon the long mirror and he was startled at what he saw. He shut his eyes, opened them, and shut them and opened them again to make sure that he was not dreaming. In the mirror, the man whom Raj was embracing with devout fervour was an old man, with a noble mien, a magnificent forehead and white hair. He was bewildered. He turned his gaze to look at his own body; it was of a well-built young man. Once again he looked in the mirror and once again he saw reflected the same old man whom Raj stood clasping with the same rapt expression.

Ravi was like one demented. It was not him, Ravi, whom Raj adored. She saw in him Bhagavan Vyasa whose vision she had brought to life. Ravi rubbed his eyes and turned towards the mirror. To his amazement, the image of Vyasa had vanished, and in his place there was only his own reflection.

His heart cried out, 'Raj, the aim of my life shall be to fulfil your wishes.' But that very instant the devil in him came to life again. Here leaning against him was this beautiful young woman and there the inviting bed. It goaded him, 'Let me fling myself upon her.' The next instant came the thought, 'What a strange woman is this? I must throw her aside.' Then again, 'If I do what my every nerve urges me to do, Raj will say nothing, but her laughter will fade, her eyes will lose their lustre, and she will burn like a tender flower thrown into a blazing fire.'

Suddenly from Ravi's inner being there arose a flame of unaccustomed power, like the beam from Siva's third eye. 'You monster of passion, you shall be destroyed,' rose the anguished cry from his soul.

With that his passion was killed. He experienced the greatness of power and self-control. He stroked Raj's hair gently as he promised her, "Raj, Raj, I will prove your faith in me."

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In reply he heard Raj's voice slowly repeating the verse: "To Vyasa in the form of Vishnu and to Vishnu in the form of Vyasa."

With an effort Ravi brought himself back to reality.

He said, "It will soon be morning and I must go while it is still dark." Raj bade him good-bye with a sweet smile. "I will wait for you," she said.

As Ravi went rapidly down the stairs, he felt that he had been born anew.

CHAPTER 110

# Tryst in a Temple

JUST beyond the outskirts of the village of Padaria there was a temple in ruins. It had been built a long time ago by a rich man of the village. Today there were cracks in the walls of the inner sanctum. Half the roof of the verandah was non-existent. The living quarters for the priest were also in ruins.

There was an idol of Siva in the temple. Sometimes a cowherd would come and offer milk to it. Occasionally the temple would be swept clean by some poor widow from the village. At times vagrant sadhus made use of it to rest for the night.

It was in the courtyard of this temple that Ravi, disguised as a sadhu, was awaiting his colleagues since morning. Dhansukh was to bring Dinkarbhai Jani some time after midnight. In the evening a cowherd came to the temple to offer worship with flowers to the god. Finding a sadhu seated there, he brought him some milk and bread. Since the sadhu was observing silence, there could be no conversation between them.

At midnight, amid the terrifying jungle noises, of the wailing of foxes and the whining of the wind in the tree-tops, there crept with stealthy steps Dhansukh and Jani.

Ravi felt both proud and delighted to see Jani. It was the same strong, cheerful and simple Jani; there was no change in him. He had met with reverses in his activities but that did not seem to have had any effect on his enthusiasm and determination.

The three of them moved from the courtyard into the rear and sat on a stone. It was a bright moon-lit night which helped them to keep a sharp look-out for any unexpected visitor. Ravi put aside his beads and asked Jani to tell him frankly why he had been called.

"Ravi, I need your help," replied Jani. "I want ten thousand rupees immediately. Thereafter, it will do if you send me two thousand every month. You are the only one who can help me."

"But I thought all your activities have collapsed."

"Who told you this?" rejoined Jani. He rubbed his hands in satisfaction. "All my villages are still free."

"Really? Have you taken any more?"

"No."

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"How are things in Chovisgam?"

"The police do not now run away as they used to, but as soon as they know of our arrival, they hide behind the bolted doors of their chowkis."

"And the *patel* and the *talati*?"

"They had sent in their resignations, but have withdrawn them. They are, all the same, working wholeheartedly with our Independence Committee."

Ravi laughed aloud with delight. "Then, in your villages the British and Jani rule side by side?"

It was now Jani's turn to laugh. "Yes, that would be a fair way of putting it."

"Bah! How do you expect the movement to run?"

"Now is the time for it to move forward and gain strength. The monsoon is over and the farmers are busy gathering their crops. Very shortly, the revenue officers will be coming to our villages to collect land revenue."

"How will you stop them?"

"We shall dig up the roads, and uproot the rails from the railway track," replied Jani enthusiastically.

"Dinkarbhai, it seems to me you are carried away by enthusiasm. You have not kept track of what has been happening outside. The passive resistance movement is waning. Our leaders in jail read the *Gita* to overcome their impatience. No one is now anxious to go to jail. And the people are tired of giving any more money."

"Then, I think, this is the right time to revive the people's enthusiasm. The police will soon be visiting our villages to assist in the collection of land revenue. The army may move in and proclaim martial law. We are determined to resume [illegible] resistance throughout Gujarat. There will be firing everywhere—and that will be enough to rekindle the dying embers of *satyagraha* into a fierce flame!" Jani explained his future plan.

"Nothing of the sort will happen," remarked Ravi coldly.

"You are a Bombayite and do not know the farmers of Gujarat. Wait till it is time for the payment of land revenue," said Jani.

"Are you not afraid that our people will be more frustrated than ever if they have to yield?"

"We will not let the revenue officers enter our village," said Jani stubbornly. "If they confiscate our property, we will surround their houses and compel them to resign." It was evident that nothing would dampen Jani's enthusiasm.

"And if they do not resign their jobs?"

"We have police rifles and many of our people have learnt to use them. We will raise such hell that the British will be forced to send their troops to every corner of the country."

Ravi laughed loudly and long, and shook his head.

"Dinkarbhai, no one can match your enthusiasm and imagination. But I, too, have learnt a thing or two. The blinkers over my eyes are off."

"What do you mean? I cannot understand you," said Jani, bemused.

"Jani, Gandhiji is a magician and can perform miracles. He has frequently been able to hypnotise our people into action. But when the effect wears off, their fervour too ebbs."

"I have lost [illegible] Ravi, I think you are mistaken.

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There is a real longing for independence among our people".

"I don't doubt their longing, but how many of our people are ready to sacrifice their all for the sake of that independence? I confess that I was not and I cannot say that I am now. The Government is not afraid of the people: it is afraid of non-violence, truth, and above all, the pledge to place one's duty above everything else."

"You doubt their readiness to sacrifice? In spite of so many having voluntarily gone to jail?"

"Yes. It hurts me to say so, but there are very few who are really dedicated persons."

"Ravi, what has happened to you? Is this what your imprisonment has done to you?"

"Dinkarbhai, if Mahatmaji had not performed a miracle, if courting imprisonment had not brought prestige and fame, if prison life was as rigorous as it once was, how many do you think would have gone to jail? And with all this, the majority of those who have gone in are now impatient to get out."

"There is something wrong with you. You can't think right."

"On the contrary. The wool is removed from my eyes. Our entire freedom movement was dependent on Gandhiji's ability to arouse mass enthusiasm. I cannot tell you whether I am a dedicated believer in non-violence, but bitter experience has made one thing clear to me: if we have recourse to violence, the Government will use all its power to crush us. Gandhiji will not be releas-

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ed, and we will be kept away from his sparking energy."

"So your theory is that we are not destined to win independence!" Jani tried to reduce his thoughts to simple words as if explaining to a child.

"Dinkarbhai, if we want our movement to be really powerful, it is essential for us to create a dedicated band of leaders. That we have not yet done."

"You are no longer in touch with the common people, and you have no idea of their power. Come with me into the villages and I'll show you the power of the common people." Jani said.

"Why talk of the common people? Theirs but to appreciate the strength and devotion of their leaders, theirs but

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to bask in their glory—like Ramchandraji's army."

"Fiddlesticks!" exploded the exasperated Jani. "To make the revolution in Russia, did they need dedicated men?"

"I have made some study of the Russian Revolution. Who was really responsible for that revolution? It was Germany who sent Lenin into Russia in order to weaken it. He made use of the army, tired of fighting, to destroy the Governmental machinery. And what did that revolution achieve? It destroyed freedom and culture, both."

"Have you finished? I have not the strength to continue this argument with you. I will fight on single-handed, if necessary, like Rana Pratap, even if you refuse to help me," Jani said finally.

"I shall help you, but on one condition. You must not resort to violence without first consulting me," Ravi said. "The movement is about to die out and if violence springs up, rest assured Gandhiji will have to languish in jail and there will be no second opportunity to resume the movement."

Jani sat silent in deep thought for some time and then he said with a smile, "All right, I give you my word. You bring me the money. I agree not to do anything without consulting you."

"Very well, but I'll have to get the money from Bombay. On the fifth day from today I shall come to Angareshwar with the money. Send Dhansukh for it."

[*To be continued*]


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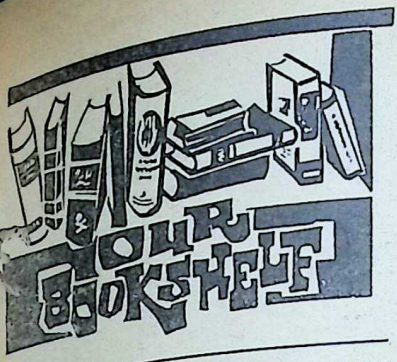


*THE INSPIRING PRECEPTS FROM THE DIVINE PEN OF SRI SRI THAKUR HARANATH.* Compiled by A. Ramakrishna Sastri. Published by K. Ramachandra Rao, Moberlipeta, Amalapuram, E Godavari Dist. (A.P.) pp. 235. Price: Rs. 2.

THAKUR HARANATH was looked upon by his devotees as an *avatar* of Sri Chaitanya and a considerable literature has grown around him. The present work represents a compilation from most of the writings of Sri Haranath himself,—published and unpublished—arranged under suitable headings so as to be of ready help to seekers of that path. The work proper is preceded by an Introduction, giving an account of Haranath the man, Haranath the superhuman and Haranath the ideal man. Religion, Spiritual Path, Divine Name, Prakriti, Maya, Birth and Death, Food, Woman, Prema, etc. are some of the sections in this useful book.

The entire work is permeated with the spirit of surrender and love for the Lord in the form of Krishna.

—*M. P. Pandit*

*HINDU SCRIPTURES.* By Prof. B. Bissoondoyal. Published by P. R. Macmillan Ltd., London & Geneva. pp. 152. Price: 10 *s* 6 *d.*

MEANT mainly for readers across the seas, the author quotes the opinions of the French Georges Reyer, Andre Fraigneau, Michelet and others whose sympathetic actions to our scriptures are sometimes revealing. He approvingly quotes Sister Nivedita's remark about our philosophy being directly related to the common life of common folk. After dealing with the philosophy of the Vedas and the Upanishads, he appropriately concludes with brief notices of the *Ramayana* and the *Bharata* Epics which interpret Hinduism for us at present. The last chapter on the *Gita* emphasises Dr. Radhakrishnan's necessity of keeping together the world which has materially become one by the universal acceptance of the externals of civilisation. The very last section is on the *Gita* and the *Panchatantra,* another fascinating book that has been translated into almost all important languages. The *Gita* has naturally made a profound impression on this young Mauritian scholar who was educated in Punjab and Calcutta. The author's concluding sentence about the moral influence of this little scripture which can help politicians to outlaw war deserves to be deeply pondered over by everybody.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

*THOUGHT-POWER.* By Swami Sivananda. Published by the Divine Life Society, Rishikesh. pp. 272 Price: Rs. 4.

THE central theme of this latest book from the prolific pen of Swamiji is that thoughts are not simply ideas that move in our minds, last as long as we think them and die out as soon as we leave them. Each thought, says the author, is an entity that has repercussions first in our own system, physical and psychological, and then outside when it goes into the general atmosphere on a career of its own. If it is weak, it peters away, but if it be instinct with some power, then it exerts a definite influence.

Thoughts have forms; they have even different colours. "A spiritual thought has yellow colour. A thought charged with anger and hatred is of dark red colour; a selfish thought has a brown colour and so on" (p. 19). How thoughts can be made powerful enough to improve one's health, heal the sick, mould the environment and play an important part in yogic deve-

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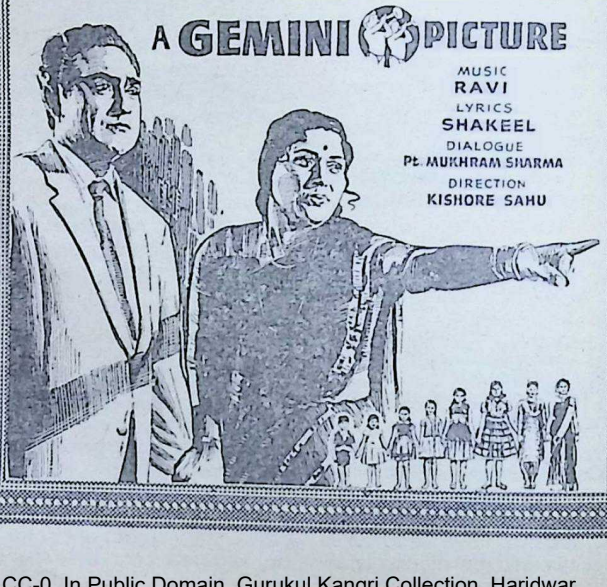


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lopment, is described at length in these pages. There may be repetitions but in such subjects, some would say, even repetitions are a virtue.

—*M. P. Pandit*

*...E RADHAKRISHNAN NUMBER:* Souvenir Volume of Appreciations. Published by Vyasa Publications, 12, Thambu Chetty Street, Madras. 1962. pp. 221. Price: Rs. 7.50 nP.

THIS sumptuous and well got-up volume of tributes and reminiscences of their association and contact with Dr. Radhakrishnan collected from his compeers, friends, admirers and students and presented here to mark the occasion of his 75th birthday, introduces every citizen of India to the various aspects of his rich and inspiring personality. We see in it the brilliant flashes of his personality in its numerous facets. Here we see the distinguished President of India in the harmonious unity of diversities—as an "intellectual light house", as a stern realist, an idealist, the nation's umpire, the greatest humanist of modern times, a global teacher, creative thinker, writer and orator of remarkable calibre and a sincere soul in quest of God,—in short, as an epitome of Bharatiya culture at its best.

Among the distinguished contributors to the volume numbering over a hundred, are such illustrious names as those of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Bertrand Russell, A. Huxley, Cardinal Gracias, Pt. Nehru, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, S. K. Chatterji, C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, R. R. Diwakar, C. D. Deshmukh, V. K. R. V. Rao, Mulk Raj Anand, Maithili Saran Gupta and others. Reading the numerous tributes from so many authorities is a rewarding experience. As one who has also come under the inspiration of Dr. Radhakrishnan, the reviewer is happy to have this opportunity of reviewing this volume.

Every Bharatiya, who reads this volume is sure to be inspired to greater effort in the service of his motherland by the example of the high ideals and achievement set by President Radhakrishnan.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

## HINDI

*MAHAMANA SHRI PANDIT MADAN MOHAN MALAVIYA KE LEKHA AUR BHASHANA.* Vol. I. (Religions). Compiled by Vasudeva Sharan and published by the Secretary, Akhil Bharatiya Malaviya Janma Shati Samaroha Samiti, Kashi Hindoo Vishvavidyalaya, Varanasi-5. 1962; pp. 15 + 323. Price: Rs. 4/-.

THE volume under notice, published by the Malaviya Janma-shati Samaroha Samiti, contains writings and speeches of Pandit Malaviyaji concerning religion, particularly, Sanatana Dharma. They have been classified and presented under different headings as many as twenty-eight.

Of all the things under the sun, what was dearest to Mahamana was only one thing and that was the Sanatana Dharma. His love for the motherland as also the sacrifice for it were but some of the modes through which he practised it. In the presence of conflicting ideals, Mahamana made no secret of his leanings towards the Sanatana Dharma. He adored the Ganga, worshipped the cow and recited the Gayatri as he sincerely believed, on the basis of the traditional and popular explanation of the Sanatana Dharma, that he only is a Hindu who does it. Though he was a staunch Sanatanist, he did accommodate within the limits of the Sanatana Dharma the upliftment of अंत्यज in his programme.

All the above-mentioned salient features of the Sanatana Dharma of his conception as embodied succinctly in the Stanza न त्वहं कामये राज्यं न स्वर्गं नापुनर्भवम्। कामये दुःखतप्तानां प्राणिनामार्तिनाशेनम् ।। characterize all the writings and speeches collected in the volume under notice. All his words, spoken or written have a force that drives the conviction home. Mahamana's transparent sincerity and his living faith in the Sanatana Dharma for

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which he always stood can be best seen in the speech that he delivered in the Sanatana Dharma Conference at Rawalpindi. The selection also is so judiciously made by the compiler. The printing is nicely done and the price also is reasonable.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

## KANNADA

*SRIMADBHAGAVATA KATHASARA.* By Sri Subodha M. Rama Rao. Published by Subodha Prakatana Alaya, Bangalore-18. Complete in 5 volumes. Price for X *skandhas* Rs. 4, Rs. 2 for 3 volumes each.

THE first volume in this series was already noticed some time back. The 4 volumes herein presented complete the story of that excellent Purana described by Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa as 'fried in the butter of *jnana* and soaked in the syrup of *bhakti*'. The *Subodha*, the learned monthly published by him has already published many Madhva works, notably Sri Vadiraja Teertha's works and so one would expect him to have utilised Sri Madhva's *Bhagavata, Tatparya nirnaya* and Vijayadhvaja's Commentary. The word *Putrakaameshti Yaaga* [illegible] once or twice by the author in the course of his narrative could have been avoided. The Kannada translation is well printed and is really a boon to all.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*PRAJNANA TARAVALI* (in Telugu): by Swami Prajnananda, published by Sri Prajnananda Bhakta Seva Samiti, Chidanandashram, Pashivetala P.O. (Via) Nidadavolu, W. Godavari Dt., A.P. Rs. 3/-.

*ASTRONOMICAL ORIGIN OF THE HINDU TRINITY*: By B. R. Kulkarni. Published by Godateer Itihas Sanshodhan Mandal, Nanded (C. Rly). Rs. 2/-.


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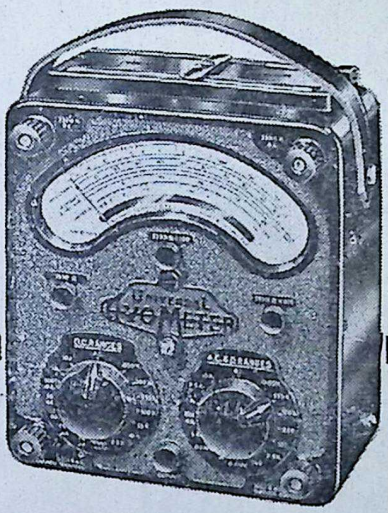


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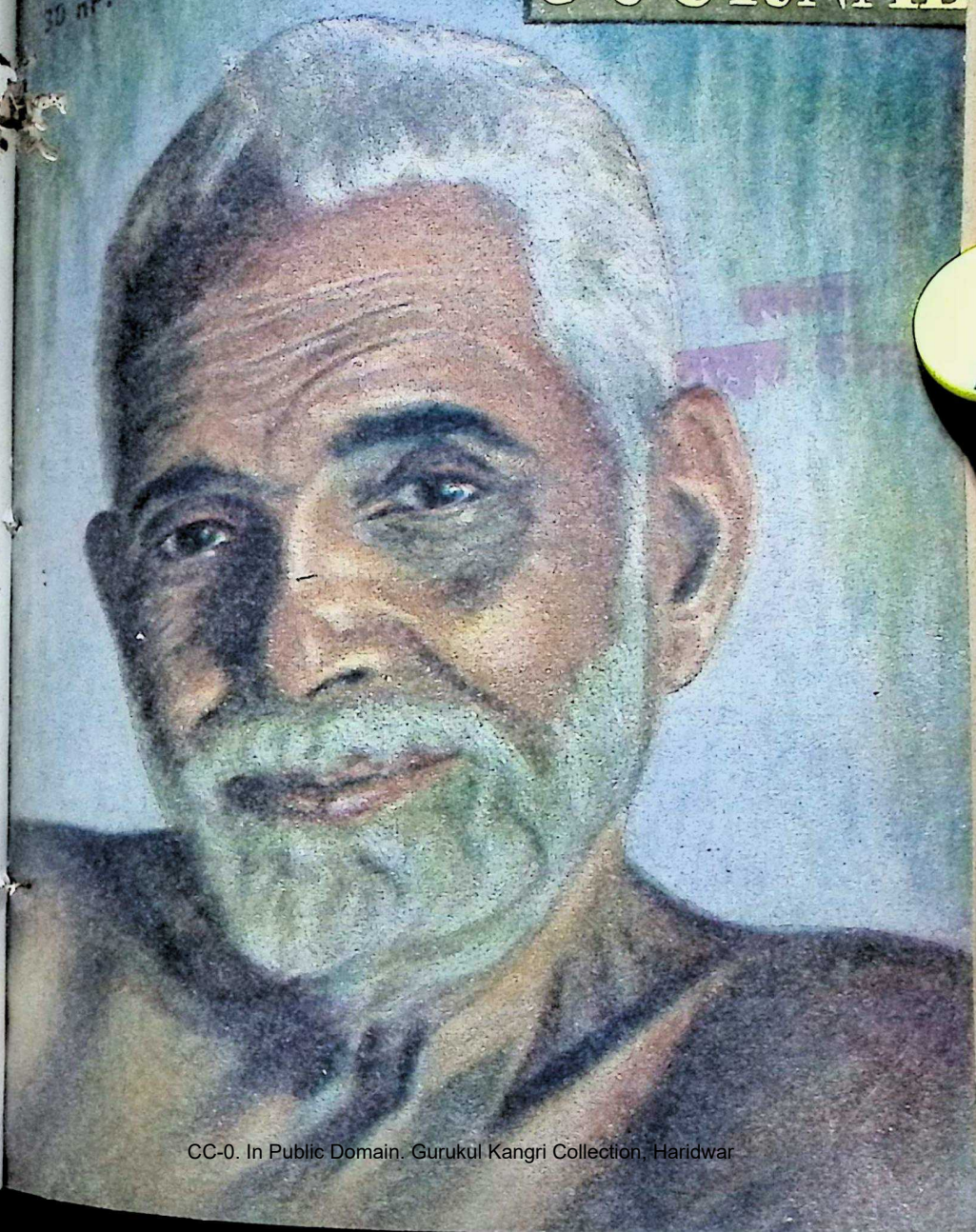

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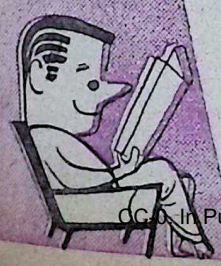

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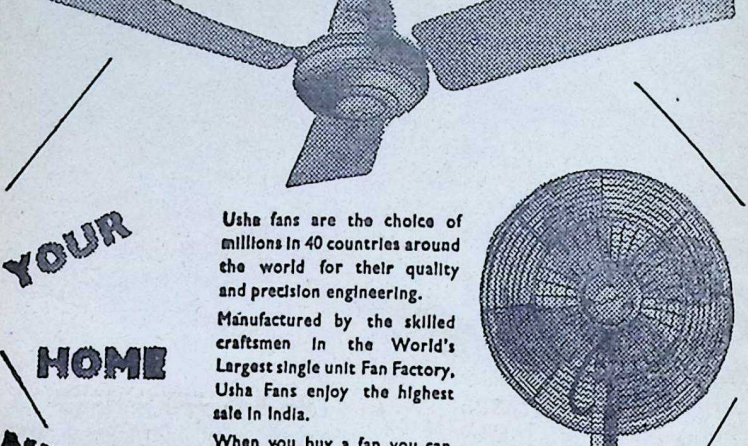

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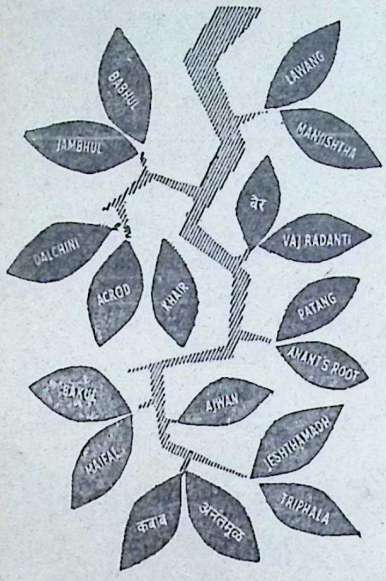


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*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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## THE MIGHTY WARRIOR

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स नः स्वर्षदति द्विषः क्रतुश्छन्द ऋतं बृहत्॥

That Mighty Warrior who can subjugate everyone and is invincible, who being a conqueror is invoked by us for protection—let him vanquish the enemies and offer us safety so that Sacrifice, Knowledge and Truth shall flourish supremely.

—*Samaveda*, 646

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 281

# ★ THE EMERGENCY & THE WAY OF THE SPIRIT

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
APRIL 14, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN my earlier Letters, I have repeatedly said that the Chinese aggression is a God-given opportunity. It is not merely an opportunity to get out of our self-complacency and prepare ourselves for defending our national existence. It has a deeper significance.

It is the hour of God, given to us to gird ourselves up for defending our religious and spiritual way of life. For brevity's sake, this may be called our way of the Spirit; for, the religious way is only a gateway through which most of us must pass to walk the way of the Spirit.

From the dawn of history, our religious way of life is based upon a firm tradition which carries with it the freedom of faith and worship; respects individual's right to pursue his religious bent without fear of persecution or interference by the State; enjoins respect for all religions.

Sri Krishna has said: "Whatever the god you worship, you ultimately come unto Me." This is the charter of our way of the Spirit. It leaves every individual free, consistent with a similar freedom in others, to seek his own Truth, unhindered.

"Let noble thoughts come to us from every side," said the Rig Vedic sage. The *Upanishads* foster every effort, however audacious, to reach the goal of self-realisation. This we value the most. From this has sprung our glorious heritage which makes India what it is.

During several periods of our history, our people had to endure political servitude. It is equally true that sometimes the iconoclastic zeal of the invaders forced Indians to abjure faith at the point of the sword.

At the same time, the people as a whole never lost their freedom to conserve and develop the way of the Spirit. They pursued the truth as they saw it, visioned the beauty as they conceived it, honoured God each in his own way. The pursuit of the spiritual goal was unhindered.

Our struggle against China is not merely a struggle against a hostile na-

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munist system which, as a matter of policy, suppresses religious worship, denies the right to search the truth, conducts a systematic campaign to crush the faith in God in the hearts of men—in short, a system that negatives the way of the Spirit.

Under it, if it prevails in this country, it would be almost impossible,—in a generation quite impossible—to practise the way of the Spirit as we see it.

It is true that India has not the monopoly of the Spirit. It comes to all those who follow the way of the Spirit wherever they are. But Indians have given it a home, and those who threaten our way of the Spirit do not.

The spiritual values for which we stand are: Truth, Love and Beauty. Truth, as one sees it and is ready to stand for. Communism stands for "fabricated truths" imposed by the State on individuals through fear or systematic indoctrination.

Our way of the Spirit stands for Love, the conquest of the ego, by seeing All in One and One in All. Communism stands for an inflated collective ego—a dictatorship reared on class hatred and bent on world conquest by playing upon the fear and cupidity of men.

We stand for Beauty, which comes of self-restraint of the body and mind. Communism stands for unabashed materialism, the denial of the Spirit to rise above material condition.

The way of the Spirit which we believe in is based on the faith that God is and in-forms all creation. Communism stands for the destruction of this faith.

In Russia, every attempt is being made for the last forty years to uproot religion. If it persists in a large measure today, it is because the roots of religion are embedded in human nature itself.

In China, things are worse. The other day, an article by an eye-witness described a Convent school permitted to function in Peking for the benefit of the children of the diplomatic colony, as standing in a vast sea of atheism. And the sea is not God-made ; it is an artificial sea by a godless State.

Our democratic traditions spring as much from the influence of the West as from our inherent outlook on the way of the Spirit. That is why freedom of faith and worship is one of the fundamental freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution. The assurance that the dignity of the individual would be preserved is also enshrined as a goal in the Preamble to our Constitution.

Our democracy, therefore, would not be worth a naya paisa if we did not defend and foster the way of the Spirit which is dear to us.

Hitler's was one of the most wicked tyranny known to history. But even he never harnessed the resources of the omnipotent modern State to poison the roots of spiritual aspirations in the human mind. A Communist State does what even Hitler did not do.

If we are forced to become a satellite of China, our social traditions would be destroyed ; our religious freedoms would go ; our way of the Spirit would be forcibly suppressed. In fighting China therefore, we are

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fighting for our souls.

I dare say that there are Indians who do not prize the way of the Spirit. They may think of the struggle which China has forced upon us, in terms of other values. But for the vast majority of our people who have the values of religion at heart, the struggle assumes a different form.

By and large, our soldiers are drawn from deeply-religious communities. They derive their heroism from their faith in God. They are ready to lay down their lives because they feel that their sacred land, where the way of the Spirit flourishes, demands a willing sacrifice.

Some of us who have faith in this way of the Spirit may not be able to fight with weapons. I for one cannot, and there are many more people like me.

What should we do?

What a man of God recently said about the emergency comes back to my mind as an appropriate reply to the question. In substance he said that such of us who have the faith must be ready to fight for the values which we cherish most, with whatever we have—above all, with our hearts.

*Mam anusmara yudhya cha,* said Sri Krishna in the *Gita*—"Remember Me and fight." Those of us who cannot fight with rifles and bayonets, have surely other weapons.

If we fight for the way of the Spirit, which is the way of God, He will be there to give us help and He will certainly help. But we must not forget that God works through men. We must give Him our hearts, from which to operate. If we give those bases to Him, the struggle would be transformed into a war of the Spirit.

How shall we, those who are denied the privilege of being in the front, fight with our hearts? We can all help—old and young, rich and poor, strong and weak,—by holding firm against all defeatist talks and demoralising whispers.

What is prayer, but to find out His Will? What is duty, but to translate it in our lives? What is worship, but to offer our thoughts and actions, so that He shall triumph?

Every thought given to preparing against China, therefore, is a prayer.

Every act which strengthens the nation's will to resist, is *karma*, an offering made to God.

History teaches us that not unoften war was won in the field of battle, but lost in the weakness of men's hearts.

If we keep our hearts free from the forces of doubt, depression, fear, jealousy, frustration, the power of God will be given to all those who come within their range.

In this hour of peril to India, all of us who value victory, should never fail to invoke His aid in which alone lies our strength.

The prayer must come from the hearts of all those who know that there is no other power but His and no victory but through accepting His will. That is why I said, the hour of God has struck. We would have betrayed Him if we hesitated to make full use of it.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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St. Anselm

# TEACH ME O LORD!

*LORD, teach me to seek Thee and reveal Thyself to me when I seek Thee; for I cannot seek Thee except Thou teach me, nor find Thee except Thou reveal Thyself.*

*Let me seek Thee in longing, let me long for Thee in seeking: let me find Thee in love and love Thee in finding.*

*Lord, I acknowledge and I thank Thee that Thou hast created me in this Thine image, in order that I may be mindful of Thee, may conceive of Thee and love Thee: but that image has been so consumed and wasted away by vices and obscured by the smoke of wrong-doing that it cannot achieve that for which it was made, except Thou renew it and create it anew.*

*Is the eye of the soul darkened by its infirmity, or dazzled by Thy glory?*

*Surely, it is both darkened in itself and dazzled by Thee.*

*Lord, this is the unapproachable light in which Thou dwellest.*

*Truly I see it not, because it is too bright for me; and yet whatever I see, I see through it, as the weak eye sees what it sees through the light of the sun, which in the sun itself it cannot look upon.*

*Oh supreme and unapproachable light, oh holy and blessed truth, how far art Thou from me who am so near to Thee, how far art Thou removed from my vision, though I am so near to Thine!*

*Everywhere Thou art wholly present, and I see Thee not.*

*In Thee I move and in Thee I have my being, and cannot come to Thee.*

*Thou art within me and about me, and I feel Thee not!*

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# CHRIST IS OUR OWN

*Acharya Vinoba Bhave*

THE Son of Man, as Jesus called himself, belonged to all mankind, for he was above all barriers of race, colour, and creed. He represented the human race and strove to raise its stature. He paid with his life for his attempt to redeem others.

Not long after Christ's crucifixion a Christian mission came to Malabar in South India. The word "communism" is derived from the "communes" which once were tiny settlements of early Christian groups that lived as one joint family and shared all their earthly possessions in common. Ever since its arrival here Christianity has flourished.

Jesus strove to establish upon earth the kingdom of heaven. He tried to conquer hatred by love. If we return love with love what virtue is there in it? That is the way even with the animals. Besides, if I must return like for like, I yield the initiative, I surrender my choice in the ordering of my conduct. It is then for the other fellow to determine it. Where is the wisdom, one may ask, in leaving our own course of action at the mercy of others?

Jesus called upon us to love our neighbour. But though this has been extolled as a great virtue by all nations, few have been found prepared in practice to accept it as their immediate obligation.

Today science has taken great strides and man is coming upon means and instruments of remarkable potency that are promising him the millennium—or total destruction. Human destiny seems to lie prostrate at the feet of science. Man is trembling at man's discoveries only because he has failed to raise himself to a conscious and willing acceptance of Christ and his message. We talk of love and non-violence and One World, but devote the bulk of our resources to piling up armaments for mutual destruction. We despair of our neighbour. This is cowardice. Jesus refused to give way to it. He bore the Cross —the burden of our sins—and embraced martyrdom.

The teachings of Jesus are not alien to India. It has been the meeting ground of multitudes of races, creeds, and cultures ; a land of syntheses and fusions. Rabindranath Tagore sang of India as a great nation of fusion and unity of tribes and races, out of which was to emerge a model refined and worthy to receive the world's homage. There has been in the life of our people a consciousness of universal oneness that transcends nationalism and all other barriers between man and man.

I therefore unreservedly declare that Jesus Christ is our own, that to us in this country Jesus and his teach-

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ings have never sounded strange or unpractical, that we regard Jesus as one of our family.

Indeed, merciful Providence has blessed India throughout her long history with an unending galaxy of saints and holy men who loved their neighbour and stranger and enemy alike, and laboured for their good; regarding their own self as less than dust. Their number is legion. And I say in all humility that no country in the world except India has made on so vast a scale a collective effort to follow Christ's teachings as did India under Mahatma Gandhi.

I confess a good deal of our practice falls far short of our ideal. I am deeply aware of the failings in our behaviour. God alone knows the remorse we feel for our many sins. But I wish to point out here that the teachings of Jesus are familiar food to every Hindu who is taught from early childhood not to kill, and to look upon the least of God's creatures as one's self; in that sense we have accepted Christ long ago....

Love and service are the two characteristic features of the Christian way of life. I yearn to live up to these ideals in everyday life. I am willing to sit at the feet of Christian prophets and holy men and learn. I should love to regard myself and call myself part Christian and part Muslim, and look upon it as my good luck to be so, and endeavour to be worthy of all that this means. This I can do, I am sure, without the least harm to my Hinduism. I feel my Hinduism will grow and blossom forth and add to its lustre and gain in stature for my doing so. Even so, Christianity and Islam will assume a special significance in preaching universal love and brotherhood and service of all God's creatures.

Throughout her history of five thousand years, India has never attacked another country. Non-violence has been her badge and her sheet-anchor. It is in her blood and marrow. Thus there is nothing extraordinary in our accepting Jesus and his God-inspired teachings as our very own.

---

*Prayer carries us half-way to God, fasting brings us to the door of His palace and alms-giving procures us admission.*

—The Holy Koran.

*See Pages 36 & 37*

*FOR ALL OCCASIONS & AGES*

**THE GOOD-DAY GIFT**

**published by the LIFCO**


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# Thus Spake Sri Ramana Maharshi

[ On April 14, 1950, Bhagawan Ramana attained Nirvana—*Ed.* ]

*Why should you bear your load on the head when you are travelling in a train? It carries you and your load whether the load is on your head, or on the floor of the train. You are not lessening the burden of the train by keeping it on your head, but only straining yourself unnecessarily. Similar is the result of your sense of doership in the world.*

★

*To see wrong in another is one's own wrong. The discrimination between right and wrong is the origin of the sin. One's own sin is reflected outside and the individual in ignorance superimposes it on another. The best course for one is to reach the state in which such discrimination does not arise. Do you see wrong or right in your sleep? Did you not exist in sleep? Be asleep even in the wakeful state, abide as the Self and remain uncontaminated by what goes on around. Your silence will have more effect than your words and deeds. That is the development of will-power. Then the world becomes the Kingdom of Heaven, which is within you.*

★

*A salt doll diving into the sea will not be protected by a water-proof coat. The body is the water-proof coat. You see the objects on forgetting your own Self. If you keep hold of your Self you will not see the objective world.*

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A child and a Sage (jnani) are similar in a way. Incidents interest a child only so long as they last. It ceases to think of them after they have passed away. So then, it is apparent that they do not leave any impression on the child and it is not affected by them mentally. So it is with a Sage.

★

A traveller in a cart has fallen asleep. The bulls move, stand still or are unyoked during the journey. He does not know these events but finds himself in a different place after he wakes up. He has been blissfully ignorant of the occurrences on the way, but the journey has been finished. Similarly with the Self of a person. The ever-wakeful Self is compared to the traveller asleep in the cart. The waking state is the moving of the bulls; samadhi is their standing still (because samadhi means jagrat-sushupti, that is to say, the person is aware but not concerned in the action; the bulls are yoked but do not move); sleep is the unyoking of the bulls, for there is complete stopping of activity corresponding to the relief of the bulls from the yoke.

★

Scenes are projected on the screen in the cinema-show, but the moving pictures do not affect or alter the screen. The spectator pays attention to them, not to the screen. They cannot exist apart from the screen, yet the screen is ignored. So also the Self is the screen where the pictures, activities, etc. are seen going on. The man is aware of the latter but not aware of the essential former. All the same the world of pictures is not apart from the Self. Whether he is aware of the screen or unaware, the actions continue.

★

Actions and states are according to one's point of view. A crow, an elephant, a snake, each makes use of one limb for two alternate purposes. With one eye the crow looks on either side; for the elephant the trunk serves the purpose of both a hand and a nose; and the serpent sees as well as hears with its eyes. Whether you say the crow has an eye or eyes, or refer to the trunk of the elephant as 'hand' or 'nose' or call the eye of the serpent its ears, it means all the same. Similarly in the case of jnani, sleep-waking or waking-sleep or dream-sleep or dreaming-wakefulness, are all much the same thing.

★

All religions postulate the three fundamentals, the world, the soul and God. The one Reality alone manifests Itself as the three. To say "The three are indeed three" is only while the ego lasts. Therefore to inhere in one's own Being, where the 'I' the ego, is dead, is the perfect state.

★

Karma (Action) bears fruit; for, so the Creator ordains. Is Karma God? It is not sentient. The results of Karma pass away, and yet leave seeds that cast the agent into an ocean of Karma. Karma yields no salvation. But acts performed without any attachment and in the spirit of service to God, cleanse the mind and point the way to salvation.

[Compiled by Swami Rajeswarananda.]

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# Providence:

## An Apologue

*Victor Hugo*

THE other evening I was a little late in going down to dinner, and this was the reason: I noticed a number of dead bees lying on the floor of the lookout where I am accustomed to work—a sight that I encounter every spring.

The poor things had come in through the open window. When the windows were closed they found themselves prisoners. Unable to see the transparent obstacle, they had hurled themselves against the glass panes on all sides, east, north, south and west, until at last they fell to the floor exhausted, and died.

But, yesterday, I noticed among the bees, a great drone, much stronger than the bees, who was far from being dead, who, in fact, was very much alive and was dashing himself against the panes with all his might, like the great beast that he was.

"Ah! my fine friend," said I, "it would have been an evil day for you had I not come to the rescue. You would have been done for, my fine fellow; before nightfall you would be lying dead, and on coming upstairs, in the evening with my lamp, I would have found your poor little corpse among those of the other bees."

Come, now, like the Emperor Titus I shall mark the day by a good deed: let us save the insect's life. Perhaps in the eyes of God a drone is as valuable as a man, and without any doubt it is more valuable than a prince.

I threw open the window, and, by means of a napkin, began chasing the insect toward it; but the drone persisted in flying in the opposite direction.

I then tried to capture it by throwing the napkin over it.

When the drone saw that I wished to capture it, it lost its head completely; it bounded furiously against the glass panes, as though it would smash them, took a fresh start, and dashed itself again and again against the glass. Finally it flew the whole length of the apartment, maddened and desperate.

**Picture God as saying to you:**

**'My son, why is it that day by day you rise and pray, and genuflect, and even strike the ground with your forehead, nay, sometimes, even shed tears, while you say to Me: "My father, my God, give me wealth!"**

**'If I were to give it to you, you would think yourself of some importance, you would fancy you had gained something very great.**

**'Because you asked for it, you have it.**

**'But take care to make good use of it.**

**'Before you had it you were humble; now that you have begun to be rich you despise the poor.**

**'What kind of a good is that which only makes you worse?**

**'For worse you are, since you were bad already.**

**'And that it would make you worse you knew not; hence you asked it of Me. I gave it you and I proved you; you have found—and you are found out!**

**'Ask of Me better things than these, greater things than these.**

**'Ask of Me spiritual things.**

**'Ask of Me Myself.'**

**—*St. Augustine***

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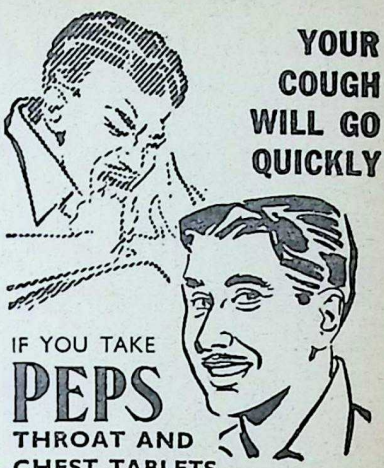
"Ah, you tyrant! it buzzed. "Despot! you would deprive me of liberty! Cruel executioner, why do you not leave me alone? I am happy, and why do you persecute me?"

After trying very hard, I brought it down and, in seizing it with the napkin, I involuntarily hurt it. Oh, how it tried to avenge itself! It darted out its sting; its little nervous body, contracted by my fingers, strained itself with all its strength in an attempt to sting me. But I ignored its protestations, and, stretching my hand out of the window, opened the napkin. For a moment the drone seemed stunned, astonished; then it calmly took flight out into the infinite.

Well, you see how I saved the drone. I was its Providence. But (and here is the moral of my story) do we not, stupid drones that we are, conduct ourselves in the same manner toward the providence of God?

We have our petty and absurd projects, our small and narrow views, our rash designs, whose accomplishment is either impossible or injurious to ourselves. Seeing no farther than our noses and with our eyes fixed on our immediate aim, we plunge ahead in our blind infatuation, like madmen. We would succeed, we would triumph; that is to say, we would break our heads against an invisible obstacle.

And when God, who sees all and who wishes to save us, upsets our designs, we stupidly complain against Him, we accuse His Providence! We do not comprehend that in punishing us, in overturning our plans and causing us suffering, He is doing all this to deliver us, to open the Infinite to us.

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*....Call up the divinity within you.... No great work can be done without sacrifice...*

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# Be and Make

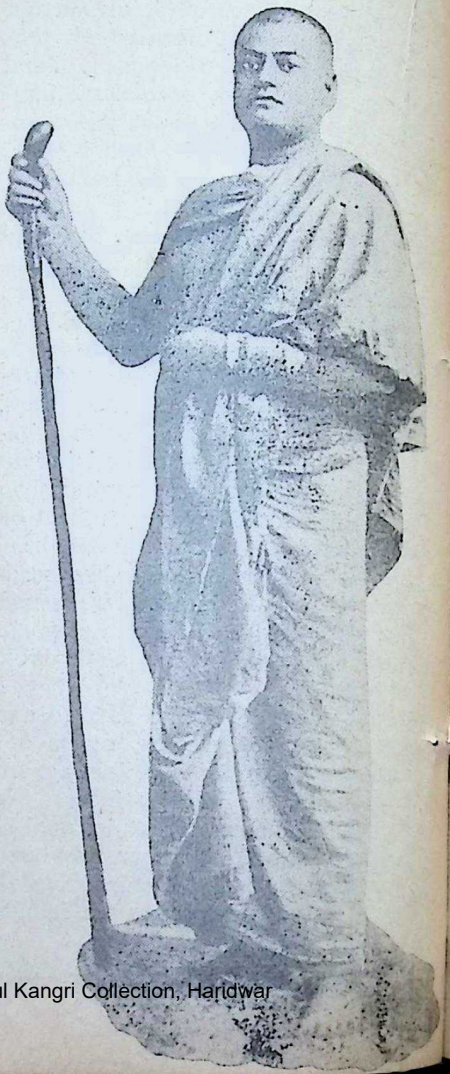
**Swami Vivekananda**

SHALL India die? Then from the world all spirituality will be extinct; all moral perfection will be extinct; all sweet-souled sympathy for religion will be extinct; all ideality will be extinct; and in its place will reign the duality of lust and luxury as the male and female deities, with money as its priest; fraud, force, and competition its ceremonies; and the human soul its sacrifice. Such a thing can never be.

India will be raised—not with the power of flesh, but with the power of the spirit; not with the flag of destruction, but with the flag of peace and love, the garb of the Sannyasin; not by the power of wealth, but by the power of the begging-bowl. Say not that you are weak. The spirit is omnipotent.

Young men, your country requires it. The world requires it. Call up the divinity within you, which will enable you to bear hunger and thirst, heat and cold. Sitting in luxurious homes, surrounded with all the comforts of life, and doing out a little amateur religion may be good for other lands but India has a truer instinct. It intuitively detects the mask. You must give up. Be great. No great work can be done without sacrifice. The Purusha himself sacrificed himself to create this world. Lay down your comforts, nay, even your lives, and make a bridge of human chains over which millions will cross this ocean of life.

First let us be gods and then help others to be gods. Be and make. Let this be our motto.



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# UNCEASING EFFORT

THE will to succeed translated into action becomes unceasing effort and he who has this precious gift has no cause to fear any problem howsoever complicated or large in dimension.

The world has kudos for him who successfully completes an assignment given to him; but even if only a very small part of it remains unfinished, it does not fancy him. It follows that in whatever you do, your efforts should not slacken at any stage until its successful accomplishment.

That successful helper who erases all thoughts of and benefits to self in what he does, verily becomes a pillar to society.

Indeed to be able successfully to extend the hand of help to society, this quality of unceasing effort is indispensable; for, help by unsustained effort will only resemble the eunuch wielding the sword.

Sustained effort is the seed of wealth and sloth the seed of poverty. Goddess Lakshmi will preside over the actions of the former and the Elder Sister (Goddess of Adversity) at the actions of the latter.

That by yourself you are unable to underwrite success adequate to your efforts is by no means your fault; but what really is your fault is the failure to appraise the situation properly, take adequate steps, make sustained effort and pursue the objective relentlessly till the goal is reached.

Effort that is continuous has only infinity for its ideal. That being so, even if all your efforts fail to achieve the full result for no fault of yours, you may rest assured that you will be adequately rewarded for your labour. The truth, however, is that, he who strives, undeterred by shortfalls in targets, will ultimately leave Fate far behind him.

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*Wisdom from Sanskrit*

# OH, SAMSARA!

एका भार्या प्रकृतिमुखरा चंचला च द्वितीया
पुत्रस्त्वेको भुवनविजयी मन्मथो दुर्निवारः।
शेषः शय्या शयनमुदधौ वाहनं पन्नगारिः
स्मारं स्मारं स्वगृहचरितं दारुभूतो मुरारिः॥

*His one wife (Saraswati) is garrulous; His other wife (Lakshmi) is fleet-footed. His only son (Manmatha) is bent on world conquest and is incorrigible. The Ocean is His couch, the serpent His bed and His mount the serpent's foe (Garuda)! The Slayer of Mura (Vishnu) was so eaten up with concern thinking over His home, divided against itself, that He became wooden (at Jagannath)!*

अत्तुं वाञ्छति वाहनं गणपतेराखुं क्षुधार्तः फणी
तं च क्रौञ्चरिपोः शिखी च गिरिजासिंहोपि नागाननम्।
गौरी जह्नुसुतामसूयति कलानाथं कपालाननो
निर्विण्णः स पपौ कुटुंबकलहादीशोऽपि हालाहलम्॥

*(Mahesa's home is not different). The hungry snake which He wears as ornament wants to gobble Ganesa's mouse. The peacock, which is Karttikeya's mount, is out for killing Siva's snake. The lion which is Parvati's mount looks harshly at the elephant-faced Ganesa. There is no love lost between Gauri and Ganga whom the Lord hides in His matted hair. Nor does the Lord's cheek show tolerance towards the moon which the Lord wears. Overwhelmed by the state of things in His own household, the Lord drank the* halahala (*poison, at the Churning of the Ocean*).

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PART III

CHAPTER XVIII

# IN THE LAND OF DEMONS

A LARGE crowd of Nagas, with brandishing spears, had halted a little beyond the residence of the King. Many were shouting, 'Kill, Kill,' 'Rakshasa, Rakshasa,' trying to rush at a boy suspended in a sort of cage woven out of fibres from a pole carried by four Nagas.

Siguri Naga, a young chief, was keeping the crowd at bay. The boy was in a faint, moaning piteously and muttering in a strange tongue.

Prince Karkotaka stepped in front of the crowd and commanded silence. 'What is this?' he asked.

A Naga chief, who was there, stepped in front of Karkotaka and said: 'Siguri Naga has brought a Rakshasa from the forest.'

The Nagas stood in terrible dread of the Rakshasas who lived in the inaccessible forests on the frontier of the land which they themselves occupied between the Ganga and the Yamuna and on the banks of Charmanavati. Weird stories of the grisly deeds done by these demons were the common stock of the Naga folk-lore. Tangible support was lent to them by the occasional visit of a Rakshasa in some distant village. It was invariably confirmed by the disappearance of some straying person or by the remains of a human body all but devoured by sharp teeth in the night. On the frontier, it was therefore customary for the villagers to keep bonfires burning the whole night on the outskirts of their village to prevent the Rakshasas from coming.

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However, no Rakshasa had ever strayed into Nagakoot, the capital of Aaryaka. So when it was reported that Siguri Naga was bringing a live Rakshasa, all Nagas—men, women and children—in the town turned out to see what they had never seen before, but whose very name put everyone in fright. Most men had come out with spears. The little boys howled in anger, throwing stones at the little Rakshasa, and whenever a stone struck him, he snarled and showed his pointed teeth.

As a Rakshasa was considered impure, Siguri Naga could bring the boy Rakshasa to the royal residence only upto a distance. Then leaving him outside the court, he approached Prince Karkotaka, saluted him by prostration and explained how he had come to bring a living Rakshasa to the royal presence.

Uddhava, however, was influenced by no such taboo. He saw the piteous spectacle of the boy, moaning and whining by turn, his body lacerated, blood oozing out of his nose. Disregarding the horrified look of the Nagas, he stepped near the cage and tried to pat him.

'He is a Rakshasa,' shouted the Naga who was in charge. 'He will eat you,' said one of them.

'Let him do so,' said Uddhava and undid the knot which tied the boy to the cage and lifted him in his arms.

It was a strange creature, more of a beast than man. His head was steep and narrow. There were wooden chips, painted red, inserted in his lips, which made him look very ferocious. His teeth were filed to a sharpness, resembling those of a wolf. His long nails, hard and black, were curved like a bear's. His shifty eyes were blood-shot and the cries which he uttered were more like those of a wounded animal.

Uddhava laid the boy on a verandah nearby, where he lay, so to say, on all fours, resting his arms on the elbows. With some effort, he was induced to take water, which he did, not by taking the pot in his hand, but bending low and drinking from it dog-fashion.

●●●

Siguri Naga was one of the ablest chiefs among the Nagas. Obeying the orders of King Aaryaka, he had gone from village to village, gathering information about the possible direction which the Five Brothers and Kunti had taken on their way through the jungles. All that he could gather after great difficulty was that five Aryas, one of them being very huge, and an old woman, had crossed over into Rakshasavrat, the dread Land of the Demons.

Tracing the route taken by the Five Brothers, Siguri Naga ultimately reached the frontier village Lahuria. Beyond it lay the almost inaccessible barrier of huge crags, boulders and hills which skirted the impenetrable forest in which the Rakshasas lived.

When Siguri Naga reached the village, he found that only the previous night it had been raided by the Rakshasas despite the bonfires. An old man and a dog had disappeared. Following the foot tracks, he found that the raiding party consisted of five Rakshasas, one of them being a boy. Their traces were ultimately lost in

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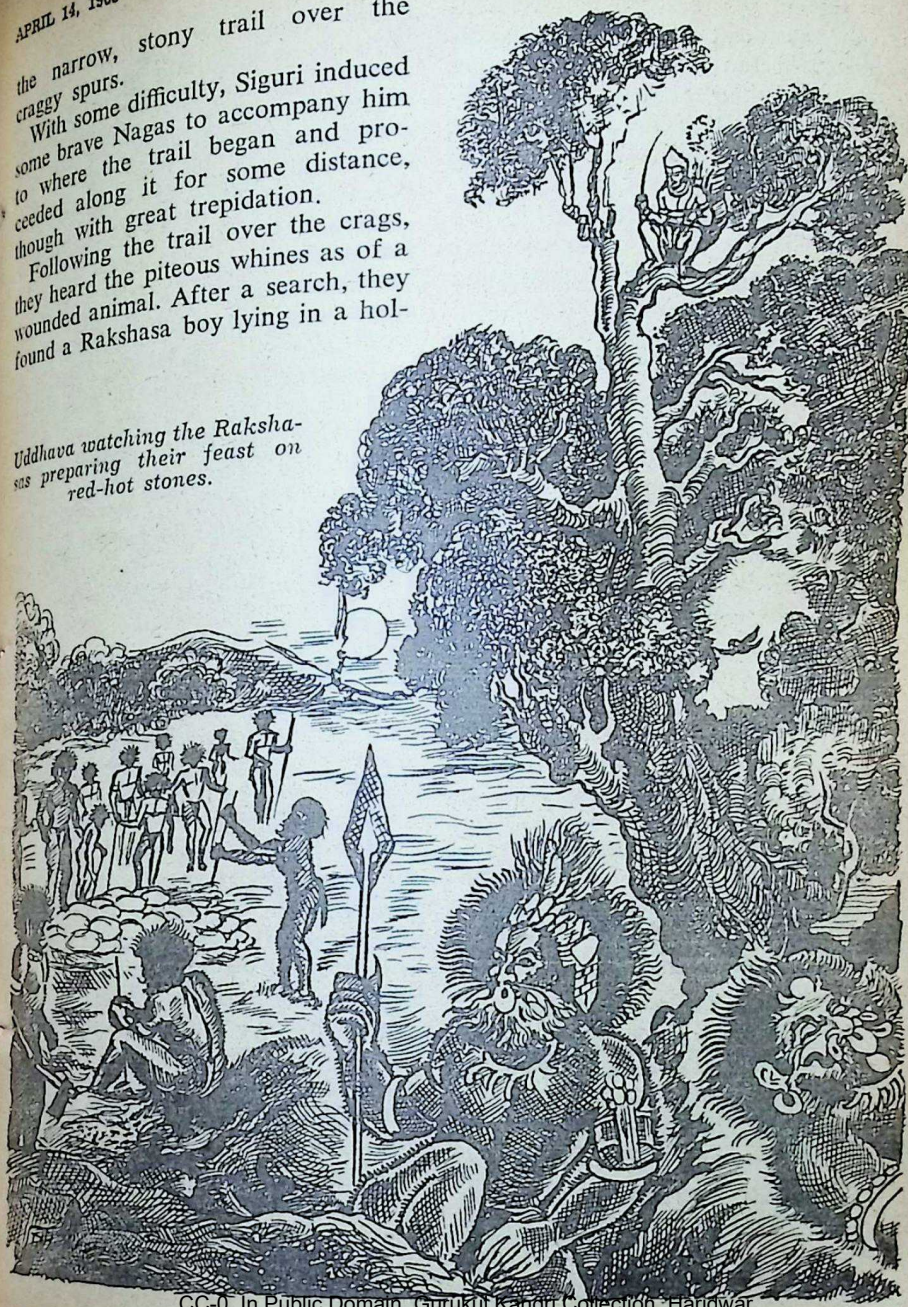
the narrow, stony trail over the craggy spurs.

With some difficulty, Siguri induced some brave Nagas to accompany him to where the trail began and proceeded along it for some distance, though with great trepidation.

Following the trail over the crags, they heard the piteous whines as of a wounded animal. After a search, they found a Rakshasa boy lying in a hol-



*Uddhava watching the Rakshasas preparing their feast on red-hot stones.*

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low, one of his legs broken. Evidently, in the dead of night, his companions, in too great a hurry to get away with their prize, had not discovered the fall of the boy and not cared to come to his rescue when they did.

The Nagas wanted to kill him by throwing stones at him. But he was bent on getting some information about the Five Brothers and stopped his companions from inflicting further injuries on the boy. He then crawled into the hollow and, placing the unconscious boy on his shoulders, came up with some difficulty.

Siguri's companions would not come near the Rakshasa boy. They shuddered at the protruding teeth, the murderous talons and the fierce-looking red protuberances from the mouth, which they soon found to be red-painted chips of wood inserted in his lips. He, however, was firm. Clenching his teeth to stop himself from running away should the boy suddenly grow in size, as the Rakshasas were believed to do, he bound him hand and foot.

Securing him with great care, Siguri applied medicated mud to his wounds and tied up his broken leg with chips of bamboo. Then he gave some water to the boy, who drank it dog-fashion.

At first, every time the boy tried to bite him, he slapped him. Then it dawned on the Naga chief that he did so because he was really hungry, for whenever he was denied the bite of his flesh, he began to cry like a hungry child.

Siguri got a rabbit and handed it to the boy, who clutched it avidly. In a moment, with long, sharp nails, he tore off its neck, skinned it a little and began to eat its flesh with relish. Soon a smile of happiness was on his curiously-shaped lips.

The Nagas, after Siguri had tied him hand and foot, placed him in a cage of fibres and slung it to a pole. But even then they glanced at the boy with trepidation now and again, lest any moment he might grow in size, break through the cage and devour them.

On the way Siguri had a difficult time carrying the young Rakshasa from one village to another. Whenever the villagers came to know that a live Rakshasa was being carried, they came out with their spears ready to kill him.

The boy Rakshasa was also intract-

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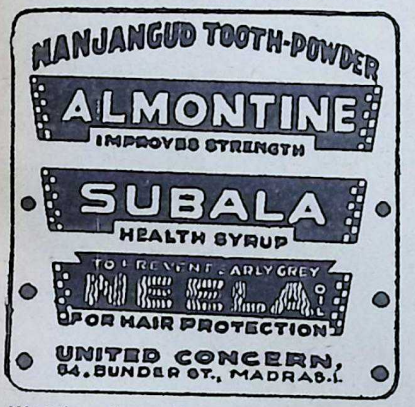


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able. He would generally behave as the animal would.

Siguri's labours, however, did not go in vain. The boy instinctively felt that he was his protector and his ferocious attitude underwent a change whenever he patted him.

●●●

The Nagas, in their hundreds, surrounded the verandah on which Uddhava sat, cleaning the wounds of the Rakshasa boy and treating him with medicinal application, which every warrior in those days knew how to administer to a wounded person.

Karkotaka came and stood a little away from the verandah. King Aaryaka had his litter carried there. The princesses followed. And the eyes of the twin Princesses, timidly peeping from behind their father and mother, almost came out of their sockets with fright on seeing Uddhava patting the little Rakshasa as if he was a ferocious dog.

The Master came to where the boy was lying and patted his head. The boy tried to snap at the Sage's hand.

'Be quiet, my son. You are all right,' said the Sage in a language which the boy seemed to understand.

At the Master's behest, Jaimini untied the bamboo chip with which Siguri had tied up his broken leg, treated it with some boiled leaves and tied it up again with expert skill. The Rakshasa boy, his fright overcome, looked at the Sage, snuggled to him like a pet dog as if seeking protection.

When his eyes fell on Uddhava, a curious look of recognition came into them. In response, Uddhava looked at him kindly and extended a hand to protect him. The face of the boy dissolved into an awkward, ugly smile and he uttered something in his language, part of which sounded like 'Bheem.'

'He says that you are King Bheema's brother,' said the Master with a broad smile.

Uddhava was taken aback at being so accosted. But the Sage understood the significance of what the boy was saying and spoke to him in his language. 'You know Bheema?'

The boy nodded vigorously and repeated the word Bheema a little more distinctly, half closing his eyes in respect.

'My son, is Bheem huge and very tall, very bulging at the arms and thighs?' enquired the Sage.

The boy was delighted at this conversation, part of which he understood, and replied by making happy gestures to indicate how big Bheema was.

'Fair like me?' asked Uddhava and pointed at his own fair skin to indicate what he meant.

The boy nodded assent vigorously.

'Were there five Bheemas?' asked the Sage, taking the boy's hand and saying 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, as he held each of his fingers and thumb separately.

The boy smiled and nodded again.

'I am Bheema's brother,' said Uddhava as he sat down by his side and began to pat him.

The Sage repeated: 'This is Bheema's brother.'

The boy nodded in the affirmative, though a little grudgingly.

'You want to go to Bheema?' asked

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Uddhava, indicating his meaning by gestures.

The boy smiled and nodded vigorously, but by way of comment, he raised his thumb and said "Bheema" and indicated that he was very big. Then he showed the remaining four fingers and contemptuously referred to "Bheemas" who were small and insignificant.

The Master laughed at Yudhishthira, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva being described in such a manner by the Rakshasa boy.

'Where is Bheema, the big man?' asked the Sage.

The boy smiled and pointed out in the southerly direction, saying in his language "There, there."

'Oh! They are there! In that direction!' commented the Sage.

'Master, let me take charge of the boy,' said Uddhava. 'I will look after him till he recovers.'

'Why?' asked the Sage. 'Jaimini will be able to look after him better.'

'But, venerable Master, the Great God has come to my help,' said Uddhava. His mind was working overtime and he saw that the only way out of the unfortunate situation he had walked into as regards the twin Princesses, was by his risking death in Rakshasavrat.

'How?' asked Karkotaka.

'Uncle, the Five Brothers are alive,' replied Uddhava. 'So I will go to Rakshasavrat with this boy to bring them here. And when Krishna comes here, we shall take them to Dwarka.'

Every one who heard Uddhava stared at him as if he had gone mad.

'You! Go to the land of the Rakshasas!' asked Karkotaka.

The fat, stout Ravika could not restrain herself. 'How can you go? You will be eaten up. What will then happen to my daughters?'

'Yes, I will go, Aunt. I am here for that very purpose,' replied Uddhava firmly, as his heart sang merrily. He was going to Rakshasavrat to be eaten up.

The Sage saw through the decision of Uddhava. He had decided either to rescue the Five Brothers and Kunti, or die in the attempt and escape the twin Princesses.

'You can do so, my son,' said the Sage. 'Don't worry. Lord Pashupati will protect him. He has been sent here for this purpose.'

Ravika beat her forehead with the palms of her hand and the numerous bangles on her arms jingled dolefully. The twin Princesses fainted.

King Aaryaka, who was listening to the conversation intently, suddenly fixed his gaze on the Master, and in a shrill voice trembling with excitement, said: 'You are right, Master.'

Every one turned to look at the aged King, who appeared to be developing a fit. They knew what it meant. Lord Pashupati was conveying his mandate through his lips.

The King tossed his head about as if in pain. His eyes rolled. The next moment he was quite steady. The eyes glowed with power, and a strangely powerful voice issued from his lips: *'He has the blood of Aaryaka in him. He shall go and conquer and make the Nagas fearless.'*

The eyes closed, a sigh issued from

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the lips, and the people stood awe-struck. Lord Pashupati had spoken.

●●●

Uddhava felt care-free as he bade good-bye to Siguri Naga on the outskirts of Lahuria, the last village on the boundary of Aaryaka's kingdom. He had discovered the whereabouts of the Five Brothers. He was loyally carrying out the mission entrusted to him by Krishna. He had saved the twins from committing suicide; with him away, they would soon forget the unfortunate episode and in a year or two, find out suitable husbands for themselves.

Curiously Nikumbh—for Uddhava soon discovered the name of the little Rakshasa—came to show affection for him, for he was the brother of Bheema. In the twilight mind of the little Rakshasa, Bheema was a shining luminary of strength.

Uddhava could not help thinking of what would happen if he were to be eaten up. When Krishna came to Nagakoota, he would wait for him in vain. He would feel his loss as he had never felt the loss of anyone else before. The twins would go on crying for a few days before they forget him; he wished they would not do something silly out of grief, Uddhava thought with a smile. His father, Devabhaga would be sorry to lose him and his mother Kamsaa would shed copious tears, though not quite sorry to have got rid of a son whom she disliked.

Yes, the Rakshasas would eat him up and that would be an end of Uddhava, he thought, and laughed.

Nikumbh was now his old sturdy self, except for a limp, and led the


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way towards the chain of barren crags which formed a barrier separating the land of the Demons from the rest of the world. The ground on which they journeyed was stony all the way; sometimes it was difficult even to see how the path ran; but Nikumbh knew every inch of the way, over which he climbed merrily with steady and sure steps.

Crossing the barrier of sharp rocks was a risky affair. Some of them were very steep; at some places the imperceptible path wound itself over narrow ledges overhanging the valley. Nikumbh, however, skirted them with swift steps and laughed at Uddhava's efforts to maintain his balance, for at some places he had to make use of both his hands and feet to maintain it.

At midday the sun was fierce and the rocky ground became burning hot. Uddhava found it impossible to carry his arms. He dropped his sword. He had to throw away even most of the arrows from his quiver. He unslung his bow and used only the shaft to maintain his balance.

By afternoon, they had crossed the stony heights and began to descend to the densely wooded valley, beyond which the land of the Demons was situated.

By the time the sun set, they had entered the deep forest. Nikumbh was in great spirits; it was his native land, where a hearty meal of small beasts was plentiful, and he left Uddhava to take a hasty repast of what had been left with them by himself. Then both lay down to sleep side by side under the shade of a tree.

It was midnight; the moon had risen high in the heavens. Suddenly Nikumbh sat up, began to sniff the air and listened intently as the wind whistled through the top branches of the trees.

Nikumbh awoke Uddhava by pulling his hand and pointed a warning finger in the southerly direction. Uddhava rubbed his eyes. Yes, Nikumbh was right; he could hear very faint sound of distant drums. 'What is it?' asked Uddhava, unable to understand as to why Nikumbh looked so frightened.

'Rakshasas,' he replied laconically in a whisper and tried to drag Uddhava on to an untrodden path.

Uddhava, unaccustomed to walk on thorny paths, refused to follow him.

The party with the drums could be heard coming nearer. Their shouts of joy could also be heard.

Grow
Lustrous
Long
Black Hair
with
SHEBRO
BRAHMI OIL
Mfrs: SHEBRO UDYOG
MADRAS-3.

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'Rakshasas, Rakshasas,' Nikumbh said again in a furious whisper.

'Let us go back a little,' said Uddhava.

'You cannot. They will catch you,' said Nikumbh, as the sounds, which were coming near, suddenly stopped and the shouts were smothered as if in the throats. For a moment there was silence in the forest, except for the whistling wind and the croaking of frogs.

'They have smelt you,' whispered Nikumbh. 'They will catch you.'

Soon a crackling sound was heard in different directions coming nearer to them all the time. Nikumbh was right. The Rakshasas had smelt his presence and were approaching him in a semicircle.

Uddhava ground his teeth. The fateful moment had come. Automatically his hand went to his quiver. Nikumbh stopped him. 'They will eat you up,' he said in a whisper. 'Go up this tree,' he added, pointing to a very tall tree with sturdy branches.

The sound of cracking twigs trodden by cautious foot-steps was approaching them. Even the breathing of men could be heard in the still night. It was terrible, this unknown, invisible death which was closing upon him.

'Go up,' Nikumbh insisted. 'Don't come down whatever happens. They will eat you.'

The silence was broken by a strange, violent screech as if of a giant bird. Nikumbh would wait no longer. He went on all fours and glided into the undergrowth of the forest with the swiftness of a wild beast and disap-

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peared in the tall grass which grew at some distance.

For a moment Uddhava felt that Nikumbh had decoyed him to death. But the little Rakshasa had been so affectionate that it was difficult to believe that he could be so wicked. He, therefore, decided to accept his advice, and strapping the shaft of his bow on his back to give free movement to his hands, he began to climb the tree.

He was just in time. He had barely climbed to one of the upper branches of the tree, when he saw shadows creeping up to the tree, and halting under it. A terrible howl broke the silence of the forest. It was the howl, not of a beast, but of ghouls. Uddhava shuddered with fright. Almost instinctively he was going to give up his hold over the branches to which he was clinging, when the sage advice of Nikumbh came to his mind: "Don't come down whatever happens." He clung to a strong branch of the tree with all his strength.

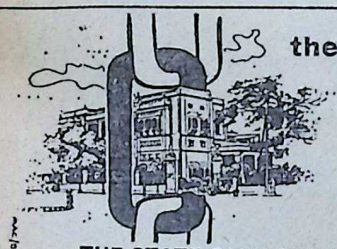
It was a party of fourteen or fifteen Rakshasas carrying a couple of prisoners. In the clear moon-light, Uddhava could see that several of them had spears in their hands, while one or two carried axes.

The Rakshasas, standing under the tree, continued to howl frightfully; some of them even began to stage a frantic dance around the trunk of the tree on which Uddhava sat. They were trying to frighten him into giving up the hold of the branch to which he was clinging.

After a little while, however, the Rakshasas gave up trying to frighten him and lay down for rest. The ends of the fibre ropes with which the prisoners were bound were tied to the foot of one or the other of the captors, so that they could not make any movement without waking them up.

Uddhava, determined not to be frightened into death, clung to the branch of the tree for his very life. When he felt that most of the Rakshasas were asleep, he cautiously began to climb up to a higher branch. But the slightest noise awoke one or the other of the Rakshasas, who howled at him in the most terrific manner.

When he climbed to a higher branch, he could find only one way of not dropping off through inadver-

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tence or fright. He untied the scarf which was wrapped round his waist and bound himself to another branch of the tree against which he was leaning.

The morning star rose. One of the side branches broke under his pressure. Immediately the Rakshasas woke up and again went round and round the tree, howling all the time to frighten him ino falling. When ultimately they found that he would not fall off in fright, two of them tried to climb up the tree. He took one of the four arrows which were still in his quiver and aimed it at one of them. The arrow hit the mark. The Rakshasa fell down with a piteous howl as blood spurted out of his wound. The other climber slipped down the tree.

The dawn began to break. There was whispering among the Rakshasas. They appeared to have given up their intention of frightening Uddhava; four of them sat down as watchmen under the tree and the rest led the prisoners on to an opening in the forest.

Now, in the light of the dawn, Uddhava could see the strange, fearsome creatures, with their sharp, pointed teeth protruding from their mouth, the scarlet chips inserted in their lips making them look blood-thirsty, the feathers inserted on both sides of their noses and even on their faces, all giving them a weird appearance. Their heads were covered with long feathers and their faces were painted scarlet and white. Their nails were black and curved like Nikumbh's, only more pointed. They were all but naked and wore necklaces of bones. Their spears and axes were stone-tipped.

Some Rakshasas bound the prisoners to a tree and gave them food, which they were forced to take, though they were too frightened to do so. Others collected firewood and lit a huge fire in the open space, placing stones on it and began to dance around it. When the stones grew red hot, they untied the prisoners with spears pointed threateningly at them, got them to sit down on the ground and tied branches of trees to them.

Then they shouted challenging war cries, dancing round the victims, who after a while were placed on the heated stones. The Rakshasas went about their business, heaping earth on them, though the piteous screams of the victims rent the sky.

The cries of the victims turned to moans, sank into low anguished

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whimper and stopped altogether.

Fascinated, Uddhava continued to gaze at the ceremony which was being conducted around the fire. He felt neither hunger nor thirst and did not realise how the time passed. The Rakshasas continued to dance around the fire in which the two victims were being roasted, yelling defiantly.

The sun began to decline in the sky. Uddhava gave up all hopes. He could not continue to sit on the top of the tree for ever; some time or the other he would fall off and would be roasted in the fire.

When the bodies were cooked to satisfaction, they were taken out of the fire, still in a sitting posture. After painting their faces with soot, they were carried to a stone shrine on one side of the open space and offered as a ceremonial sacrifice.

Two of the Rakshasas who appeared to be either leaders or priests, conducted the ceremony.

After the offering was made, the Rakshasas again began to dance and shout to the accompaniment of drums, swinging their spears and axes with furious joy. The two priests got busy cutting up the bodies with sharpened bamboo chips, and when the dance was over, distributed the pieces among the worshippers, who ate them with relish.

Shuddering, Uddhava looked at this grisly ceremony, almost unable to breathe.

It was long past midnight when the feast was over. Then, one by one, the Rakshasas dropped off to sleep; it was almost early morning before all of them were sound asleep, heavy with the festive meal.

[*To be continued*]

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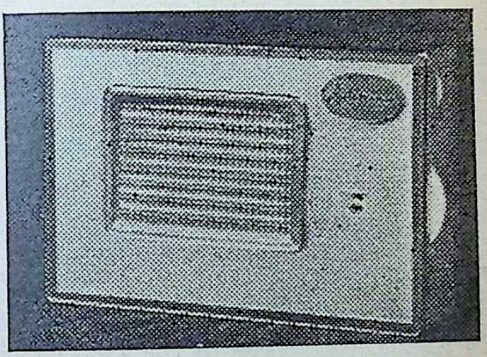

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# 'LIGHT YOUR LAMP'

●

*R. R. Diwakar*

●

I HAD the privilege of attending a solemn ceremony at the Sharadalayam, at the Arts and Science College for women at Coimbatore. The college is conducted by the famous Avinashalingam Home Science College Trust and the ceremony was the occasion of blessing the seventy and odd lady graduates who had passed their degree examination.

Convocations which are also solemn, are held by universities but this was not a Convocation. It was a college function attended by all the lady students and presided over by the venerable Lady Principal. Sri Avinashalingam, M.P., whose name is more famous as an educationist and man of letters than as a politician and parliamentarian, though his achievements in the latter field are not less distinguished, introduced me and explained the significance of the ceremony. He described it as 'Lighting the Lamp' ceremony. It struck me as a unique one and the symbolism evoked in me a number of thoughts to which I gave expression.

We must imagine a comparatively big hall which could accommodate about 400 girls. They were all squatting in a very orderly manner and those who had qualified themselves were ranged in front of the others, in Khadi saris. Between them stood a three-foot brass lamp-stand called "Samayi", decorated by flower pendents and a tasteful Alpana all round. There were six wicks to the lamp which I shall now call the Mother Lamp.

This lamp in fact was the centre of the whole ceremony.

That morning (11th March 1963)

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in hushed silence which helped all of us to withdraw into ourselves, began the prayer which invoked the Mother Goddess presiding over Life and Light. I then lighted the Mother Lamp one by one, the qualified girls came up to the Lamp, lighted their own tiny lamps and went back to their seats and stood in silence. It was a sight to see and an experience to go through. Each girl was, as it were, transfixed to her place intently looking at the lamp in her hand, her face lit up by golden light in that semi-dark hall!

"*Atma-deepo-bhava*" ('be a light unto yourself,' or better still, 'let your spirit above be your light'), almost the last injunction to his disciples by Bhagavan Buddha, came to my mind. I spoke to them about it: "You have been here in this Home of Sarasvati—'*Sharadalayam*'—for a few years. You have been gathering knowledge, experience, strength and power to face life and its problems. You have today lit your own lamp from this Mother Lamp. Now go forth in the wide, wide world and be a light unto yourselves without depending upon anybody else."

Another symbolism came to my mind. That was of Agnihotra. Fire has been from time immemorial the symbol of light, of life, of the Sun God, of the aspiration to knowledge. Every twice-born immediately after Upanayana was charged with keeping the Agni, the sacrificial fire, alive and burning without allowing it to go out. He was to offer prayers and worship the same every morning, noon and evening as part of his sacred duty. The physical fire, Agni was but the symbol of the vital force, of the psychic power, and of the spirit or the essence of consciousness. It was to be not merely kept alive but nourished and developed with the help of Savita, the symbol of spiritual power, so that the Brahman, (ब्रह्मन्) the Universal or the Cosmic Spirit may be realised. Not only the knowledge of Nature and of the outside world was to be mastered but the inner forces also were to be studied, controlled and mastered.

Symbols are not only useful but inevitable. Things intangible and imponderable, things transcendental and spiritual have, in the beginning, to be approached through symbols. But there is a danger. They have the habit of becoming meaningless and mechanical if there is no constant interpretation and reinterpretation of what they stand for in terms of human experience and if there is no expression of the same in the current and understandable idiom.

In the case of Sharadalayam as well as in the case of the Ramakrishna Mission Vidyalaya of Coimbatore which is in fact the parent of the former, the symbolism above-mentioned comes to life in the form of the inspiration provided by the unparalleled spiritual realisation of Sri Paramahamsa Ramakrishna, by the dynamic spirituality of his disciple Swami Vivekananda, and by the pure and gentle spirit of Sharadamani Devi, the Consort of Sri Ramakrishna. These three personalities who have illumined the path of the highest spiritual sadhana in India very recently, are not mere symbols but ex-

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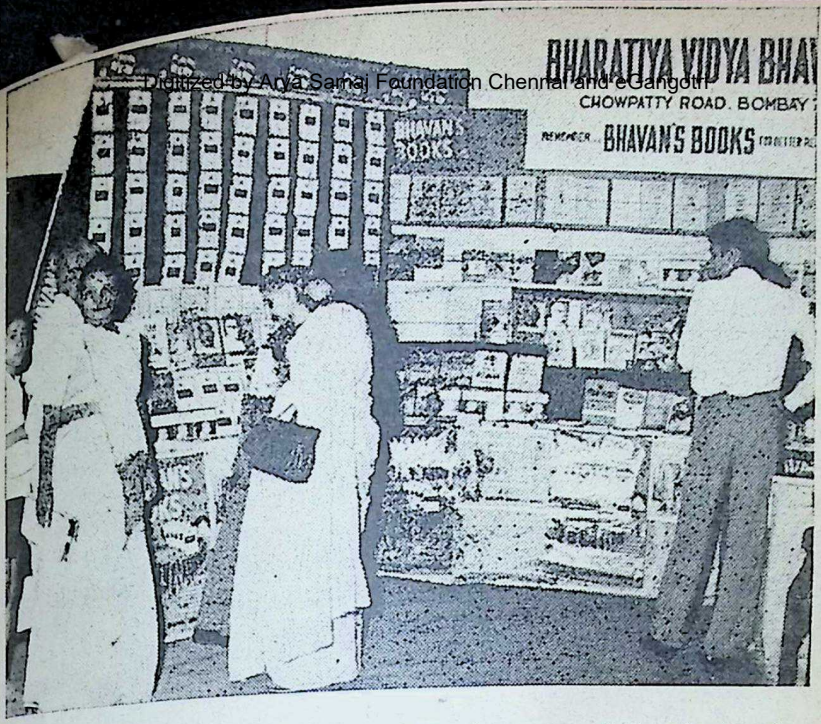


*Bhavan's Stall at the Exhibition of Books arranged by the Bombay Booksellers and Publishers' Assn. at C. J. Hall, Bombay last month.*

amples within the living memory of our people.

I would like to call it a Trio, a Trimurti which in their integrality furnish the best examples of what Indian manhood and womanhood would stand for at the highest. Here is flesh subordinated and conquered entirely by the Spirit. Here is consciousness which could detach itself and identify itself with different faiths and beliefs and realise the respective highest attainments. Here is spirituality, not of the escapist brand, but that type which though in possession of the highest Anand, turns back to see that spiritual power is employed in awakening the sense of self-respect and independence in the whole of India. Here is the awakened voice of the Indian spirit which crossed the seas and taught the West the first lesson in the conception of real religion. Here is Indian womanhood rising above all carnality and 'mothering' her husband until the last breath.

It is this trio which is at the base of the inspiration of this big group of institutions in Coimbatore which I visited. This is national integration in action in more ways than one. It is the more abiding and deeper because it is based on spiritual inspiration and spiritual values. Nothing else can be so abiding and enduring.

*The reward of a duty done is the power to fulfil another.*—Anon

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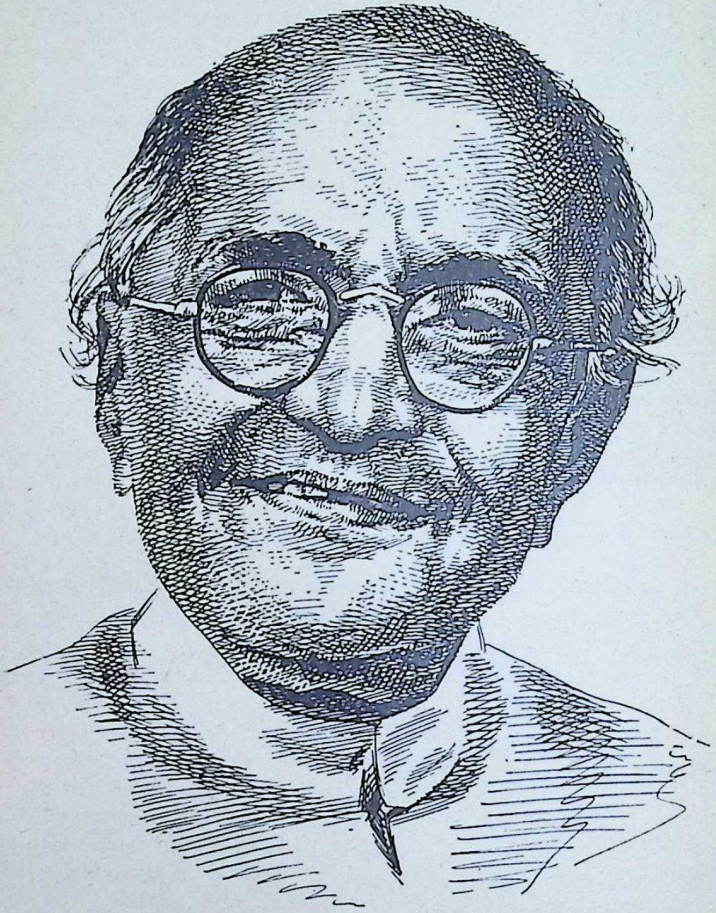
# Many Happy Returns



SRI B. V. (MAMA) WARERKAR, M. P.

[b. April 27, 1883]

*Veteran novelist and playwright, he is the author of over 100 books in Marathi. Our best wishes on his 81st birthday.*

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# MUNSHIJI & THE JOURNALISTS' CASE

**Kishore K. Koticha**

*[On the 15th March, 1963, Kulapati Munshiji completed his 50 years at the Bar.—Ed.]*

MY first contact with Sri Munshiji was back in 1957, when I was briefed to assist him in the matter of giving opinion on the Kerala Education Bill sponsored by the Communist Government in that state. He had then just stepped down from the Governorship of Uttar Pradesh and was a bit hesitant about resuming his professional activities. Ultimately, however, he decided to resume practice; he thought he could serve the cause of freedom best through the legal profession. When the matter came before the Supreme Court on a President's Reference, Munshiji was on a world tour sponsored by the Ford Foundation, and I lost a chance to be led by him, but I passed on the benefit of his views to Sri G.S. Pathak, who led me in that case.

However, Munshiji was extremely good to me when he got me a Junior's brief in the Working Journalists' Case. It gave me an opportunity of witnessing the whole drama revolving around that historical case from a seat inside the ring and provided me with knowledge and insight about the preparations, adjustments and manoeuvres in a highly complicated case.

In the year 1955, the Parliament passed the Working Journalists' Conditions of Service and Miscellaneous Provisions Act. Under this Act, the Government of India set up a Wage Board to fix the scales of wages and to provide other benefits for the working journalists such as gratuities, provident fund, compensation and duration of notice for the working journalists.

Sir H.V. Divatia, ex-Chief Justice of Saurashtra, who has been since 1938 an authority on matters relating to industrial dispute in the country, was appointed Chairman of the Committee with three representatives each, for the employees and the employers, as members.

The decisions of the Board which were to be implemented with retrospective effect imposed a crushing burden on the newspaper establishments. As a result, several of them faced closure. Even closure was rendered difficult because it involved payment of large sums of money by way of compensation to the employees. Eventually, the Indian and Eastern News-

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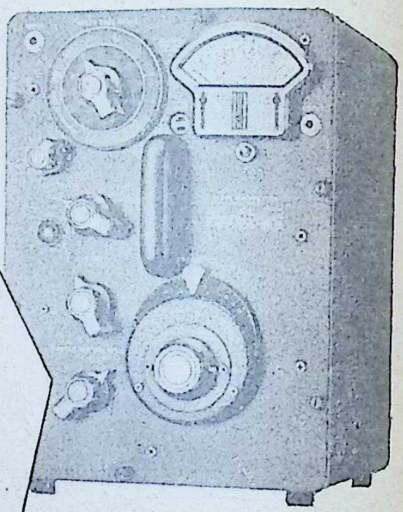

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paper Society and certain other concerns decided to challenge the validity of the Working Journalists' Act and the decisions of the Wage Board. Writ petitions under Article 32 of the Constitution and Appeals under Article 136 of the Constitution were filed in the Supreme Court. The case was of all-India importance as it involved the entire newspaper industry.

We were briefed on behalf of the Press Trust of India, the Indian National Press (Ltd.) (Bombay), (The *Free Press Journal*), and the Saurashtra Trust, proprietors of *Janmabhoomi* group of newspapers.

That case popularly known as the Working Journalists' Case, is well known in the annals of the Supreme Court for many reasons, one of them being the way in which Munshiji turned the current of judicial opinion, incidentally recapturing, after 7 years of holding public offices, his reputation as a miracle worker in Courts of Law.

Munshiji at first hesitated to accept the brief for many reasons. The Chairman of the Wage Board was a great friend of his; he had also promised to attend a marriage in the family of another great friend, fixed specially to suit his convenience. Before the love and loyalty of his friends, money had never any value for Munshiji. But in the Act and the decisions of the Wage Board Munshiji saw a danger to freedom of speech and expression, a cause which was dear to him and the vindication of Fundamental Rights has ever been a preferential claim over him.

As he pointed out in one of his submissions before the Supreme Court, 'there are three media of mass communication—radio, cinema, and newspapers. In India, radio is government-owned and controlled. The cinema is governed by censorship. The newspaper is the only medium of free expression which can maintain the free government. It is a question of constitutional implication of the highest importance in this country.'

In accepting the brief Munshiji also ran a personal risk. To a political leader, the goodwill of the Fourth Estate is a valuable asset. Journalists can make or mar his career. In taking up this case and fighting it to success, Munshiji incurred the wrath of some journalists, when he returned to political activities as Vice-President of the Swatantra Party.

Sri S. A. Dange, the Communist leader, raised a point in Parliament whether an ex-Governor could undertake a case. Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant, the then Home Minister, suitably replied. And in a public statement as a rejoinder, Munshiji said: "I have yet to know a profession nobler than the profession of law."

The Working Journalists' Case was peremptorily listed for hearing before the Supreme Court on the 3rd December, 1958. Upto the evening of 20th November, 1958, Munshiji was busy with another important case in the Bombay High Court.

The record, mainly consisting of the voluminous evidence and representation before the Wage Board, filled several volumes, had to be analysed and digested within a few days of hearing.

Apart from that, an extensive and

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intensive research had to be carried out on the constitutional aspect of the case. As one of the framers of the Constitution, Munshiji was familiar with the constitutional law relating to Fundamental Rights but it was a tremendous task to acquire familiarity with the relevant Indian and American cases, especially as when, for more than seven years, he was away from active practice.

Munshiji proved equal to the task, as he alone could be, with his quick grasp and mastery of constitutional laws. Having worked under him as a Junior in this and a number of other cases, notable of them being Palai Bank Case, Maratha Mandir Case, Baroda Maharaja's Compensation Cases, etc. I have noted that he is a perfect artist in guiding even a raw junior to carry out useful research in the difficult problems of law and to marshall relevant facts from mass of facts and figures. An excellent teacher, he guides the faltering juniors with great patience, appreciating his work and giving him sometimes undue credit to encourage him in his practice; he constantly appreciates their help and whenever he can, gets them introduced to paying work; he respects their views and feelings; he shares laughs and jokes with them without any reservation. It is, therefore, no surprise that his juniors become attached to him like members of his family.

Munshiji's important weapon is his tremendous grasp of the subject on hand. Even while he is arguing, a junior might whisper a completely new fact or a submission, and he would pick it up immediately and expound it so well that the junior assisting him would become wonderstruck.

From 29th November upto the evening of 2nd December, 1958, Munshiji read numerous law reports, marshalled facts, directed the preparation of a number of affidavits, charts and tables, giving a complete picture of the financial position of the petitioners, if the decisions of the Wage Board were to be implemented. Presentation of the case, through well analysed statements and charts is a characteristic feature of Munshiji's advocacy. That is why, the Supreme Court, so impressed by these charts, directed all the newspaper establishments appearing before them to submit such charts and tables.

Munshiji had made all these preparations amidst his numerous other activities, including a three-day seminar of the Indian Law Institute, (of which he was the Executive Chairman then) which took place at New Delhi in between. The All-India History Congress was fixed for the X'mas and he had to prepare materials for his presidential address.

All the petitions challenging the validity of the Act and the decisions of the Wage Board were to be heard together. Normally, the seniormost among the Counsel, appearing in a group of petitions, would address the Court first. Munshiji was the seniormost of the Counsel engaged, but Sri M.K. Nambiar, appearing for the Express Group of Newspapers was to address first, as that Group was first on the list. On the previous night he had a full and frank discussion of the whole case with Sri Nambiar and other counsel and gave guidance

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about the presentation of the case.

The hearing began on 3rd December, 1958. The contentions of the newspaper establishments, in short, were: That the Act and the decisions were *ultra vires* the provisions of the Constitution as they violated the fundamental rights of freedom of speech, freedom to carry on business and discrimination between the Press and other industries. The most important point in their submissions was that the Wage Board, in arriving at their decisions had not taken into consideration the capacity of the newspaper establishments to pay the wage scales and other emoluments as directed by the Wage Board to be paid to the journalists.

Justices N.H. Bhagwati, B.P. Sinha, Jafer Imam, J.L. Kapur and P. B. Gajendragadkar constituted the Constitutional Bench. From the start till Sri Nambiar concluded his arguments, the Judges were against the employers, as the following remarks would indicate the amount of opposition of the judges to the petitioners' contentions:—

*Justice Bhagwati*: "It has been ruled that if an Industry cannot pay the minimum wages recommended, then that Industry has no right to stay."

*Justice Kapur*: "Does freedom of expression mean making money?"

*Justice Gajendragadkar*: "Does it mean freedom to make unlimited profits?"

*Justice Bhagwati*: "Do you mean to say that all the points put by the newspaper establishments were not discussed at all and that it was an afterthought and put into the minutes to protect themselves (Members of the Wage Board)?"

*Justice Bhagwati*: "So, for the purposes of income-tax and bonus, Express Newspapers is one unit, but for the purposes of the Wage Board decisions, you contend that it is not."

*Justice B. P. Sinha*: "There is a building of Express Newspapers worth about half-a-crore of rupees in Delhi and it was able to have the money for it."

*Justice Bhagwati*: "The Chairman of the Wage Board is an experienced Judge, who is an expert on textile and other labour matters. All these materials were before him and he discussed them with the representatives of employers and employees. Are you not doing an injustice when you say that the gross profit was the only thing he looked into? Do you try to read his mind and say that he did not look into anything?"

*Justice Kapur*: "Can we say that they ought to have done this or that? Then we would become a super Wage Board."

*Justice Kapur*: "If one runs the Press by exploiting the members of the Staff and then the State says, 'Do not exploit,' does it mean that it contravenes Article 19(1)(a)?"

So this unmitigated hostility went on for six days, at the end of which employers lost heart and employees were rejoicing.

Munshiji had an uphill task. The Bench had exhausted its patience in six days of hearing. Everybody thought: what could Munshiji say anything specially now when it was his first case under the Indian Constitution? The clients were nervous as

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they thought Munshiji had not sufficient time to study the heavy brief.

But Munshiji showed the excellence of his court-craft, contrary to the expectation of all concerned, who thought that being, for a number of years, away from Law Courts, it must have rusted.

Munshiji selected to open his address with the case of Saurashtra Trust for various reasons. It was a public charitable trust and the Judges would not be hostile to it as a money-making concern. It had other sources of income viz: rent from property and return from Safe Deposit Vault. Thereby, he made evident the absurdity of the Wage Board in their classification of the newspaper establishments on the basis of gross revenue. By flourishing a four-page foolscap size newspaper, the *Cutch Mitra*, Munshiji performed superb drama and said that "this scrap is being put at par with the *Times of India*, for payment of wages to the Journalists". He exclaimed that its editor, who was only a matriculate, till now getting Rs. 300|- per month, will now be entitled, under the decisions of the Wage Board, to Rs. 1,200|- per month.

Justice Gajendragadkar remarked that the flourishing of the paper was intended to create a dramatic effect. But it did create a tremendous effect.

Then followed Munshiji's lucid arguments on law. He gave a synopsis of arguments consisting of propositions duly classified, leading upto the final conclusion.

He then carefully analysed the whole evidence which ran into several volumes. He took the judges through the various charts and tables carefully prepared under his guidance and supervision which completely convinced the judges of the inequity and arbitrariness of the decisions. He proved by figures what havoc the decision of the Wage Board would create on the newspaper establishments.

Not before a few hours elapsed, the people who thought that they had an easy walk-over began to sit up. At the end of the first day, someone asked Munshiji as to how he felt. He replied with his characteristic humour: "My position is like Draupadi trying to please her five husbands all at once." (He was referring to the incessant queries of the five Judges hearing the case).

The hostile attitude against the petitioners, pervading in the court, disappeared, and Munshiji's arguments drew remarks of appreciation. Justice Imam agreed that "the editor of *Cutch Mitra* would be getting much more than the Collector of Cutch."

Justice Gajendragadkar, reputed to be pro-labour, could not help making favourable remarks: "When I worked on the Bank Award with experts, I had worked out the cases of each Bank from figures and fixed the wage scales. In this case it was all the more necessary."

*Justice Imam*: "You will be compelled to keep the editor who writes editorials, contrary to your views. Otherwise, you will have to pay Rs. 30,000|- to discharge him."

*Justice Imam*: "So even those newspapers which are not running at a loss will incur loss, and those making a small profit will face a deficit."

*Justice Gajendragadkar*: "Is that the true position? Then it is serious."

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Munshiji is very polite and courteous to judges though some of his 'devils' are judges of the Supreme Court and the High Courts. But this does not prevent him sometimes in indulging in a good repartee.

Following are some of the instances:

*Munshiji*: "Net result would be a 70% increase in the wage bill for 1|6 of the staff of a newspaper organisation."

*Justice Kapur*: "Ten per cent of the population in old Punjab owned ninety per cent of the lands."

*Munshiji*: "Are we to reproduce the old Punjab in new India?"

Another instance.

*Justice Kapur*: "The food the editor of *Cutch Mitra* eats is the same and also the number of children."

*Munshiji*: "There will be difficulty if everything is measured by food and children."

Munshiji's address to the court is strewn with literary gems, which drive the points straight home. For instance, referring to the crushing burden imposed by the Wage Board on the Press, Munshiji stated: "The result is, I cannot live, I cannot die and I cannot commit suicide, but must walk about on the earth like the ghost of Hamlet's father with a load of sorrows, in the shape of burdens imposed by the Wage Board decisions till some official assignee comes to my rescue."

There is a great deal of disadvantage to Counsel who addresses after Munshiji. He does not leave anything unsaid, any argument unsubmitted. Every fact, every proposition is stated with clarity, precision and emphasis. All the stratagems of court-craft are employed. Usually, therefore, good lawyers merely adopt his arguments and briefly state the facts of their own case. Those who do not follow this golden rule come into trouble, as a counsel who followed him in Working Journalists' Case did.

Justice Sinha remarked to the Counsel: "I thought you would be helping us by submitting charts similar to those submitted by Mr. Munshi as to how the decisions affect your client instead of stating so many platitudes."

After Munshiji concluded his arguments on the fourth day, there was little doubt in the minds of all present in the court as to the outcome of the case. Notable feature in his reply was the skill with which he distinguished all the cases against him and the ease with which he silenced the guns of the opposing Counsel.

Thereafter the case dragged on upto the 27th January, 1959, and many an eminent counsel for the respondents such as Sri M.C. Setalvad, the former Attorney-General of India, Sri N.C. Chatterjee, Sri A.S.R. Chari and Sri A.V. Vishwanatha Sastri tried hard.

But the Court unanimously held *inter alia* that the decisions of the Wage Board were illegal and void on the ground that in arriving at the decisions, the Wage Board failed to take into consideration the capacity of the newspaper establishments to pay the wage scales and other emoluments to the journalists.

Munshiji, as a lawyer, performed a near miracle.

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*It is much easier to be critical than correct.*—B. Disraeli

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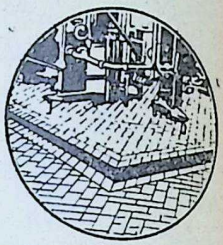

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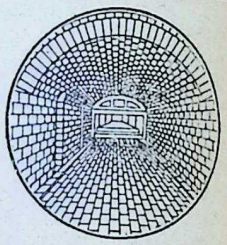

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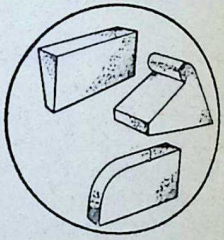

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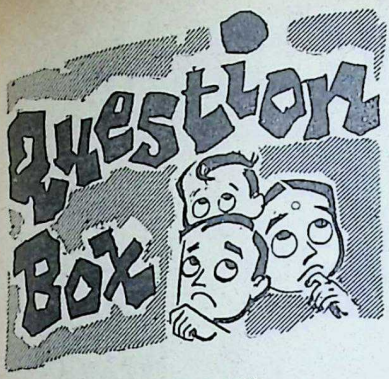


ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1070

Sri B. Nagaraj, Mysore.

Q: *Why is God given the figure of man? Is He not God for other creatures?*

A: God is given the figure of a man because man is the only animal which can think of God and therefore, he naturally created God in his own image.

There is also another reason. There have been men born from time to time who have shown such divine qualities that men have taken them to be God. That is how Sri Krishna came to be considered as God Himself.

1071

Sri G. V. Krishna Rao, Vijayawada-2.

Q: *Could you explain what sort of life can lead to ultimate happiness—that of a family-man or of a Brahmachari?*

A: Any sort of life led with high aspirations and in truth, consecration and beauty, will lead to ultimate happiness. In what sort of life a particular person can attain it, is the matter for each one to decide.

1072

Sri G.R.K. Paramahamsa, Vizianagaram.

Q: *Can we remove the evil effects of our bad actions by performing* Japa?

A: Yes. *Japa* is only the beginning of the process of self-realisation. With *japa* we must have *swadhyaya,* that is, daily scriptural reading, and *Iswara Panidhan,* that is, surrender to God. Then *japa* will bear fruit more easily.

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# ASTHMA CURE By Autogenous Method

A MAN who had owned and operated a rose oil factory in Persia for the better part of his life, reacted with a violent asthma fit whenever he smelled the fragrance of a rose. The physician treating him put up a marvellously perfect wax rose into the vase which he put on the desk, when he received the patient for the second consultation. Immediately the patient had an asthma fit. Asked by the physician to convince himself of the non-fragrance of the artificial wax rose, the fit ceased immediately.

This is an illustration from a medical report of 1896, which Professor Dr. J. H. Schultz, the grand old man of German psychotherapy quoted at the recent conference at Lindau. Professor Schultz told his audience that he offers cigarettes or cigars to asthmatic patients who claim that smoke of tobacco causes their fits. "If you are tormented by asthma, I tell them", Professor Schultz said, "you should at least also enjoy the pleasure of smoking." And the patients who risk smoking a cigarette or cigar found that they did not suffer from any fits any longer.

Professor Schultz, the discoverer of the "autogenous training", a method of absolute relaxation, that is being practised today in the whole world, gave a brilliant lecture to his audience on the occasion of the Psychotherapy Week which was held in Lindau for the twelfth time. With his examples he wanted to show that asthma is not so much a disease or malfunctioning of physical organs, of the lungs, but a functional disease. The functioning of the breathing system is influenced by psychic motives.

The psychotherapists, above all the believers in psychosomatics, have been maintaining for many years that many physical diseases are caused or influenced by psychic disturbances. On the other hand it is well known that very often psychic and particularly nervous diseases, called neurosis, may be due to bodily injuries and illness.

In recent years psychotherapists have been able to win over new support from new research results of biologists. It had been believed formerly that the individual cells of the human body are a kind of separate rigid frame, around which and in which the other occurrences of life, the functioning of the cells, goes on. By today it has come to be realized as a fact that this view was wrong: these "rigid frames" are also living organisms which "function". Not only the organs function, and not only the stomach indigestion, for example, but every part of the human body functions as a unit. Even skin and bones are alive and do "function". The biological recognition of the very functioning life of

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all parts of the body has led straight on to psychosomatics. The organs and the body structure, says Professor Schultz, are but slow functions.

For the practical work of psychotherapists this recognition is of decisive importance. This, however, does not mean, says Professor J. H. Schultz, that medical science and physicians should be entrusted pastoral care for and guidance of their patients. The physician could not be interested in what is good or bad in a patient, moral or amoral, he can only be interested in whether or not the patient is healthy, or whether he is sick. The physician should deal with the "aptitude of function" of the organs and body of the patient, no more and no less.

If this basic urge to live and function is disturbed, or hampered in early childhood, if the child, for example, will be pampered or spoilt, and if no living and understanding "education and training", will assure that the socially essential services and patterns of behaviour become automatic in the child, and will be available to the child without effort, such person later on will be like a crustacean without a crust: as an adult such person will not be able to live an independent life within the framework of human society. The task of psychotherapists, therefore, is one of survey, study, of care and of remedying the functioning and the aptitude to function of organs and body of their patients.

---

*Worry is the interest paid on trouble before it is due.*—Anon.

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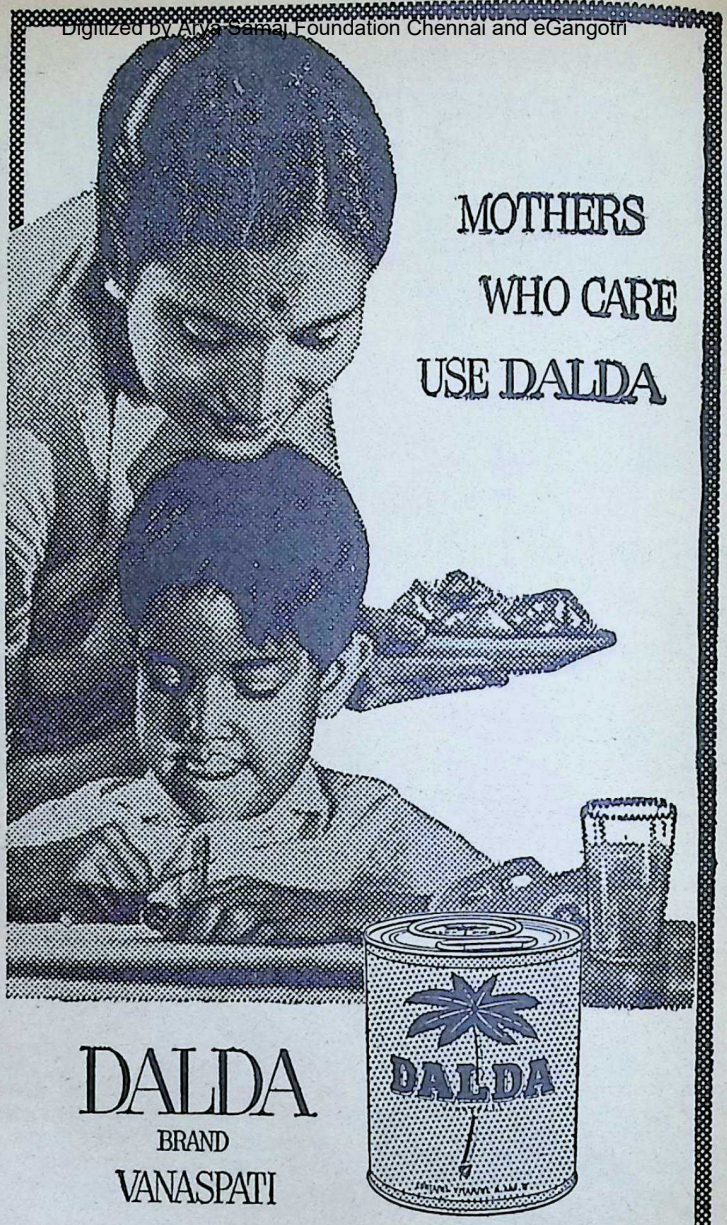


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# TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

*Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel,* I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

CHAPTER 113

## Retrospection and Introspection

RAVI counted the hours to the end.

He had even calculated the distance from his cell to the gallows. Every day, in his imagination, he pictured his last moments.

Raj would come to bid him farewell, making a garland of her love, her eyes shining with her inner light .....staunch in her faith that he was the embodiment, the immortal element of Bhagavan Vyas.....

The Superintendent of the jail would walk the last mile with him from his cell to the gallows and he would climb the steps and shake hands with the Superintendent and the jailer. The jailer would put the black hood over his head, adjust the rope around his neck and pull the lever, and the boards would open under his feet. With his last breath he would repeat Raj's name....and then there would be darkness! His body would be taken away....

There would be Raj and Uday and Sheelabehn and Bhagwandas and Jagjivan when his body was cremated at the confluence of the Mula and Mutha rivers. After that, there would be nothing left of Ravi Tripathi, absolutely nothing.

He had imagined these scenes frequently, yet they had caused him neither unhappiness nor pain. He was impatient of the uncertainty and the waiting.

He had seen a copy of the cable which Uday had sent to Raj a couple of days earlier from England. The hearing of his appeal by the Privy Council had begun. There was not much hope of the Privy Council reversing the judgements of the District Court and the High Court.

Ravi had already told Uday of his resolve. If the Privy Council confirmed the sentence of death, there was to be no appeal to the Government to change the sentence from one of

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death to life imprisonment. Both he and Raj were agreed that no mercy should be begged of the British Government. Life and death were in the hands of God; his duty lay in cheerfully accepting whatever God ordained.

The small kerosene lamp in Ravi's cell gave out a dim light. He had given up reading or writing for some time. The previous week, when Raj had come to see him, he had handed over to her all his books, papers and articles.

On the stroke of eight, the warder at the main gate sounded the prison bell. Ravi counted the rings one by one and smiled. It seemed as if they fixed the limit to men's finite lives. In truth, there was neither a beginning nor an end to time. What was the significance of eight bells or nine? What was birth? What was death? Was there anything like the beginning and end of the universe?

Ravi took his mind back to the events of the last four years.

After the sentence, he had been brought to the Yeravda Jail and the yard in which his cell was located became his little world. He was all alone in it. He would be visited by the warder, the jailer and the Superintendent and sometimes by the members of the jail visitors' committee. These were his only contacts with human beings.

Once or twice, other prisoners were kept in the cell next to his. He made friends with three cats, which made the yard their home. He named them Urvashi, Menka and Tilottama. When Menka gave birth to a kitten, he named her Shakuntala. And when Shakuntala brought her kitten, Bharat, he recalled to mind verses from Kalidas' *Shakuntala*.

He spent every morning and evening in quiet meditation, serious study, or just thinking. Communism, Gandhism, anarchism, national freedom ....these ideologies became part of his mental pictures. What the spiritual master of Raj had said was true: all this was a churning of the ocean. The waves, as they rose and fell, brought to the surface the denizens of the sea, struggling for air. The churning produced poison as well as nectar. In his heart, too, there was a churning and it had yielded nectar. Divinity had been born in him and his soul was filled with peace. He was able to discern that it was a state akin to godliness.

Days succeeded days in their unenviable regularity. At last the decision of the High Court was received. It upheld the order of the lower court, confirming the sentence of death.

Raj and he exchanged letters every fortnight. She would come to visit him once in fifteen days and they would spend a happy half hour sitting side by side, holding each other's hands. Sometimes Raj would give his hand an extra squeeze and when she left, give his head an affectionate pat.

For days before her visit, Ravi would look forward to their brief meeting. He had to be worthy of Raj. That was the reason why he practised meditation regularly so as to achieve oneness with the Deity. And when that oneness was achieved his vision crossed the boundaries of

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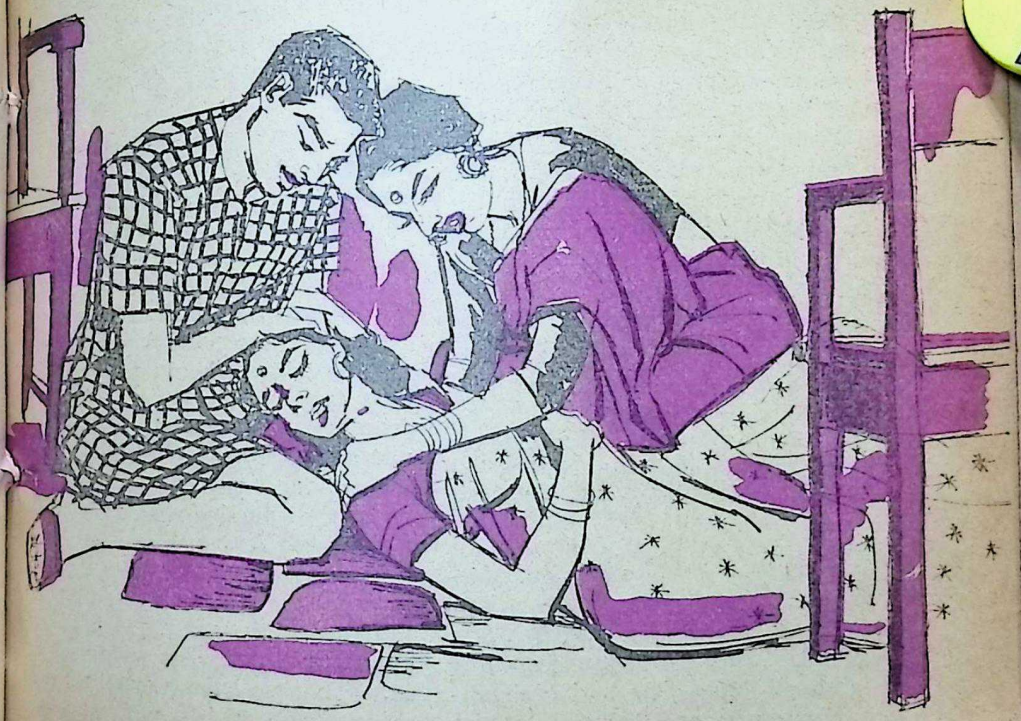
the mind and became merged in eternal time and the limitless universe.

In this manner, two years went by, 1934...1935. Uday had in the meantime filed an appeal in the Privy Council. They sent it back to the High Court for re-examination of two or three points. The High Court gave its ruling on those points and the papers went back to the Privy Council. Ravi cared little for all this. He was without hope, fear and anger. In his effort to seek complete unity with God, he felt that he was himself present in everything—in human beings, in animals and birds, in the inanimate world. Life and death, creation and destruction, all these appeared to Ravi to be of momentary interest. Death was merely a transition. Who could destroy him? He was deathless.

He began to understand the true limitations of the political movement and the basic significance of independence. Why did India want independence? Only to push the British out or to ensure happiness for human beings? If, on attaining independence, this country was going merely to imitate England and France, then how could this country retain its distinctive identity as Bharat? Continuation of the conflict between the rich and



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the poor; enmity and jealousy among politicians; aping of the morals and conduct of the West; ball-room dancing and shameless contact between men and women; indiscipline and rudeness on the part of young men and women; lust for wealth and expensive ways of living; more gambling and drinking; more guns, tanks and planes; world-wide unhappiness and conflict; loss of faith in God's arrangement and a common universal moral philosophy; triumph of materialism....how could man progress? He would remain as he was, sunk in misery and degradation.

Raj was right. His ancestors had not lived and offered penance in vain. They had preserved the fire which had been lit by Bhagavan Vyas, not by learning, not by self-discipline, but by overcoming pride and egoism. Raj wished him to attain that same spiritual power and was gradually leading him along the right path. She saw God in him and made him see Him in himself. She had moulded a new world with the help of her prodigious penance. She had transformed the lives of His Highness, Bheem, and Godavari; to Majiba she was like a son and a daughter. She had made life worth living for Uday and Sheela; she had instilled confidence in Bhagwandas, Jagjivan and Joshi and encouraged them to go their own way.

And for Ravi? She was his destiny. She had rid him of the poison of selfishness, hatred and enmity. She had made it easy for him to go along his path of duty. She had been sister, friend, wife and beloved to him and with unwavering confidence in him had saved his soul and brought him face to face with reality.

The years went past. Came 1937. Because of Raj, his life had achieved richness and nobility. He had helped Jani and saved him. Alone in jail, contemplating, meditating, he had had a vision of God. To whom was he indebted for this? To Raj. She had always been the giver; she asked for nothing, accepted nothing. He said to himself (या देवी.....). 'I bow to thee, O Goddess, and I shall do so again and again. for thou art the personification of life.'

In a few days' time, the Privy Council would be delivering its judgement. And if his sentence was again confirmed, he would disappear from this world like a drop of water in the ocean.

But what would happen if he was released? Then it would be his duty to teach the world the truth as he had learnt to see it. Freedom, happiness and justice could be obtained only when the heart was purified. The life of an individual or of a nation would reach perfection and fulfilment only on the attainment of truth, holiness and beauty. Man needed to be moulded and perfected in character; not a country or an institution. True independence lay not in communism or in the spinning wheel, not in economic and social reorganisation, but in the building of character, the development of personality and the ennobling of the heart. Such a transformation could come only from within. That was the power he had to acquire, the goal he had to reach.

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CHAPTER 114

# The Resolve

RAVI heard the key turned in the lock of his cell. What could have made the jailer come at such an hour? The Privy Council must have turned down his appeal. But surely the jailer would not want to be in a hurry to come and tell him all about it! Could his appeal have succeeded?

It was the jailer who came in to give him the good news. He showed him the telegram which said: "Privy Council acquitted you on murder charge. Sentenced fourteen years rigorous imprisonment. Coming day after—Raj."

Ravi thanked the jailer, even though the news did not give any particular pleasure to him.

"Well, that's jolly good news," remarked the jailer, who felt somewhat crestfallen at Ravi's indifference!

"I would have been happy had they hanged me."

"Why?"

"Because to my mind, there is no difference between life and death."

"Very well. Good night," said the baffled jailer as he left. He could not understand his prisoner.

Ravi's heart sank at the thought of spending the next ten years in jail. He re-read the telegram and threw it away.

Once again the divine image revealed itself to him and he fell into a reverie.....

He was his own master. The decision of the Privy Council and Government's orders, whether favourable or unfavourable, did not bind him. Nothing could come between him and his destiny. He was independent, he was free. If life and death no longer had sway over him, how could the restrictions of the jail bind him?

He saw Raj standing in front of him. He called out to her joyfully and she, in response, stretched out her hands, ready to embrace him. 'Raj, my sense of achievement is being tested today. Please support my decision!'

There was only one way out. He must prove that he was completely master of himself. Only then could he establish his mastery over time, the entire world and destiny.

Ravi wanted to obtain mastery over his body, mind and circumstances. 'To be all-pervading in all senses everywhere,' that was what he wanted to achieve at any price. The jail staff were obstacles in his experiment. He decided upon observing silence. 'Among the ascetics I am Vyas.' Silence was a characteristic of mastery over oneself.

The following day, when the Superintendent and the jailer came to congratulate him, they found him seated in deep meditation with his eyes closed. They thought it best not to disturb him and went away. Later when the warder brought his food, Ravi did not even look at him. After an hour, the warder returned only to find the food still untouched.

"Don't you wish to eat?" he asked.

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Ravi shook his head.

"Eat a little," urged the warder.

Ravi smiled and indicated his refusal by a gesture of the hand. The warder removed the plate.

In the evening the jailer came round again. He found Ravi sitting on the bed reading the *Gita*.

"Mr. Tripathi, why have you not eaten anything since morning?"

Ravi looked up and smiled gently. He explained by gesture that he had taken a vow of silence and turned to his book. The jailer felt offended and walked away.

Before close-up, the warder brought his evening meal. Ravi picked it up and put it outside the cell. He shook his head smilingly when the warder asked him if he wished to eat.

That night the pangs of hunger robbed him of his sleep. Whenever he shut his eyes, the divine vision came to him and he concentrated on it. When at last he fell into a semi-sleepy state, he saw Raj and talked to her.

On the third day the Superintendent, Col. Singh, came to his cell, accompanied by the jailer, the jamadar and the warder. Ravi was seated on a mat in the open space in front of his cell. He welcomed them with a smile.

"So Mr. Tripathi," said Col. Singh, "you have gone on a hunger-strike?"

Ravi nodded his head in affirmation.

"Don't misunderstand me, but it is my duty to warn you. You are not a political prisoner. You are an ordinary prisoner and I trust you that, according to the regulations of the jail, it is an offence for an ordinary prisoner to go on a hunger-strike."

Ravi smiled in reply and nodded his head again.

"If you continue with your strike, you will lose whatever facilities have been given to you. I shall have to withdraw your books and writing materials. I shan't be able to let you exercise in the yard." Then he said politely and smilingly, for he was still anxious to win over Ravi, "why do you bring all this on yourself? Why don't you thank your stars for having escaped with your life? You know, what you are doing will only result in trouble to you and to us."

Ravi looked up towards the sky and joined his two hands and then bending his head, bade farewell to the Superintendent.

On the following day, Sheela and Raj came to visit him. Sheela looked every inch a housewife. She had put on a little weight. It was clear that she had not lost her fondness for clothes and ornaments. Raj, on the other hand, was as simple as ever. The only ornaments she wore were some gold bangles, and her necklace of rudraksha beads. Seeing Ravi's weak condition, Raj asked anxiously. "Ravi, what's wrong with you?"

Discarding his silence for a moment, Ravi said, "Rajba, I have gone on a fast."

"What? Why?" exclaimed Sheela agitatedly. "Has the jailer been troubling you?"—and she cast a glance at the jailer who had accompanied them.

Ravi said, "No, I am fasting because I have been reprieved."

"Surely, not because you are not

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to die?" There were bewilderment and agitation in Rajba's voice.

"Uday was so delighted at your reprieve. And now you have started on this!" reproached Sheela.

A mixture of emotions affected Raj. Her face grew red and her eyes reflected her apprehensions.

"How long?" she asked, trying to control her trembling voice.

"Unto death," replied Ravi firmly. He was distressed at Sheelabehn's obvious unhappiness, but he could not understand why Rajba looked so worried.

"Unto death?" repeated Raj.

"Good God!" screamed out Sheela.

"Yes," said Ravi firmly.

Rajba covered her eyes with both her hands. Her body was trembling with unbearable sorrow.

"What are you trying to do?" said Sheela angrily. "You should be thanking God that you were saved from the gallows."

Ravi looked at Raj for a while—his Raj who was going through a terrible experience. He then turned to Sheela and said, "Sheelabehn, how much you and Uday love me! But you will have to be courageous and bear this." He placed his hand affectionately on Rajba's shoulders, as he went on to add, "My Guruji, what is this? How can you behave like this?" He gently removed her hands from her eyes. Tears streamed from her eyes. "Rajba, how can you? How can you?" exclaimed Ravi.

Rajba looked silently at Ravi as if she was afraid of him. She felt ill at ease. Sheela who was not looking at Raj, asked, "But what if the Government does not release you?"

"I am not afraid of death and I am not enamoured of life," said Ravi calmly. "I do not wish to be released, Sheelabehn. You know, surely, that it was in order to save my friends that I invited death."

"But what do you hope to gain by inviting death?" asked Sheela.

"At all costs, I wish to conquer life and death?"

"I just do not understand what you are talking about," Sheela said in frustration. Suddenly her eyes fell upon Raj and she screamed aloud as she saw Rajba slide to the ground unconscious from the chair.

Ravi sat down beside her and took her head in his lap.

The jailer ran to fetch water. In a few moments, however, Raj regained consciousness and unmindful of the jailer and Sheela, she pulled down Ravi's head and pressed it to her breast.

Sheela looked on helplessly. She was quite incapable of understanding Raj and her swiftly changing emotions.

"Ravi, are you really going to do this? Is your decision unalterable?" Raj asked. There was worship in her eyes.

Ravi nodded.

"Now I know. Oh, Ravi, I am so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Raj, what are you saying?" asked Sheela impatiently. Do you realise that Ravibhai is prepared to die?"

Ravi was glad that his resolve was appreciated.

"Rajba, you surely did not think that I had taken this decision hastily and that I would give it up the moment my initial emotional upsurge

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subsided. Do not think so for a moment. As long as you are by my side, I shall stand firm by my resolve."

Rajba stood up, arranged her clothes and sat again in the chair. She said in a very low voice, "For a moment I did doubt, but God's message is quite clear. I see God in you."

"What are you two up to?" Sheela was angry. "Rajba, isn't Ravi's life dear to you?"

"Sheelabehn, who is going to stop God from keeping me alive if that is His wish," consoled Ravi.

Rajba smiled and said, "I am on your side. I am not afraid to be a widow. I only pray to God that He give you the strength to remain true to your resolve."

Sheela grew angry. "Rajba, so you too are mad. What are you laughing at? You must have a heart of stone."

"Sheelabehn, no, no. My heart is bursting with joy," remarked Raj with delight on her face.

"You were mad, and will always remain mad!"

"Sheelabehn, why do you not think that I am like the brave women who have to bid a cheerful farewell to their husbands as they depart for the front? My beloved lord and master is really behaving as a master should. Why should I not be happy to see him battling with life and death?"

[*To be continued*]

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*Faith is an oasis in the heart which will never be reached by the caravan of thinking.*—Anon


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*Letter to the Editor*

# BIBLIOGRAPHY ON HINDUISM

The Editor, Bhavan's Journal.

Sir,

Considering the growth of specialization and the increasing number of publications in the various fields of Indology, research on Hinduism already stands in need of a bibliography exclusively concerning this particular field, where it will serve scholars as a guide and tool. Such research aids are already available in the fields of Veda, Buddhism, Indian Archaeology and Anthropology. The lack of a similar tool for the study of Hinduism constitutes an even more serious shortcoming in our Indological equipment. With a view to meeting this need a detailed plan has been drafted in the summer of 1962 at the Institute of Oriental Studies (Utrecht) by J. F. Sprockhoff under the direction of J. Gonda. The general idea of this plan as well as the detailed report on the ways and means of its implementation have met with favourable reactions from some colleagues to whom the plan could be submitted so far.

Leaving aside the details of the plan for the purpose of the present communication, the following general features may be noted. The bibliography is to be—like the already existing ones mentioned above—a critical one. It is further intended to encompass materials and studies relating to religion, philosophy, law and customs—each in its widest sense—as well as all other documentation on the cultural history of India as far as it has source-value for the study of Hinduism. This means that not only Sanskrit sources but also the vernacular sources will be registered. As regards the secondary literature of the last hundred years as well as recent publications, it is to be taken into account that the results of research on Hinduism are no longer being made available exclusively through the medium of western European languages. It seems clear therefore that the bibliography project can be implemented only through international co-operation.

So far we are not aware whether a similar extension project is being contemplated or put into operation elsewhere. It will be welcomed if any such plans could be made known and coordinated with the project planned at Utrecht. Through the present communication scholars in this field are invited to extend their help and cooperation. Requests for further information concerning method, organization and planning of the bibliography, as well as offers of co-operation under whatever form will be welcomed at the following address:

J. Gonda
c/o Institute of Oriental Studies
Nobelstraat 2 B
Utrecht—Netherlands.

(mentioning: "ref. bibliography on Hinduism").

It is hoped that work on the project can be started in the course of 1963. Scholars in this field are therefore requested kindly to further the project by sending offprints and review copies carrying the usual data of date and place of publication, to the above address.

Further memoranda on the progress of the project will from time to time be made available in the columns of Indological journals.

J. F. Sprockhoff
h. t. Kiel.

J. Gonda
Utrecht.

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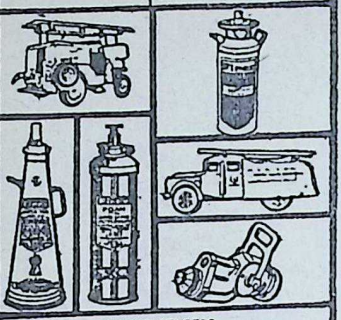

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# notes and news

## *World Without Newspapers*

Speaking on the 22nd of last month at a debate under the auspices of the Bhavan's College of Journalism, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President of the Bhavan, said:

The subject is 'Whether the World will be Happier. Without Newspapers'. It is a difficult subject. Will the world be happier without newspapers? We are all becoming addicted to newspapers. If with the morning tea the paper is not there we feel unhappy, because we have formed a habit of reading it as the first thing in the morning. We will be glad to know what happens in the world. Without reading a paper we feel that we are in a jungle cut out from the whole world. All parts of the world have come so much nearer to each other that whatever happens in any part immediately affects the other. If there is an atom bomb blast in Russia or America, soon we get the radio-active dust or get a tremor or even an earthquake. The effect of radio-active dust goes into the bones of our children. If there is an earthquake, a city or a part of it is destroyed. If the radio-active clouds are formed it affects our crop, our milk supply, etc. Sometimes because of the blast there is an excessive rain in some other parts which drowns sometimes the whole city or an excessive gale plays havoc. If there is a telestar it gives news to every one who has a receiving station in his hand. If a sputnik goes up it flies and skies all over the world.

If there is a tax proposal we are immediately affected. If there is a bad weather in Simla or a snow-fall, North India gets a cold spell. If there is a famine or a locust in one part of the country we have to worry about the food problem.

Without newspapers we will not know about any of these things, or many other things, and so a newspaper is an absolute necessity in the lives of the educated people who want to know what happens all round them, or how their lives are getting affected by events and changed without their being in any way responsible for it. So we cannot do without newspapers. They have become a part of ourselves. For instance, if you want to know where to buy a particular thing, what entertainments are available on the day, who died, which leader addressed a meeting or made an amusing speech and so on, you must have a newspaper at hand.

But sometimes I do feel that the world will be perhaps happier without newspapers. The exaggerated importance given to the items of crimes like murder, rape, thefts, black-mail, husband or wife running away from each other, suggestive pictures and advertisements leading people astray, ghastly details of underirable things putting ideas into innocent young minds, all these make one shudder. Then one feels perhaps the world will be a better place without newspapers. There is a border line to every question. What is right? What is wrong? It is only the good sense of a person in charge of the newspaper or the reporter that has to decide. A newspaper man wields a tremendous power for good or for bad. If he wields it wrongly he can make a hellish job of it.

But after all is said and done, I do not think we can do without newspapers. So let good people like you be in charge of it. If people who run newspapers are good, cultured, patriotic and above all God-fearing, much good can be expected from them.

## *SRI M. PATANJALI SASTRI*

A SPECIAL meeting of the members of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, jointly with the Executive Committee of the Sanskrit Vidyapeeth, Tirupati held last month at the Bhavan passed two reso-

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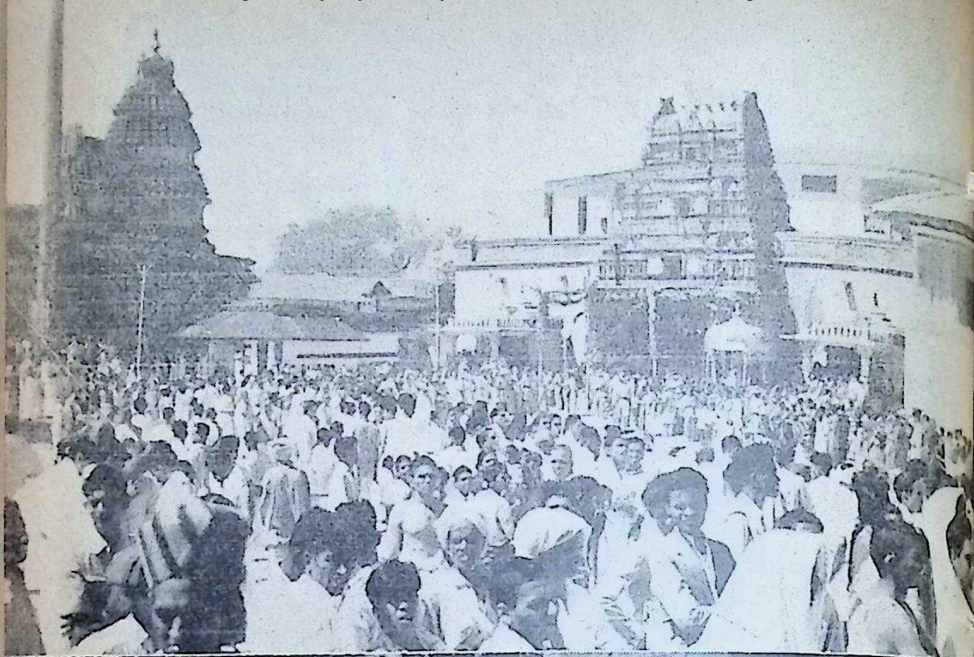

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*Late Sri M. Patanjali Sastri*

lutions placing on record its deep sense of loss on the passing away of Dr. Rajendra Prasad and Sri M. Patanjali Sastri.

The first resolution recalled the services of Rajen Babu to the country as a patriot, as freedom fighter, as President of the Constituent Assembly, as the first President of the Republic of India, as a Founder-Member of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and Founder-President of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad sponsored by the Bhavan.

The resolution on Sri M. Patanjali Sastri recorded the meeting's deep sense of grief at his sudden death. It recalled his yeoman services as a former Chief Justice of India, a Vice-President of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, and as Chairman of the Central Sanskrit Board.

*Smt. Lilavati Munshi performing the Bhumi Puja of Bhavan's Sardar Patel College of Engineering Hostel. (See Notes & News last issue)*

*Left: Maha-kumbhabhi-shéka at Srin-geri held last month. Among the worship-pers at the shrine were Sri Jayachama-raja Wadiyar, Governor of Mysore, and Sir C.P. Rama-swami Aiyar.*

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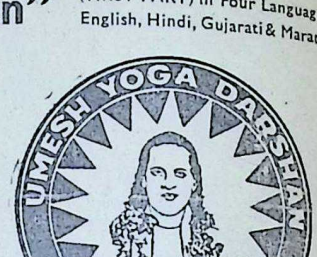


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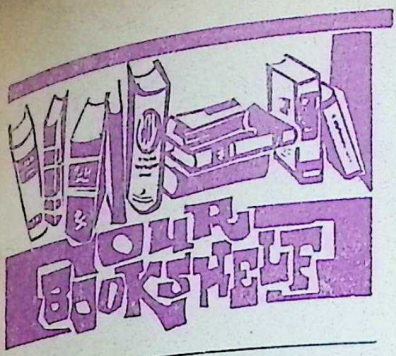


*DEVELOPMENT OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN INDIA.* By Surama Dasgupta, M.A., Ph.D. Published by Orient Longmans Ltd., Ballard Estate, Bombay-1. pp. 226 + xvi. Price: Rs. 25.

DR. SURAMA DASGUPTA is the wife of the great savant Dr. Surendra Nath Dasgupta and is also a scholar in Philosophy in her own right. The contents of this book grew out of her thesis for her Ph.D. Degree in the Calcutta University; but, as it emerges, it is a shortened version of her research into a field of Indian thought and life to which adequate attention had not been till now bestowed. It is to be regretted that students of our Indian Universities both at the graduate and the post-graduate levels have been fed only on the Western theories of Moral Philosophy and are poorly acquainted with the theory and practice of Morals according to Hindu thought. At best they know only about 'fatalist' *karma* and the 'rigidity' of caste and are generally ignorant of the fundamentals of Hindu ethics, of their foundations in Hindu philosophy and their fulfilment in Hindu religion.

Dr. Surama Dasgupta has done a distinct service in bringing into relief the course of Hindu ethical thought from its Vedic origins to modern times through the Upanishads, the Smritis, the Dharma Sastras and the schools of Indian philosophy. The moral theories relating to the several philosophic *darsanas* are separately dealt with. The author has done a good piece of work in disentangling ethics from philosophy and religion with which it is intimately intertwined in Hindu, Buddhist and Jaina systems. She does not believe, however, that this entanglement is a defect. For, as she observes, 'our beliefs in metaphysical dogmas generally determine our attitude towards reality in general and towards our own lives in particular and thus contribute to our present contentment and hopes for future happiness. They help us believe that the forces around us, however adverse they seem, are consonant with our ideals, and would ultimately lead to our highest fulfilment.' In fact this is exactly the reason for the involvement of philosophy, ethics and religion in each others in Indian thought. The special point about Hindu, Buddhist and Jaina thought is that each of them provides a code of practical conduct, a course of *sadhana* for moral achievement and is not content merely with describing a theory and an ideal as is the case with Western ethical thought. These *sadhanas* have been clearly indicated under each system.

Speaking of the practical bearing of the monistic *Vedanta* on life, the author says that it 'consists in its emphasis on the essential equality of all beings' and that the ills of life arise due to ignorance of this equality stemming from the identity of every *jiva* with Brahman. 'This can however be corrected,' says she, 'and set right by proper judgment and by *discovering*' (italics ours) 'the great truth of unity which is shining through us all.' This reminds one of the *Gita* dictum *panditaassamadarsinah*. That means that all talks of equality by *apanditaah* is as premature as it is dangerous.

Towards the end of the book, the author has dealt with the arguments for and against the theory of *karma* and reincarnation. She has finally summed the case in favour of the doctrine in words which bring out the inwardness of this theory when she says: 'the greatest truth of *karma* lies in the realm of the self which we are building up by our thoughts and

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actions—we create ourselves anew and spin out an ideal and destiny for ourselves. This is the supreme truth of the theory of *karma*. As self-conquest is very difficult to accomplish in the span of one's life, the possibility of an infinite series of lives is held out before us through which we have to toil on and on towards the final goal.' We may add that it is this possibility, which for the earnest seeker, is a certainty guaranteed by the Lord in the *Gita* in the words *maam prapadyate* which is, in the author's words, 'the source of inspiration to mankind according to Indian thought' and frees it from the criticism of pessimistic fatalism thoughtlessly associated with it.

The book provides a mine of information on the development of Moral Philosophy in India treated under appropriate heads and bears evidence of great scholarship. Both the professional philosopher and the general reader will find it highly useful and instructive.

—*Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan*

## SANSKRIT

*MANIMAÑJARI:* A collection of 2 one-act plays and some lyrics in Sanskrit, by Sri Bommakanti Ramalinga Shastri, M.A., Sanskrit Department, Osmania University, Hyderabad (A.P.) Price: Rs. 2.

SRI RAMALINGA SHASTRI has shown a high degree of elegance, ease and simplicity of style in the composition of this work. It contains two one-act plays (1) Devayāni, based on the unhappy matrimonial episode between Yayāti and his two spouses: Devayāni and Śarmiṣṭhā selected from the *Mahābhārata,* (2) Yāmini, based on the life of poet Bilhaṇa and his romance—and an excerpt from the life of Gāndhiji and a few short poems on miscellaneous topics *(Geyāvali)* set to music. We welcome this new addition to modern Sanskrit literature.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

*KALIDASACARITAM:* A Sanskrit drama in 5 acts. By S. B. Velankar. Girvanasudha Prakashan, Jhavba Wadi, Bombay-2. Price: Rs. 3.

SRI VELANKAR has established his reputation by publishing a Sanskrit rendering of the Marathi play "*Saubhadra*". He has now followed it up with a regular Sanskrit play based on some incidents in the life and career of Kalidasa as gleaned from history, legends and literature, to which he has added materials from his own imagination. In addition to Sanskrit metres, he has successfully introduced songs in Hindustani style in many current '*ragas*'. Another novel and interesting feature is his introduction of the 'Ovi' style of singing, here and there, in the songs to be sung by the female characters in the play. These innovations are intended to make the play popular with audiences in Maharashtra where, one is happy to see, the educated public is enthusiastically inclined to patronize the performance of Sanskrit plays.

The plot here is woven round the advancing career of Kalidasa as a poet and as an envoy to the court of Vidarbha. The rivalry between Kalidasa and Panditaraja, here, is an echo from the *Malavikagnimitra* though in a different field. Queen Vasudha and Alaka, wife of Kalidasa, are well portrayed. The dialogues are not, however, crisp enough for Kalidasan genius.

Without minimizing the merit of the work as a beginning in the direction, it may be said that a really first-class play in Sanskrit on Kalidasa, his life and times, is yet to be written. The **Sahitya Akademi, Delhi,** will do well to institute an All-India prize-competition among Sanskrit scholars for the purpose of drawing out the best of talent in this country towards such a happy consummation.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

## SANSKRIT-HINDI

*SAMSKRITA KAVIYONKI ANOKI SUJH.* By Janardan Bhat. Published by National Publishing House,

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Nayee Sadak, Delhi. pp. 232. Price: Rs. 4.

HERE is an excellent compilation which will provide no end of delight reading and reading; for it consists of 366 gems of Sanskrit verses embodying the wisdom (*Subhashitas*) of Bharatavarsha, followed by a liberal Hindi translation written by the author. Most of the verses deserve to be learnt by heart, as indeed they have been in the past and to some extent even today. They are on diverse topics and not one of them is dull. Neatly printed and produced, it makes an ideal gift for all occasions. One wishes the author had given the source of each or at least as many verses as possible.

—*V. A. K.*

## TELUGU

*SRI SIVABHAKTA CHARITAMU.* By Vidwan P. Suryanarayana Sharma. Published by the author at 44|B1, Vellala Street, Madras-7. pp. 552. Price: Rs. 8.50 nP.

THIS is a Telugu prose version of Tamil *Periya Puranam* of the famous Saiva Saint Sekkizhar. *Periya Puranam* has a significant place among the religious works in Tamil, inasmuch as it gives the lives of the sixty-three Nayanars. Though there are biographies of some of the famous Saiva Saints in some of the original works of Telugu literature like *Basavapuranam* and *Panditharadhya Charitramu*, a complete Telugu version of Tamil *Periya Purānam* has not been published so far. The author deserves our congratulation for having brought out this work in Telugu.

The language used in this book is elegant and simple and can be easily understood by any layman.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

*SANKARA GRANTHA RATNAVALI* (Book I). By Swami Nirvikalpananda. Published by Sadhana Grantha Mandali, Tenali (A.P.) pp. 286. Price: Rs. 4.

THE swamiji's books *Bhakti Tattwamu, Yoga Vasishtamu* and *Bharatiya Tattwa Sastramu* have already received very wide recognition and appreciation among Telugu people for their clarity of thought, precision and the simple attractive method of exposition of the several intricate theories of Vedantic philosophy. The present work is a very commendable effort to present to the Telugu people Sankara's teachings in his own words. Of the 153 works attributed to Sankara, 57 constitute his teachings (*Upadesh granthas*), 72 are Stotras and the rest are commentaries. The present work includes 40 important teachings of Sankara and the Swamiji has given a simple Telugu translation of each sloka. The translation is very lucid and simple and is easily understandable to any layman. The Sadhana Grantha Mandali and the Swamiji richly deserve the gratitude of the Telugu public for making available the teachings of Sankara in his own words and we hope their proposed publication of the other works of Sankara will materialise soon.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

## TAMIL

*EZHU NATAKA KATHAIGAL.* (Seven Tales in Tamil). By Pandit Srirama Desikan, 25, Burkit Road, Madras-17. Price: Re. 1.25 nP.

THE talented author, Srirama Desikan, enjoys the singular good fortune of as deep and rich a knowledge of Sanskrit as of Tamil. It is this mastery that has enabled him to present to the Sanskrit world his rendering in that language of the Tamil immortal classic, *Tiruppavai*. It is the same zeal for, and devotion to, learning that has now prompted him to introduce to the non-Sanskrit-knowing Tamils, acknowledged Sanskrit dramatists like Kalidasa, Visakhadatta, Bhavabhuti etc., through the work under review.

Patterned on the lines of Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, this venture serves the purpose of acquainting the readers with the beauty and verve of the original themes and

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thereby stimulates an active and lively interest in them.

The style is arresting and so designed as to be well within the easy grasp of the layman.

We have great pleasure in complimenting the author for his service to the cause of Tamil and Sanskrit.

—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar*

*KALVI.* Translated by K. Amudan. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. Price: Re. 1.25 nP.

THE Aravinda Ashram is well-known, especially in the south country. The Mother, as the devout French lady who is its guiding spirit is called, has absorbed the ancient wisdom of India, and shares it with those who seek it. Some of the talks—which evidently are hers—have been translated and collected in this handy little volume. They are full of practical hints to those who aspire to spiritual knowledge. For instance, stress is laid upon culture of the body as a necessary condition for culture of the mind, which was exactly what Kalidasa told us through the mouth of the Goddess Parvati—*sariram adyam khalu dharma sadhanam.*

It is the translation with which we are concerned in this review. It is all that can be desired, easy and elegant, and not stilted as translations are apt to be, especially where moral and philosophical concepts are concerned. A useful book to those who value help to live a good life.

—*Cayenne R.*


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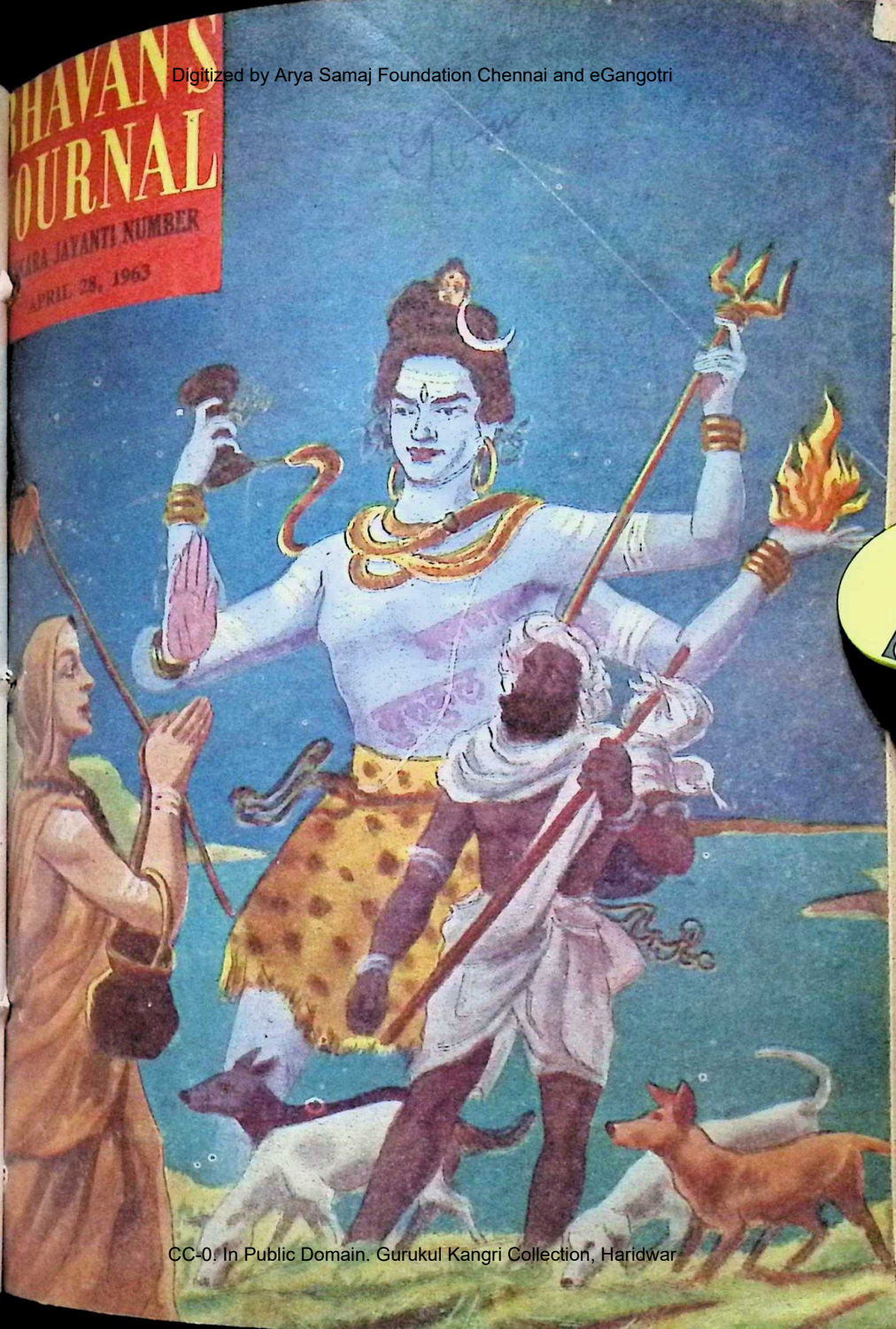


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# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

*Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture*

Vol. IX No. 20

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FRONT COVER :

**SANKARA AT KASHI**

*Artist* : V. N. O'key

**30 nP.**

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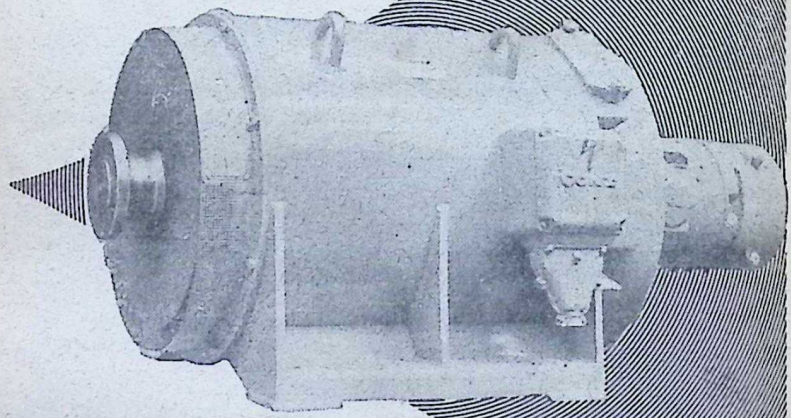

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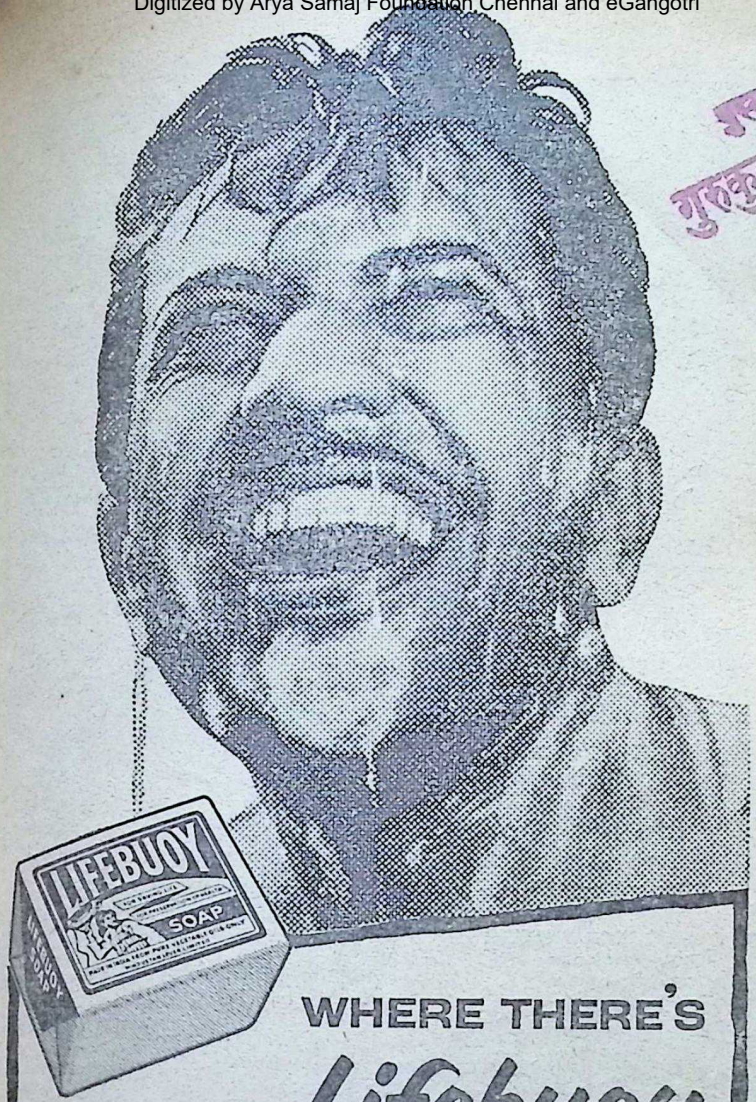


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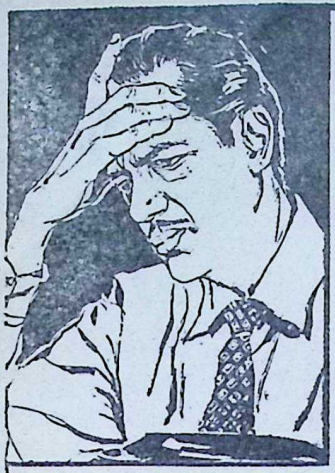

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—Rigveda, I-89-i

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

# TEACHER OF TEACHERS

अद्वैतार्णवपूर्णचन्द्रमभिधापद्माटवीभास्करं
विद्वत्कोटिसमर्च्चिताङ्घ्रियुगलं प्रद्वेषिकक्षानलम्।
हृद्यावद्यसमस्तवेदजनितप्रोद्यद्विवेकाङ्कुरं
स्विद्यद्वाग्मृतं परात्परगुरुं श्रीशङ्करं तं भजे॥

I contemplate on Sri Sankara who is the full moon of the ocean of Advaita, the Sun to the bed of lotuses in the form of speech; whose pair of feet are duly worshipped by crores of learned men; who is the blazing fire to the enemies; who is the sprout of discrimination resulting from the knowledge of all the Vedas which are charming and blameless; who is the nectar of speech and the teacher of teachers.

—*Sri Anandagiri*

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 282

# ★ PRE-REQUISITES FOR MEETING A CRISIS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

APRIL 28, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I WAS thinking the other day as to what are the pre-requisites of the successful effort to meet a national crisis.

The pre-requisites appear to me to be: first, a strong leadership; secondly, sound attitude on the part of the leadership; lastly, responsiveness on the part of the people.

No crisis could be met if there is no leadership which can attract power to itself.

When no such pre-requisites exist, people collapse under the stress of a crisis. This is best illustrated by our history during the first six decades of the 19th century when foreign subjection came to be fastened upon us.

By the end of the 18th century, India was weltering in chaos. The East India Company, which had come to India to trade and remained to conquer, had emerged as the strongest single military power in the country. When the Napoleonic War ended in 1815, there was none to challenge its military supremacy in the whole world.

By the time, the Maratha confederacy had failed to develop cohesion and had no creative will left. It had played no constructive role. It had failed to awaken even the Hindus as a whole to a sense of destiny. All that it had done was to shatter the decaying fabric of the Moghul empire.

The Moghul empire was a make-believe. The weary Moghul emperors were the playthings of every military adventurer who came to occupy Delhi for the time being.

None of the Hindu Rajas or the Muslim Nawabs, much less the zamindars and the talukdars, had any awareness of the coming catastrophe. They had no ability for concerted action, not even the inclination to take it; they had outlived all heroic traditions. All that they did was to maintain a precarious hold over their respective territories. Most of them lived in an unreal world created by an exaggerated sense of self-importance.

The country-side was at the mercy

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of marauding bands roving about in search of plunder.

The British made no secret of their intentions to take over the country. When the Charter of the East India Company was renewed in 1813, the British Government proclaimed the sovereignty of the British Crown over its territorial possessions.

Thus, the status of the Company as the Diwan of the Emperor of Delhi, was unilaterally dissolved. It caused no ripple among the Indian rulers.

In 1815, Marquess of Hastings, the Governor-General, refused to acknowledge Emperor Akbar II as the liege-lord of the British possessions. Soon thereafter began a policy of reducing the Indian rulers to the position of protected vassals.

With the victory in the Battle of Kirkee in 1818, the British emerged as the unquestioned master of the country.

During this struggle for supremacy, the people of India were denied enlightenment and organized leadership. They led a helpless and insecure existence without vigour and without hope.

The villagers lived at the mercy of marauding raiders or heartless tax-gatherers.

The leaders of the urban population were parasites of the powers that ruled over the area.

However, the Hindus lived a fairly protected existence within the four walls of Varnashrama Dharma, the Four-fold Order of society, handed down to them from ancient times. The Brahmans as the intellectual leaders pursued their ancestral vocation of

> . . . Nations grown corrupt
> Love bondage more than liberty;
> Bondage with ease than strenuous
> liberty.
> —*Milton*

teachers. Hundreds of thousands of *pathashalas* spread throughout the country, kept alive ancient learning and the sense of social solidarity.

Similarly, the Muslims in the country were bound together in a community of faith. Dedicated Maulvis imparted religious education through tens of thousands of Madrassas. Their education, by its very nature, made their attitude inflexible.

The two communities, by and large, flowed in distinct channels, except when they met in the very restricted spheres of war or of Courts. Only in the village, happy adjustments had been brought about between them.

The picture which India presented in the first two decades of the 19th century, was distressing.

Imbecile rulers were engaged in endless intrigues or leading profligate life. Effete governments were administered by inefficient chiefs or corrupt officers.

Ill-organized and indisciplined armies were led by adventurers. Roving bands were busy with pillage, creating anarchy wherever they operated.

The urban population sheltered behind castes and guilds, purchased peace by bribery or paying blackmail. The peasantry extracted a meagre livelihood from an impoverished soil in perpetual terror of the local robbers.

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There was no urge to unity, no will to exist as a single people, no will to resist, no leadership worth the name. India was ready for conquest—not even for conquest; it was ready to be plucked by any conqueror who was willing to do so.

On the other hand, the British conquerors had come to conquer and meant to do so. They made treaties and tore them to pieces. They resorted to every subterfuge possible. They were dishonest in peace and ruthless in war. They often turned palaces into stalls and kennels, and sent adrift queens and princesses, homeless and helpless.

However, at the higher level, the British conquerors were represented by men of extraordinary ability and courage.

Three Governors-General, between 1818 and 1857, stand out as the architects of British power: Marquess of Hastings (1813-1823), Dalhousie (1848-1856) and Canning (1856-1862). They had no illusion about their mission, which was to conquer India. They dedicated themselves to its fulfilment with energy and courage.

The Marathas, as empire-makers, had been tried and found wanting. The Sikhs could not place even Punjab on a stable foundation; within ten years of Ranjit Singh's death, his dominion was dissolved.

Not one power in India was capable of establishing hegemony over the others. None of them had the discipline or the organized strength with which to maintain it, even if there was one.

The country failed to throw up men of vision, courage and dedication. No one could create a sense of oneness with the people.

The collapse of the country before the British was inevitable. In fact, the country was in such a state of chaos that in some regions people prayed for the British to win.

There was no leadership in the country worth the name. On the side of the conquerors, there was leadership with vision, courage and dedication.

If the country had been able to throw up even in some measure the pre-requisites which I have referred to at the beginning of my Letter, the history of India would have been written in a different way.

In my next Letter, I will deal with how this unfortunate situation developed to its appointed tragic end in the collapse of the Great Revolt of 1857.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

---

**A nation is great not through dams in its rivers or its ships on the sea or the deposits in its banks. It is great by the moral fibre and character of its citizens. Nations die when these weaken.**

*—Herbert Hoover*

* * *

**It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to men is eternal vigilance; which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt.**

*—John Philpot Curran*

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# O, Hari !

**Sankara Bhagavatpada**

स्तोष्ये भक्त्या विष्णुमनादिं जगदादिं
यस्मिन्नेतत्संसृतिचक्रं भ्रमतीत्थम् ।
यस्मिन्दृष्टे नश्यति तत्संसृतिचक्रं
तं संसारध्वान्तविनाशं हरिमीडे ॥

*I praise, with devotion, the All-pervading (Vishnu), Who, Himself beginningless, is the origin of the universe; in Whom this wheel of* samsara *revolves in this-wise, and, on realising Whom, this wheel of* samsara *is destroyed—that Hari, the Destroyer of the darkness of* samsara, *I praise.*

श्रद्धाभक्तिध्यानशमाद्यैर्यतमानैः
ज्ञातुं शक्यो देव इहैवाशु य ईशः ।
दुर्विज्ञेयो जन्मशतैश्चापि विना तैः
तं संसारध्वान्तविनाशं हरिमीडे ॥

*Him, the resplendent Lord, Who is speedily realisable even in this world by those who strive to seek Him by means of faith, devotion, meditation, self-control and other efforts, but Who is hard to realise even through hundreds of lives for those who are devoid of those efforts—that Hari, the Destroyer of the darkness of* samsara, *I praise.*

पायाद्भक्तं स्वात्मनि सन्तं पुरुषं यो
भक्त्या स्तौतीत्याङ्गिरसं विष्णुरिमं माम् ।
इत्यात्मानं स्वात्मनि संहृत्य सदैकः
तं संसारध्वान्तविनाशं हरिमीडे ॥

*May He, the all-pervading (Vishnu), protect this devotee who is an individual self-existing in Himself, considering "This devotee praises Me Who am the essence of all organs with constant devotion and single-mindedness and withdrawing himself within his own self"—that Hari, the Destroyer of the darkness of* samsara, *I praise.*

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# What You Ought to Know

Sankara Bhagavatpada

यद्बोद्धव्यं तवेदानीमात्मानात्मविवेचनम्।
तदुच्यते मया सम्यक् श्रुत्वात्मन्यवधारय॥

Now I am going to tell thee fully about what thou oughtest to know—the discrimination between the Self and the non-Self. Listen to it and decide about it in thy mind.

मज्जास्थिमेदः पलरक्तचर्मे-
त्वगाह्वयैर्धातुभिरेभिरन्वितम्।
पादोरुवक्षोभुजपृष्ठमस्तकै-
रङ्गैरुपाङ्गैरुपयुक्तमेतत्॥

Composed of the seven ingredients, viz. marrow, bones, fat, flesh, blood, skin and cuticle, and consisting of the following limbs and their parts—legs, thighs, the chest, arms, the back and the head:

अहंममेतिप्रथितं शरीरं
मोहास्पदं स्थूलमितीर्यते बुधैः।
नभोनभस्वद्दहनाम्बुभूमय:
सूक्ष्माणि भूतानि भवन्ति तानि॥

This body, reputed to be the abode of the delusion of 'I' and 'mine', is designated by the learned as the gross body. The sky, air, fire, water and earth are subtle elements. They

परस्परांशैर्मिलितानि भूत्वा
स्थूलानि च स्थूलशरीरहेतवः।
मात्रास्तदीया विषया भवन्ति
शब्दादय : पञ्च सुखाय भोक्तुः॥

Being united with parts of one another and becoming gross, (they) form the gross body. And their subtle essences form sense-objects—the group of five such as sound, which conduce to the happiness of the experiencer, the individual soul.

य एषु मूढा विषयेषु बद्धा
रागेण पाशेन सुदुर्भेन।

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आयान्ति नियन्त्यिध ऊर्ध्वमुच्चै–
स्वकर्मदूतेन जवेन नीता : ।।

Those fools who are tied to these sense-objects by the stout cord of attachment, so very difficult to snap, come and depart, up and down, carried amain by the powerful emissary of their past action.

शब्दादिभिः पञ्चभिरेव पञ्च
पञ्चत्वमापुः स्वगुणेन बद्धाः ।
कुरङ्गमातङ्गपतङ्गमीन–
भृङ्गा नरः पञ्चभिरञ्चितः किम् ।।

The deer, the elephant, the moth, the fish and the black-bee—these five have died, being tied to one or other of the five senses, *viz.* sound etc., through their own attachment. What then is in store for man who is attached to all these five!

दोषेण तीव्रो विषयः कृष्णसर्पविषादपि ।
विषं निहन्ति भोक्तारं द्रष्टारं चक्षुषाप्ययम् ।

Sense-objects are even more virulent in their evil effects than the poison of the cobra. Poison kills one who takes it, but those others kill one who even looks at them through the eyes.

विषयाशामहापाशाद्यो विमुक्तः सुदुस्त्यजात् ।
स एव कल्पते मुक्त्यै नान्यः षट्शास्त्रवेद्यपि ।

He who is free from the terrible snare of the hankering after sense-objects, so very difficult to get rid of, is alone fit for Liberation, and none else—even though he be versed in all the six Shastras.

आपातवैराग्यवतो मुमुक्षून्
भवाब्धिपारं प्रतियातुमुद्यतान् ।
आशाग्रहो मज्जयतेऽन्तराले
निगृह्य कण्ठे विनिवर्त्य वेगात् ।।

The shark of hankering catches by the throat those seekers after Liberation who have got only an apparent dispassion (Vairagya) and are trying to cross the ocean of Samsara (relative existence), and violently snatching them away, drowns them half-way.

विषयाख्यग्रहो येन सुविरक्त्यसिना हतः ।
स गच्छति भवाम्भोधेः पारं प्रत्यूहवर्जितः ।।

He who has killed the shark known as sense-object with the sword of mature dispassion, crosses the ocean of Samsara, free from all obstacles.

विषमविषयमार्गं गच्छतोऽनच्छबुद्धेः
प्रतिपदमभियातो मृत्युरप्येष विद्धि ।
हितसुजनगुरूक्त्या गच्छतः स्वस्य युक्त्या
प्रभवति फलसिद्धिः सत्यमित्येव विद्धि ।।

Know that death quickly overtakes the stupid man who walks along the dreadful ways of sense-pleasure; whereas one who walks in accordance with the instructions of a well-wishing and worthy Guru, as also with his own reasoning, achieves his end—know this to be true.

मोक्षस्य कांक्षा यदि वे तवास्ति
त्यजातिदूराद्विषयान्विषं यथा ।
पीयूषवत्तोषदया क्षमार्जव–
प्रशान्तिदान्तीभज नित्यमादरात् ।।

If indeed thou hast a craving for Liberation, shun sense-objects from a good distance as thou wouldst do poison, and always cultivate carefully the nectar-like virtues of contentment, compassion, forgiveness, straightforwardness, calmness and self-control.

—*Vivekachudamani*

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# WORSHIP OF GOD

PARASARA BHATTAR, the great commentator of "*Ramayana*," "*Vishnu Sahasranama*," etc., was a highly evolved soul. He was famed for speaking face to face with God.

An ambitious disciple of his came to him one day and requested him: "Sir, I wish to worship God as ardently as possible. Will you be kind enough to give me its correct mode in all its ramifications?"

"Of course, I shall, my child. Come tomorrow," replied the preceptor.

When the disciple duly presented himself on the following day for the purpose, the Master gave him a ponderous tome in which God's worship was described elaborately.

The disciple felt very happy and after prostrating before him, took the tome home.

The disciple soon found to his chagrin that all the twenty-four hours of the day were not sufficient for worshipping God according to the book given by his Master. Yet he carried on bravely for about a week.

Afterwards, however, a doubt crept into the mind of the disciple. Thought he: "However proficient he might be, the Master himself does not appear to spend much time on worshipping God. I think there is nothing wrong in finding out whether the Master is as good as his precept, i.e., if he spends as much time on worship."

Accordingly, he posted himself discretely in a room adjoining his master's and watched. Lo! His master spent hardly a second on worship which constituted of a wave of his hand to the Salagrama kept on a platter! The disciple made up his mind to ask his master about the discrepancy in what he did and what he preached.

Next day he presented himself before his master and prostrated.

"Something ails you, my child?" asked the Master.

"Yes Sir!" blurted he and continued, "May I submit a doubt for which I may be pardoned?"

"Of course! You come to me precisely for the purpose of removing your doubts, don't you?"

"Sir, you gave a huge book of worship for me to follow. Even the twenty-four hours of a day are insufficient for observing all that it says; but...."

"Go on, child!"

"But I saw *you* spending not even a minute on worship!"

"That is right. I am glad you asked me. This is my explanation. Even that second you saw me worshipping the Salagrama is unnecessary for me whereas even twenty-four hours of worship a day are insufficient for you!"

The inference is that the mental state of God-communion and not the physical act of worship is of account in the worship of God.

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# SRI ADI SANKARA

*H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi*

STAGING a divine *leela* that he himself had arranged, in his own mysterious way, Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada obtained, from his distressed mother, her unwilling consent to let him become a *sannyasin*. Seeing her only child ready to leave the home, attired as a *sannyasin*, Sri Sankara's mother bewailed that he would have to wander about like an orphan, deprived of her loving care. Then Sri Sankara consoled her by saying:

भिक्षाप्रदाः जनन्यः पितरो गुरवः कुमारकाः शिष्याः एकान्तरमणहेतुः शान्तिर्वनिता चिरक्तस्य।

"To the *sannyasin*, all those who offer *bhiksha* (alms) are mothers; his preceptors occupy the place of father for him: his disciples are his sons: and the supreme peace that has to be enjoyed in solitude is his wife. And so, do not grieve that I shall be abandoned when I abandon the worldly things." Promising to his mother that he will be at her side in her last moments, he left his house in search of a *guru*, for obtaining *pranavopadesam* (प्रणवोपदेशः) and *mahaavakyopadesam* (महावाक्योपदेशः) in order to take his vow of *sannyasa*. He found such a preceptor in the person of Sri Govinda Bhagavatpada, on the banks of the Narmada. After initiation, he went to Kaasikshetra (काशीक्षेत्रं) as a *parivraajaka* (परिव्राजकः)— wandering ascetic —where sannyasins are allowed to stay longer than the prescribed three nights, as it is one of the *mukti-kshetras* (मुक्तिक्षेत्रं).

Why is this ban that a *sannyasin* should not stay in one place too long? Such a ban is imposed to guard against a *sannyasin* getting involved in the worldly life of the people around him and also to guard against householders giving up their prescribed avocations and following the example of the *sannyasin*. Another noteworthy point about the *sannyasa Aasrama* is that a *sannyasin* should know four generations of his preceptors, who are known as *guru, parama*

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*guru*, *parameshti guru*, and *paraapara* guru (गुरु, परम,गुरु, परमेष्टिगुरु,परापरगुरु), The *paraapara guru* of Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada was Vyasa Bhagavan himself. The *Bhaja Govindam* of Sri Sankara may be regarded as composed in praise of Lord Govinda, and in honour of his immediate preceptor (*guru*), who bore the name of Govinda. The only persons permitted in our *Sastras* to beg are *Brahmacharis* and *Sannyasins*. For the others, the State should provide employment and means of sustenance. A *sannyasi* should set apart only a particular time for seeking alms and should be satisfied with whatever he gets within that time. ( विधिवशात्प्राप्तेन संतुष्यतां ). A *sannyasi* should take food only in the manner we take medicine to cure our diseases, that is, he should only eat to live and not live to eat. (क्षुद्व्याधिश्च चिकित्स्यतां).

At Kaasi, the great Acharya unfolded his *bhaashya* on the Brahma Sutras, also known as the *Bikshu Sutras*. This *bhaashya* spread throughout the length and breadth of the country through the Pandits from all the 56 kingdoms of India, who came to Kaasi on pilgrimage and in quest of knowledge. Anxious to do something of enduring benefit to the world, Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada could find nothing better than giving his message regarding the Ultimate Truth.

Suffering is universal and every one wishes to get rid of it and attain happiness. To get rid of suffering, no palliative having temporary effect, will be of avail. The root cause of suffering must be eradicated. We can get rid of white ants only when we get at and destroy the mother insect inside the ant-hill. If we reflect on the root cause of suffering, we will find that we suffer because of the physical body. Suffering will persist so long as we retain the consciousness of our physical body. To get rid of suffering, we must get rid of our body-consciousness.

How did we get this body? We got it as a result of our previous *karmas*. Shall we get rid of the body by committing suicide?That will not help us in the least, for, to the store of unrequited *karmas*, we shall be adding the sin of suicide also. We will have to take birth again to suffer its effects. Therefore, we should assail the source of all *karmas* and negate it. When Arjuna asked why we commit sins, as if impelled by somebody (बलादिव नियोजितः), even though we do not like ( अनिच्छन्नपि ) to commit sin, Sri Krishna gives the answer in the verse:

काम एष क्रोध एष
रजोगुण समुद्भवः।
महाशनो महापाप्मा
विद्धचेनमिह वैरिणम्।।

It is *kaama* or desire, for what pleases us, and *krodha* or anger, when we do not get that, that impel us to act wrongly. But what is it that rouses, this *kaama* and this *krodha*? We desire for or hate something outside ourselves. It is this unconsciousness of ANOTHER, a second object apart from us, that rouses these passions of the mind. Hence if *kaama* and *krodha* should go, this consciousness of a second thing apart from us, the idea of duality, should vanish. We should

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learn to realise that the seeming diversity of the universe, the plurality of men and things, is ultimately One, and that they are all the One Paramatman, which is hidden to the ordinary eye in the variety of the visible shapes that It takes, but WHICH is perceived by the *jnani*, who is not deluded by that variety.

This truth was expressed by Saint Tirumoolar when he sang:

மரத்தை மறைத்தது மாமதயானை
மரத்தில் மறைந்தது மாமதயானை
பரத்தை மறைத்தது பார்முதல் பூதம்
பரத்தில் மறைந்தது பார்முதல் பூதம்

The significance of this song is that a wooden elephant is an ELEPHANT to the child playing with it, but only wood to the carpenter. To the carpenter, the elephant-consciousness disappears in the wood. Similarly to the worldly, man, the *parabrahman* is hidden by the *panchabhootas*—the elements that go to constitute the structural body of men and things. The *jnani* perceives the *Param*—the Ultimate Truth—at the back of the *bhootas*. He is not conscious of the existence of the *bhootas* at all. It is interesting that Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada employed the same simile when he said:

दन्तिनि दारुविकारे दारु तिरोभवति सोपि तत्रैव।
जगति तथा परमात्म परमात्मन्यपि जगत् तिरोधत्ते ॥

This supreme Truth that at the back of the manifold material substances and permeating them all is the Supreme Brahman, is the great message of Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada to the world. As if to reinforce it, Sri Viswanatha, the God of Kaasi appeared before the Acharya in the guise of a *chandaala* (untouchable) with four dogs, (representing the four *Vedas*) and when bidden by the Acharya to move off from his path, the *chandaala* asked him, who is to move away, the body or the *atman*. This reply made the Acharya see in the *chandaala* a realised soul, a supreme *jnani*, and the Acharya praised him in five memorable verses, known as the Maneesha Panchaka Stotra. The last verse in this quintette is:

यत्सौख्याम्बुधि–लेशलेशत इमे
शक्रादयो निर्वृता
यच्चित्रे नितरां प्रशान्तकलने
लब्ध्वा मुनिर्निर्वृतः।
यस्मिन्नित्यसुखाम्बुधौ गलित–
धीर्ब्रह्मैव न ब्रह्मवित्
यः कश्चित् स सुरेन्द्रवन्दितपदो
नूनं मनीषा मम ।।

In this verse, Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada speaks of that supreme ocean of bliss, a tiny particle of which makes for the delights of Indra and others and by realising which in his tranquil mind, the silent sage is full of inexpressible joy. Being immersed in that joy, the man of perfect wisdom, who has got rid of his separatist ego, becomes *Brahman* Itself and does not remain a mere *Brahmavit*.

The fact that there are still a few *jnanis* of this kind amidst us, is due to this call of Acharya Sankara. He desired that though we may not realise the full import of these verses immediately, we should make a habit of uttering them constantly so that in due time, they may lead us on, may be slowly, but surely, to the realisation of that Supreme *Paramaatman*.

From: *Call of the Acharya*

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# PATH TO FINAL BEATITUDE

*H. H. Jagadguru*
*Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri*

SRI Sankara Bhagavatpada has summarised, within the framework of five simple stanzas collectively known as *Upadesa Panchaka,* all his teachings based upon the Vedas and the Dharma Sastras.

Each stanza consists of eight injunctions so that on the whole we have forty of them which form as it were a flight of steps gradually and steadily leading to the ultimate goal of life, namely, the realisation of the Oneness of the individual Self in essence with the universal Self and the consequent freedom from all bondage.

In the first stanza are pointed out the importance of the study of the Vedas, the need for properly performing the activities prescribed therein in a spirit of offering to God eschewing all kinds of personal desire, the eradication of sins, the realisation of the ephemeralness of phenomenal life, the intensifying of the longing to realise the Self and the need to give up worldly attachment.

The value of good company, the necessity for devotion to God, the need for self-restraint and withdrawal from worldly activities, the imperative necessity to seek a knower of the Self, to serve him with devotion and earn his grace to merit the illuminating knowledge which he alone can impart, are emphasised in the second stanza.

The third deals with the intense study, cogitation and assimilation of the teachings of the Guru resulting in the elimination of egoism of any sort and the rise of the realisation of the true nature of the self free from all limitations.

In the next stanza is described the

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way in which such a seer will conduct himself with reference to the external world whenever he is conscious of it.

The final stanza gives an idea of the self-centred Seer who realises his own oneness with the supreme self and sublimates at the same time the universe of name and form in its ultimate substratum which is also the same self, who is indifferent to what happens to the body and finally merges into the One and only one Reality when the bodily encasement responsible for his seeming individuality ceases to be on the exhausting of the Karma which gave it its birth.

In such simple and expressive language, the Great Master has outlined for us the path to final beatitude, and the best way of commemorating his sacred memory and showing our earnest gratefulness to him is for each one of us to tread the path as far as it lies within our capacity at present.

May Sri Chandramowleeswara and Sri Sarada endow us with the necessary faith and steadfastness to do so!

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*When women carrying jars of water on their heads stop to talk, they are very careful, keeping their mind on the water jars. Similarly, when a sage engages in activity, his mind remains fixed in the self and his activity does not distract him.*

—Bhagavan Ramana


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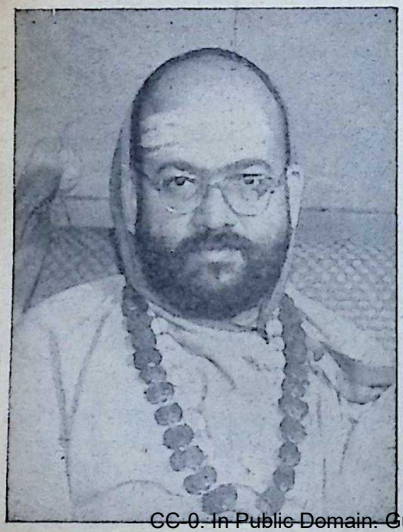
# SRI SANKARACHARYA THE GREAT

## *a builder of India*

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Dwarka

INDIA has produced a galaxy of philosophical thinkers and intellectual stalwarts in times of crisis and confusion and have led the people to the right path. Adi Sankaracharya was one such philosopher who during the short span of his life not only achieved stupendous results but cleared the cobwebs from the minds of even the philosophers by his irrefutable arguments and incisive logic.



The age which saw the advent of Sankaracharya was an age of unrest and strife, of spiritual bankruptcy and social discord. The land was without a lord and religion without a leader. There were nihilists and iconoclasts and there were conservative ritualists and literalists.

Besides chaos in the schools of philosophy, there were others who were out to tear and destroy all that was sacred and old.

It was Sankaracharya who showed people the path of spiritual sanity and health.

He diagnosed the diseases and prescribed the remedy that would effect and cure, i.e. the Advaita Philosophy.

To Sankaracharya goes the credit of consolidating Advaita and making it clear that according to this philosophy, there was no need for final despair or no ground for ultimate doubts.

The sole reality which Advaita teaches can never be denied, for it is the Self of even him who denies. The man who knows this never fears.

Fear results from the erroneous cog-

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nition of plurality. Fearlessness is obtained when the non-dual Absolute is realised. By calling humanity to realization of this truth, and by showing the way to that realization, Sankaracharya became the great benefactor of the world that his name signifies.

श्रुतिस्मृतिपुराणानामालयं करुणालयम्
नमामि भगवत्पादं शंकरं लोकशंकरम् ।

The philosophy of Sankaracharya can best be described as the best type of spiritual humanism. It is rationalistic in its approach to the problem of philosophy and experimental in its confirmation of the truth.

It is the only religion that has the chance of being accepted by our generation who are children of science and reason.

As religion it is the least dogmatic, most universal and least sectarian.

It is at once a philosophy of values and a grand metaphysics.

Sankaracharya's imposing and inspiring system of metaphysics is the greatest contribution of India to world thought and religion.

Through his devotional poems and grand philosophic prose and supreme organisational powers, he stands as the greatest of India's philosophers for all times.

शास्त्रं शारीर मीमांसा देवस्तु परमेश्वरः ।
आचार्यश्शंकराचार्यास्संतु मे जन्मजन्मनि ।।

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# *Jagadguru Sankara*

**Swami Sivananda**

THE operative presence of the Vedic Dharma in the India of today, is attributable to the genius of Adi Sankaracharya. The forces opposed to Vedic religion were more numerous and powerful at the time of Sankara than they are today. Still, single-handed, and within a very short time, he overpowered them all and restored Vedic Dharma and Advaita to their pristine purity in the land.

The weapon employed by the Avatara of Sankaracharya was pure knowledge and spirituality.

The previous Avataras, like Rama and Krishna, used physical force because the obstacles to Dharma in those days arose from physical obstruction and molestation from Asuras.

The menace to Dharma in the *Kali* age arose from obstacles that were more internal than external, more mental than physical.

The seeds of Adharma were then working in the minds of almost every one. Hence the evil had to be combated purely by the weapon of knowledge and self-purification.

It was in order to forge this weapon and wield it with efficacy that Sankara was born in the Brahmin Varna and entered the Sanyasa order early in life.

The previous Avataras like Rama and Krishna took birth in the Kshatriya Varna because they had to wield military weapons in the restoration of Dharma in their days.

Many are aware of the very important position assigned to Sankaracharya in the history of Indian philosophy.

It can be affirmed, without any fear of contradiction, that Bharatavarsha would have ceased to be Bharatavarsha several centuries ago and would never have survived the fatal sword, the devastating fire and the religious intolerance of the successive invaders, if Sankara had not lived the life he lived, and taught the lessons which he taught and which are still pulsating in every cell and in the pro-

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*At Mandana Misra's Place*
*Courtesy:* B. G. Paul & Co., Madras.

toplasm of a true aspirant and a true Hindu.

Sankara was the foremost among the master-minds and the giant souls which Mother India has produced. He was a giant metaphysician who expounded systematically the Advaita philosophy. He was a practical philosopher, an infallible logician, a dynamic personality and a stupendous moral and spiritual force. His grasping and elucidating powers knew no bounds. A fully developed Yogi, a Jnani, and a Bhakta, he belonged as a Karma Yogi to the highest order and was a powerful magnet.

There is not one branch of knowledge which he has left unexplored and which has not received the touch, polish and finish of his superhuman intellect. For Sankara and his works we have a very high reverence. The loftiness, calmness and firmness of his mind, the impartiality with which he deals with various questions, his clearness of expression—all these make us revere the philosopher more and more. His teachings will continue to live as long as the sun shines, and the moon wanes and waxes.

The vast scholarly erudition, the masterly way of exposition of intricate philosophical problems that Sankara commanded, have won the admiration of all the existent philosophical schools of the world. He is an intellectual genius, profound philosopher, able propagandist, matchless preacher, gifted poet and a great religious reformer. This would be the verdict of every age Time would unroll. Perhaps, never in the history of any literature, a stupendous writer like him has been found. Even the western scholars of the present day

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pay their homage and respects to him. Of all the ancient systems, that of Sankaracharya will be found to be the most congenial and the most easy of acceptance to the modern mind.

Sankara's philosophical conquests are unique in the world. He had his triumphant tour all over India, and met the leaders of different schools of thought, and convinced them by arguments and established the supremacy and truth of the religion that he expounded in his commentaries. He went to all the celebrated seats of learning, challenged the learned men to discussion, argued with them and converted them to his opinions and views. He defeated Bhatta Bhaskara and condemned his Bhashya on the Vedanta Sutras. He then met Dandi and Mayura and taught them his philosophy, and defeated in argument Harsha, the author of *Khandana Khanda Khadya*, Abhinavagupta, Murari Misra, Udayanacharya, Dharmagupta, Kumarila and Prabhakara.

Sankara then proceeded to Mahishmati. Mandana Misra was the chief Pundit of the court of Mahishmati. Mandana was brought up in the Karma Mimamsa faith and so he had intense hatred for Sanyasins. As he was performing a Sraddha ceremony, Sankara somehow dropped down in their midst. Immediately Mandana Misra became very furious, and entered into an ugly conversation, when the Brahmins that were present there for the ceremony and dinner, interposed and pacified him.

Then, Sankara challenged Mandana for religious controversy, to which Mandana agreed, and Bharati, wife of Mandana, who possessed scholarly erudition, was appointed as the umpire. It was agreed that Sankara, if defeated, would become a householder and marry; Mandana, if defeated, would become a Sanyasin and receive the robe of a Sanyasin from the hands of his own wife. The controversy began in right earnest and continued for days without any interruption. Bharati did not sit and listen to their controversy. She threw two garlands one over the shoulders of each of the disputants and said: "He whose garland begins to fade first should consider himself defeated." She left the place and was attending to her household duties. The controversy went on for seventeen days. The garland of Mandana Misra began to fade first. Mandana Misra accepted his defeat and offered to become a Sanyasin and follow Sankara.

Mandana Misra gave all his property as a gift to Sri Sankara and Mandana was made to distribute it to the poor and the deserving. He then became a disciple of Sankara. Sankara initiated him into the holy order of Sanyasa and gave him the name of Sureshwaracharya.

Sankara ascended the throne of omniscience after inviting Vedic scholars from all parts of India and answering their numerous questions. Sankara, by vanquishing all the religious opponents of his day—who belonged to no less than seventy-two different schools—and establishing the superiority of the Vedic Dharma, had become the Jagadguru of all.

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*...liberated souls are now and then commissioned by the Supreme Isvara to work for the welfare of the world even after liberation has been secured by them. Essentially Sankara was one of such people...*

# UNIQUENESS OF SANKARACHARYA

*Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar*

I AM going to speak to you on the uniqueness of Sankaracharya. In dealing with this subject, let me not be misunderstood. I am not suggesting for a moment that in the *catena* of human destiny, in the history of the human race and of the human quest for supreme knowledge, there have not been other great men, other great institutions. I am not making any comparison between one religious leader and another. I am not making any distinction between one creed and another. But I shall place before you certain aspects which I consider have never existed in such perfection and in such an unrivalled combination.

I shall begin by a quotation from a very great thinker who is alive today, the grandson of the scientist Huxley. His name is Aldous Huxley, and he is the author of a very well-known book, which should be in the hands of every student of comparative religion. The book's name is *Perennial Philosophy*.

Aldous Huxley says with reference to Hindu Philosophy, as follows:

"Hindu philosophy is not philosophy in the modern Western sense of the word, but rather the description and explanation of a praxis (namely a system of practices) aimed at *the transformation of human consciousness*".

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, in his earliest philosophical treatise termed Hinduism not so much a religion, but a way of life. This term was very appropriate because Hinduism does not treat religion as a matter of Sun-


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days or some particular holy days. It does not treat religion as the devoting of a few hours of each day to prayer or hearing of sermons, but it concerns itself with the whole of life and with all impacts on human personality. It colours influences and interfuses the entirety of existence.

Now, in this system which is called Hindu philosophy, there is a special place for Intuition (*Vijnana*). There is a place for Experience (*Anubhava*), and those are the two aspects on which I wish to dwell for a few moments.

Intuition is a word which is often inaccurately used. Intuition is that particular faculty by the aid of which there is an immediate apprehension in the mind without any elaborate reasoning; it is also called insight.

The results may be obtained by gifted individuals as a result of and through collation of facts, analysis or synthesis but they never attain the heights to which intuition rises with ease. That intuition our sages have displayed in ample measure.

Let me give you two instances. In the *Brahma Sutra,* for instance, there is just one *Sutra,* which asserts by vibration ( कम्पनात् ) or from motion. Now that *Sutra* utilises a single word but means a great deal. It means that the universe and all manifestations of the universe are several modifications—transformations of that eternal vibration, Sabda Brahma as it is called, vibration being at the root of all that matters, so far as the life of the universe is concerned. This expression is matched by another saying in the *Katha Upanishad:*

यदिदं किंच जगत्सर्वं प्राण एजति निःसृतम्।

Literally the whole world trembles in the Prana (i.e. the great breath or the Supreme Being). These sayings come from intuitions—intuitions which are verified by the discoveries of today. We now know that all the world is not so substantial as we imagine, that this table, you and I are merely aspects of vibration; even matter being one form of what may be called "condensed vibration". Another aspect of this intuition may be here noticed. The Western world has by experiment and reasoning developed the science and art of psycho-analysis.

Men like Freud, Adler, Jung, and latterly a French writer called Baudouin, who has written a book entitled *Suggestion and Auto-suggestion* have developed several remarkable theories. What we call psycho-analysis (psychotherapy is one of its manifestations), depends for its foundation upon what is called the "Sub-conscious self", and in relation to this sub-conscious self, the scientists now are beginning to realise that the Indian thinkers by the exercise of what I have called intuition and the experience (*anubhava*) born of intuition have anticipated many modern conclusions.

By way of illustration let me quote two passages from that book on *Suggestion and Auto-suggestion* by Baudouin:

"Psycho-analysis is the weapon wherewith to dig into the different layers of the mind, and suggestion and auto-suggestion are the seeds to be implanted therein. Suggestion may be defined as the acceptance of an

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idea by the mind, especially by the so-called "sub-conscious" entity independently of adequate logical grounds for such acceptance. The idea is placed before the mind.... when the mind is in a state where opposing and conflicting ideas have no chance of making themselves felt", whereupon this implanted idea tends to realise itself. Then he says: "One must put oneself into a state of concentration without effort." It is essential that "attention should remain spontaneously immobilized". This is what happens when one used the Rudraksha Mala. This is also what happens in the *Hindu Yoga*. The religious aspirant follows this technique. The whole course of this Sadhana (spiritual practice) is not to allow a person to think of himself as a finite matter bounded by all limitations. He has to awaken permanently the consciousness that he is the *Atman*, ever free, ever perfect. For this, there is a regulated course of practice laid down in the *Ashtanga Yoga*. Referring to the teachings of the Hindu Yogis, Baudouin says this: "The two states, whose acquirement must be the novice's first aim are known as *Pratyahara* (mental examination) and *Dharana* (concentration of mind upon the thought)". And the same thing has been said by Coue. In other words, Yoga relies on what is now known as auto-suggestion.

All that I am anxious to point out now is that by a process of intuition and of experience, our ancients discovered methods, both of discovering the secrets of the outer universe and for delving into the sub-conscious self. For suggestion and auto-suggestion to work effectively, faith is necessary. According to Coue's method the subject is made to feel that the springs of success and achievement are in himself. He can then overcome all inhibiting and obstructive factors. In essence these Western methods do not differ from certain forms of Hatha Yoga and certain resultants of Bhakti.

I shall now deal with Sankara from the biographical point of view. I shall refer to what I may call the human aspects of Sankara. There was a man called Kant, who was a great German philosopher; he never knew what was taking place around him; he was just absent-minded, abstracted and some thinkers believe in aloofness and abstraction. There are many philosophers who think that by neglecting the world, they can regulate their self. But Sankaracharya was a very rare combination. This is one of his most unique aspects. He was essentially a human personality in addition to being the most concentrated of seers.

Take for instance, what happened very early with regard to his mother's funeral. Sankara had taken to Sannyasa. As a Sannyasi, or Yati he was not supposed to bother himself about domestic or Grahastha ceremonies like those connected with funeral or *sraddha*. But Sankara so loved his mother and was so bent upon bringing solace to the soul of the mother that he, who had become a Sannyasi, somewhat against her will, against the whole embattled forces of the people around him, performed his mother's funeral though a Sannyasi. And the Nambudiris of Malabar were very severe with him; they would not allow him to remove the body into the *Smasan* or the cremation ground.

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And so what did he do? He cut the body of his mother into pieces and buried those in his own compound and performed his mother's funeral.

This practice of Sankara became so sanctified that upto this date, in the case of Nambudiri families, the cremation is never performed in the general cremation ground, but in the house itself. They follow the example set by Sankaracharya. That is one instance in which I am showing that he was a very human individual in addition to being a transfigured saint.

There is also the well-known case of Kumarilla Bhatta, the great Purva Mimamsa authority, who decided to commit suicide because he had fallen from his highest ideals. When Sankara approached him in order to discuss Purva Mimamsa with him, Kumarilla said: "I have decided upon committing suicide in order to expiate for my sins. But there is another person by my side, Visvarupa is his name. You can have your dispute on the Purva Mimamsa with him." And so the dispute began. They discussed Purva Mimamsa and Vedanta, and the chosen arbitrator was Visvarupa's wife; Ubhaya Bharati was her name and she was a paragon of learning and wisdom.

After the discussion, the wife, true to what may be called the highest traditions of Indian norm or ऋतं, decided against her husband and said that Sankara was the victor. That incident indicates that Sankara transcended all the limitations laid upon women in the matter of *Adhikara* (religious capacity). There were restrictions upon them. He transcended those restrictions and allowed Ubhaya Bharati, wife of Visvarupa, not only to be present when the discussion was taking place, but to be the arbitrator, or judge, in the matter of this dispute.

There is another great incident which most of you must have heard of. On one occasion, Sankara was in Banaras. In those days no great teacher (Sankara or Madhwa or Ramanuja or Vithal or Vallabha) ever thought his scholarship consummated or ever thought himself perfected, unless he went to Banaras, taught to and had discussions with Pandits of Banaras and persuaded them of the truth and the cogency of the doctrines for which they stood. And so Sankara went to Banaras. And when going along the streets of Banaras, he found an *Antyaja* (a man of the lowest caste), a Chandala as he was called. He was walking along the street, and Sankara and his followers asked him to clear the way for them. And the Chandala was none other than Siva Himself in disguise. The Chandala came near and said: "Who are you to ask me to clear out? Who are you and who am I? What is this clearing out? Where am I to clear out? Where am I to go? Who are you and am I different from you?"

The words which he spoke betokened such wisdom and such transcendent enlightenment that Sankara is reported immediately to have prostrated before him and composed those great verses मनीषापञ्चक (*Manisha Panchaka*) a wonderful quintette of verses in which he says: "What does it matter if a person is a Chandala or a Brahmin, provided

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he knows the Atman? If he does, he is my *guru* and I have no objection to admit him as my *guru*".

When Sankara began his mission in life, there were many religious practices that had grown up in India. Some practices involved gruesome animal sacrifices; some practices involved what are called "*Vamacharas*" or objectionable observances transcending the accepted notions of morality, these acts being proclaimed to be essential parts of religion. He strove to abolish these excrescences and inaugurated what is called the "Panchayatana Puja", which by combining several objects of worship and adoration effected a synthesis of many approaches to Godhead. Commenting on the opening statement of the *Brahma Sutra* अथातो ब्रह्मजिज्ञासा and dwelling on अथ (i.e. now, then or thereafter) he insists that knowledge of Brahman is attained only after much preliminary experience. There are other features which establish the uniqueness of Sri Sankaracharya.

Now you are all aware of the Bodhi Sattva ideal in pursuance of which under the Buddhistic dispensation, over and above the Lord Buddha, there are Bodhi Sattvas who, after having attained great eminence in what may be called "holy practices" and disciplines and being entitled to attain *Nirvana*, nevertheless make up their minds not to accept *Nirvana*, but to come back to this world and to work in this world for the purpose of benefiting suffering humanity. Following this idea, Sankara in the *Brahma Sutra Bhashya*, says as follows:

यथा च वर्तमाना ब्रह्मविद : प्रारब्धभोगक्षये कैवल्यमनुभवन्ति, एवं अपान्तरतमः प्रभृतयोऽपि ईश्वरा : परमेश्वरेण तेषु अधिकारेषु नियुक्ताः।

This passage means that liberated souls are now and then commissioned by the Supreme Isvara to work for the welfare of the world even after liberation has been secured by them. Essentially Sankara was one of such people. He was a person who, after having attained the summit of what you might call "the liberating processes" nevertheless made up his mind, during the short life that was allotted to him by the Paramatman, to do creative and uplifting work for the world at large.

In a well-known passage, he has said again in the same *Brahma Sutra Bhashya*:

"*Sarveshamcha Adhikaro Vidyayam Paranchashreya*"

सर्वेषां चाधिकारो विद्यायां परं च श्रेयः।

That is, everyone is entitled to the knowledge of the Brahman and the consequential fruits. At the time when Sankara wrote thus, there was an idea that many classes of people were unfit to pursue the quest of Truth as expounded by our seers. There were rules prohibiting the recital of Vedas by certain classes. Without controverting those rules he affirmed that apart from what may be called the studying of Vedas, the Supreme Truth could be sought and attained by everyone in other directions and by other means.

*Adhikara* is for everybody. (Sarvesham Adhikara).

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Again in the *Gita Bhashya* he takes an original line. There are many passages of the Gita in which it is stated that the fixing of the eyes at the tip of the nose or inwards and upwards or between the eyebrows characterises the methods of those who seek beatitude. What he says is: It does not mean really that by projecting his gaze to the end of the nose or putting his gaze in the middle of the eyebrows, a person attains salvation. It means that you add the words 'as it were,' the idea being that these physical acts exemplify and symbolise the withdrawal of the mind from external objects which is to be attained by this process.

In other words, it is not the nose or the eyebrows that matter so much as the effect of the concentration of the physical gaze on the abstraction of thoughts and their deflection from outer concerns so as to result in inner stability and peace.

Then, with reference to what I have said about experience, (Anubhava):

*"Anubhava vasanathvath*
*Bhutavastuhu vishayathvath cha*
*Brahma Jnanasya"*

अनुभवावसानत्वात् भूतवस्तुविषयत्वाच्च ब्रह्मज्ञानस्य ।।

This is in the *Gita Bhashya* also. Brahmajnana is the experience of an existing entity as the culmination of a course of discipline. In other words, so far as our philosophy, our system of thought and discipline are concerned, nothing is attained or to be taken for granted unless it is actually experienced. Our system of philosophy does not depend upon external mediation or salvation descending on one as a gift. You may have a *guru*. You prostrate before the *guru*, get *Upadesha* from the *guru*, but unless that *Upadesha* has become a part of your inner being, and has been interfused in your personality, unless you make the truth your own and your experience is the result, you do not benefit either by the *guru* or the revelation or the knowledge. That was a gospel which is inherently Hindu in conception. Each religion has its own outlook and its own approach towards the world's problems. The Hindu religion, as expounded by the Advaita Vedanta depends entirely on what is called *Anubhava*, i.e. personal experience of a sacred truth which is thereafter implemented in life.

When Sankaracharya propounded these doctrines, people did not always understand him correctly. There are practical difficulties even for evolved persons like Sankaracharya, and he was criticized for his ideas. In fact, the *Padma Purana* controverts Sankara's teaching. In a passage of this Purana, Shiva is supposed to be talking to Parvati:

"There is going to be born into the world a man who is really a Buddhist. He will call himself a Brahmin, a Hindu, but he is really Buddhistic and he is going to do harm to the world." And this is what it says:

मयैव कथितं देवि! कलौ ब्राह्मणरूपिणा।

Sankara is termed a hidden or camouflaged Buddhist.

Let us consider Sankara's attitude towards the Vedas or Srutis. Now Sankara makes it perfectly clear that Srutis are Vedas or "Gnapaka" (ज्ञापक) and not "Karaka"

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(कारक). In other words, they reveal, but do not command. That is, they are to be interpreted in a liberal manner. There was in truth no more scientific attitude towards religion and religious problems than in Sankara.

Let us reflect on the doctrine of Maya as outlined by him. It has been stated that the world was illusory but this is a thoroughly misconstrued interpretation of Sankara's doctrine. What he says is this:

न च दृष्टे अनुपपन्नं नामत्वादृष्टत्वादेव।

In the above citation from the *Brahma Sutra Bhashya* it is made clear that the facts of perception cannot be challenged on the ground of their improbability, because they have been perceived; that is, what you perceive by your eyes or ear or senses, cannot be completely dispensed with.

श्रुतिश्च नोऽतीन्द्रियविषये विज्ञानोत्पत्तौ

That is, the Srutis or Vedas exist for enlightening us on matters which are not perceptible by the senses. In matters which are perceptible to the senses, one must depend upon their senses no doubt with some limitation.

The test of the authority of a passage is not whether it states a fact or relates to an action, but its capacity to confer fruitful knowledge. In other words, these passages refute the contention that Vedantic thought does not look at realities, but is always fixing its gaze on the tip of the nose, on things that may be called "Abstract or vaguely conceived thoughts."

In this connection, I may quote a passage from *Uddhava Gita*:

या वै विद्याः साधयन्तीह कर्म, तासां फलं विद्यते नेतरासाम्।

That is, whatever knowledge and whatever instruction, get things done, justify themselves. They are the things towards which knowledge and learning should be devoted. In other words, our ancestors—and Sankara is not the least among them—realised both the limits of the known and the boundaries of the unknown and the need while speculating on the infinite, to look to the tasks immediately ahead of us.

Sankara was both realistic and unflinchingly speculative.

For instance, there is a great memorable passage:

नावश्यं तस्य (आगमबलावलम्बिनः) यथा दृष्टमेव सर्वं अभ्युपकगन्तव्यम्।

It is not necessary for one who relies on the scriptures that he should accept sensory impressions as real. He also adds in the *Sutra Bhashya*:

प्राक् प्रबोधात् संसारित्वाभिगमः।

Before the awakening of realisation we have to admit the reality of Samsara (i.e. the region of the senses).

That is, good and evil are not absolutely self-existent, or self-probatory: they depend upon opinion. In other words, what is good at a particular epoch may not be good at another epoch; what is good for one person may not be equally good for another person. That is what Gita says about *swadharma* and its importance. Scriptures are in Shankara's interpretation records of truths on the supersensory plane.

In the Bhashya in the *Aitereya Upanishad* he says:

सुखावनोधार्थं आख्यायिका लोकवत्।

Stories and episodes in the scrip-

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tures are for the purpose of impressing ideas amongst common folk.

I now proceed to the central doctrine of Sankara: his doctrine that there is only one infinite, cosmic consciousness of which we are all part, and that the manifestations of the world are by way of illusion or Maya or Adhyasa, as the case may be.

**सर्वं खल्विदं ब्रह्म जीवो ब्रह्मैव नापरः।**

In respect of this central message, one of his commentaries makes the matter clear beyond all confusion.

He refers to leaves, twigs and branches of a tree; they are one with the tree; in spite of their multiplicity the tree includes them all.

However, Sankara observes in his *Gita Bhashya*:

**नहि प्रत्यक्षनिरोधे श्रुतेः प्रामाण्यम्। नहि श्रुतिशतमपि "शीतोऽग्निः अप्रकाशः" इति ब्रुवन् प्रामाण्यमुपैति।।**

Sruti is not an authority against observed facts. Hundred passages cannot be authority for saying that fire is cold and does not emit light. And he goes on to develop this doctrine with all its ramifications and limitations. But the greatest service that he has done is to make it clear what he meant by the discipline of life which is co-existent with Vedanta.

He says:

**नतु शास्त्रं भृत्यानिव बलान्नवर्तयति, नियोजयति वा।**

The scriptures do neither hinder and bind us nor direct us by force as if we were servants or slaves. In another passage from the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad Bhashya* he supplements the above thus:

**प्रागात्मज्ञानात् प्रवृत्युपपत्तेः।**

Before the awakening of self-knowledge, performance of one's duties, secular and sacred, is essential. And he adds:

**आचारोऽपि च धर्मविशेष एव।**

*Achara* or the accepted rule of life is another aspect of Dharma and finally:

**यस्तु अधिकृतः संगं फलाभिसंधिं च त्यक्त्वा नित्यकर्म करोति।**

When a qualified person works without attachment or longing for results (he is purified).

He makes it clear when the term "sannyasa," is used. It is the same thing as Lord Sri Krishna indicates in the *Bhagavad Gita*, namely the giving up of activities with an eye to results. He asserts that before the awakening of self-knowledge, performance of ordinary duties is essential.

I began my talk with the formulation that Sankara was an entirely human personality. There is another example of this characteristic. Sankara is the author of some of the most abstractly recondite philosophical speculations. The Bhashyas or commentaries on the "Prasthanatraya," that he has written, namely on the Gita, the Brahma Sutra and the Upanishads are models of logical conciseness and completeness and of consecutive and concentrated thinking. But the same man was also the author of some of the most moving *stotras*, (hymns and praises of particular aspects of manifestation of Godhead) which you can discover in the range of literature: Stotras on Ganga,

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Stotras on Annapurna, on Narasimha, on Subramanya. His Dakshinamurti *stotra* is supreme in its combination of personal devotion with profound doctrines. His idea is that the Supreme can be viewed by those who are sufficiently evolved as an abstract and impersonal entity, but to most normal people that lofty conception is not possible. That kind of elevation is not easily attained. To them, he prescribes various methods of *Upasanas*, various methods of approach including *stotras* and varoius methods of external worship of embodied Deities in temples or by Panchayatana Puja at home. He has a well-rounded composite philosophy of life, making allowance for the various stages of evolution of human souls. This is why I have called him essentially a human philosopher and in this way he is unique. His reconciliation of Bhakti and Jnana in his प्रबोधसुधाकर is superb.

Take for instance, Spinoza and Eckhart; they are great European mystics who are more or less Vedantins in a way. But they do not bring themselves down to the level of the ordinary man nor did they make allowances for him. Outlining these aspects of Sankara's teaching and example I have said elsewhere:

Sankara's conception of the Absolute is not solely a matter of intellectual subtlety. He assumes that the realisation of the "Brahman" with the world is 'Anirvachaneeya' (अनिर्वचनीय), impossible of explanation. 'Brahman' is attributeless and immutable. 'Isvara' himself, is a product of 'Maya' (माया) being the highest approach to the 'Nirguna Brahman' (निर्गुणब्रह्म) possible to the individual soul," who can in most cases conceive of the supreme only through his attributes and many-faceted glory.

Sankara expounds the view that 'Nirakara' (निराकार) or the Absolute becomes "Akaravath" (आकारवत्) (or embodied) for the individual worshipper as a personal or "Saguna" (सगुण) Godhead, which is the only form in which the Absolute can be comprehended by the finite mind. The religion of a personal God is not a mere dogma, but it is a product of realisation, intuition and experience. Upasana is in fact a means of obtaining a continuous current of thought:

उपासनं नाम समानप्रत्यप्रवाहीकरणं ध्यानं or contemplation is like the flowing of oil poured out of a vessel (तैलधारावत्). As the end of religion is unification of the limited with the Infinite, what is termed Bhakti is the striving for this Sakshatkara (साक्षात्कार) or realisation by means of and through devotion to a personal God or symbol or Pratika (प्रतीक) which may be an image. a painting or other object evoking veneration. It will thus be seen that Sankara does not exclude or expel the framework of the external world. The outlook of Sankara as of all true science begins with belief (or axioms) and ends with experience (अनुभव).

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**Dr. S. Radhakrishnan**

*Religion is either revolutionary or it is nothing. If it does not transform your society and nature and bring about human*

# INCORPORATE SPIRITUAL VALUES IN EDUCATION

EVERY great civilisation has had its own idea of the purpose of education. The Greeks thought of intellectual power and aesthetic perfection. The Romans opined civic patriotism and loyalty to the State. In this country, however, we looked upon education as means for initiation into higher life to make people once born and twice born. Whatever may be our caste, all of our caste, community and religion are born into the world of nature and the purpose of education and life on earth is to make us re-born into the world of spirit and freedom.

That has been the ideal which motivated our country from the early centuries. Man, as he is, has to be surpassed. He is incomplete and he has to be completed. Nature has a scheme of planned development. Just as intellectual man is quite different from the animal, so the spiritual man is quite different from the intellectual man. What is necessary is to enable human being endowed as he is with intellect, will and emotion, to act from a higher plane, not from narrow egotistic plane.

To raise illumined consciousness from the intellectual plane, three qualities are essential:....."abhaya," "asanga" and "ahimsa." "Abhaya" or freedom from fear is something we acquire by deepening our awareness and growing into a larger world.

The will has to be strengthened and conformed to the divine purpose. *Ahimsa* teaches one not to breed hatred against anyone, but yet make one do his duty. Intellect, will and emotion have all to be transformed if the human being is to reach his goal of complete spiritual man. Spiritual man is as different from human as human is different from animal. It is not merely growing more intellectual or more ethical or more emotional. It is to become different altogether.

*From his recent Coimbatore speech.*

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*civilisation in this world, if it does not engender patience and habit of fear, it is not true religion.*

How do we achieve this highest ideal for which human being is intended? How can we grow into fullness in stature? It is a call to grow into perfection and it makes you develop all your capacity so that you no more act with self-centred standpoint.

Vicissitudes in life, chances and changes which grow do not hurt you, do not disturb your equanimity. How can intellectual man become spiritual man?

All scriptures have told us that man has to practise meditation and worship, prayer, etc. Transmutation of your personality is a call laid on every human being.

Most of us get away from this world without realising what we are intended for. We often think that by making a little money, man has lived his life. True man realises his qualities and gets merged into the ocean of wisdom, happiness and joy when he is called upon to cultivate the habit of solitary meditation. A higher man is an *Ekaki* and *Nirasi*.

This is, however, easy to say, but to bring about that state of mind, that frame, is something which is very difficult and nothing can be reached which is not painful, if your goal is severe and your pathway is difficult.

Solitude is quite different from loneliness. If we are not able to develop this solitary meditation, then we may not reach the goal. If we are able to reach the reality of supreme, then we all will be always happy in the world, whether in a company of crowd or alone.

Whatever work we do, we should do it with a sense of dedication. Most of us think that we pursue truth, but we are really far away from truth. We indulge in loose talk, back-biting, personal adventurism and whispering slander in the name of truth. These are deviations from the true methods of search for truth.

Everyone must ask for himself whether he is honest, whether he is true to himself and true to God which is located in his heart.

Unless human being is able to abstract from the world and get the divine presence, you cannot be said to reach at truth.

It is therefore essential that if you are to develop any kind of spiritual

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values you must subject yourself to considerable self-scrutiny.

That is the meaning of meditation. Mere intellectual learning or mere pedantry does not take you to God.

Child is an imitative being, first and foremost. If you put before it ideals of great character, not of military victory or of industrial power, but true spiritual saintliness of people who have suffered for humanity, who had laid down their lives,—these ideas are put before them—I have no doubt the ideas will have some kind of influence on young people's minds.

It is therefore necessary that in every school and every home a little space must be left for an individual to be alone, to be with himself to examine himself.

It is necessary for him to listen to stories of great saints and sages of the world that will make a tremendous impression.

After all the *guru* removes your spiritual blindness. The little child does not suffer from any inhibition, but we indoctrinate into his mind a sense of false ideas and make it think that it belongs to one category or another.

It is possible to give young children the right ideals and they will grow in a world conscious that everybody is treated as God's creatures and are equals, and all of them belong to one family.

That sense of equality is a necessary postulate of the goal of supreme.

But the differences we have inherited are inconsistent with the realities of true religion.

Religion is either revolutionary or it is nothing. If it does not transform your society and nature and bring about human civilisation in this world, if it does not engender patience and habit of fear, it is not true religion.

Men like Swami Vivekananda preached religion like that. They taught us that God is not something in the high sky, but is in the hearts. Wherever you have a *jiva* you have a *Siva*.

We should see to it that we rid our society of all social evils and inequalities which you have imposed in the name of religion and we should knock them out of our society.

Cultivation of emotion, cultivation of will and perfection of intellectual power where differences of intellect become subordinate, make it the right aspect of life.

Freedom from fear, freedom from attachment and freedom from hatred are essential spiritual values which will have to transform society and express themselves through these great qualities of love, dedication and freedom from fear.

Neither adventurism nor going to temples nor muttering of hymns is essential. The most important thing is to recognise that they are only aids for development of true spirit in mind. I hope that the examples of the teacher, his vision of greatness, the habit of solitary meditation, all these things will be imbued into children's minds at the impressionable age.

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PART III

CHAPTER XIX

# KING VRIKODARA

THE Rakshasas, weighted with the heavy fare that they had taken and tired of continuous dancing, slept, some snoring, some breathing with mouth wide open, some rolling uncomfortably on the ground.

Uddhava, perched on one of the top branches of the tree and self-bound to another upright one, felt giddy. Hunger, thirst, the grisly sights he had seen, the stench of burning human flesh—all of which he had borne so far with stoical courage—had their cumulative effect. Despair seized him. He began to lose the grip over his mind. He felt like loosening his hold on the tree and dropping on the ground out of sheer lack of will to live.

To keep up his failing resistance, he went on muttering:

'He Krishna Govinda Hare Murare,
He Natha Naaraayana *Vaa*sudeva.'

But now he could not even repeat the favourite chant of Mother Devaki. He found the early morning breeze very refreshing and began to doze. Only now and then he woke up with a start, for fear he should drop off the tree.

As he sat there half awake and half asleep, picture after picture flitted before his eyes. Krishna came with his flute, playing with Radha....Angry Shaibya stood cursing him furiously ....His mother Kams*aa*, disgusted with him, turned away in scorn.... The twins also came now and again,

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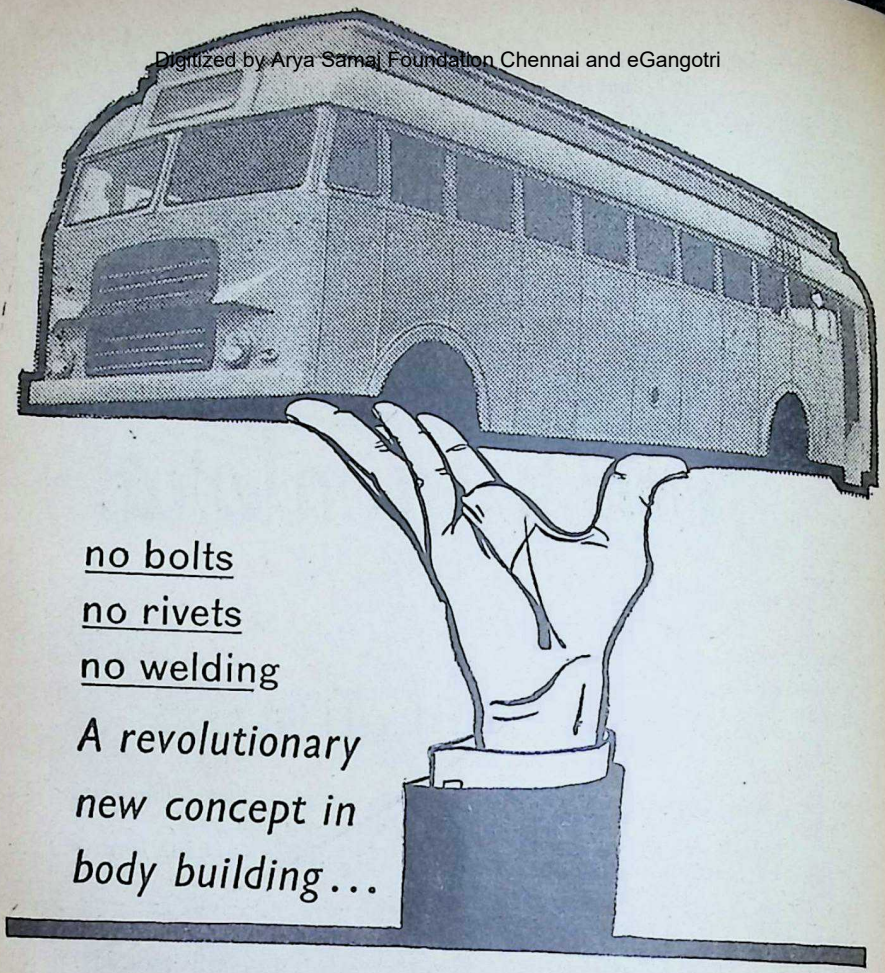

no bolts
no rivets
no welding

*A revolutionary new concept in body building...*

# PREFABRICATED 'PUSH-FIT' INSERTED TYPE ALL-METAL BODY

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## TVS 'Prefabs' are economical

TVS 'Prefabs' heed no expensive tools or skilled labour to set them up. This makes it possible for TVS to offer these bodies at a price 10 to 15 per cent cheaper than conventional types.

## TVS 'Prefabs' are lighter comparatively

By carefully analysing the functions of every structural member, TVS have been able to reduce the weight of the 'Prefab' to the barest minimum. This will help to reduce fuel consumption and tyre wear too.

## TVS 'Prefabs' are stronger because there's no drilling – no welding, but only special effective joints

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In TVS 'Prefabs' specially designed rubber beadings between successive panels eliminate the rattling nuisance.

## Easy to repair

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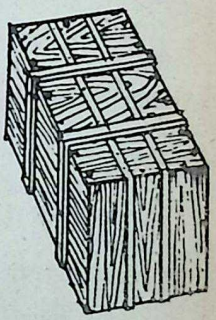
Once mass production gets into its stride, the TVS 'Prefab' will be made available in kit form. This will be the greatest advance in the history of body building in India. State Transport Authorities and large fleet-owners, who at present get their bus bodies built elsewhere, will be able to assemble them in their own yards—thereby saving a lot on each body. The kit will comprise everything including seats and lamps for the interior. When large orders are placed, the customers can have the choice of furnishings too.



**Indian Patent No 72655**

*Patentees:*

**T. V. SUNDRAM IYENGAR & SONS PRIVATE LIMITED**
**Madurai**

*Manufacturers:*

**SUNDARAM INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LIMITED, Madurai**

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looking at him with sweet smiles and loving tenderness. And every few moments he woke up with a start, adjusted his seat firmly on the branch and looked down upon the demons, all lying on the ground, sleeping soundly round the tree on which he was seated.

Thoughts came to him fitfully. Some time or the other he would drop down from the tree, be roasted up alive and eaten up by the demons ....Without him, Krishna was sure to feel lonely ; there was no one who could anticipate all his wishes except himself....What would the poor twins do when they came to know that he was dead? Perhaps they would throw themselves into the Ganga all the same.....

With the bright sunshine around him, he felt fresh for a while. He opened his mouth to breathe the fresh morning air. He chewed a few green leaves from the tree ; it only made him sick. He was now on the tree for two nights and one day....

He was tired—tired beyond endurance....He would have loved to die in a battle. He would have sacrificed his life for some noble cause. But now the only prospect before him was to drop off like a ripe fruit on the ground, to be roasted alive and swallowed by the demons....

All his noble aspirations had come to an ignominious end....Off and on he dozed off or lay in a faint due to utter exhaustion....All hopes of life had gone, he thought....

As his limbs began to ache, he almost felt inclined to hasten the end by dropping down from the tree himself. The torture was too great to be borne any longer.

It was now midday. The fierce rays of the sun penetrated through the foliage. His mouth was parched. His tongue clave to the palate. A burning sensation was all over his body. He was dying for want of water.

He again prayed to Krishna—a last prayer, a last goodbye, he thought it was:

'He Krishna Govinda Hare Murare,
He Natha Naaraayana Vaasudeva.'

....'My Krishna, my only satisfaction is that I brave death in order to carry out your mandate. Yes, your wish was always a command to me and I carried it out as I always did throughout my life. Krishna, in the last moment of my life, as throughout my life, I have been thinking of you and none else. But how would you know of it?'....

Uddhava fell asleep.

It was evening when he woke up. The demons were still sleeping soundly, except for one or two who had got up for a while to drink at a stream flowing nearby and went to sleep again....

The forest bestirred itself. The birds were chirruping. Soon there was silence all over the landscape as the moon rose, shedding liquid beauty over the top of the tree on which Uddhava was seated. Some of the demons woke up, went hither and thither, came back near the tree and again went to sleep.

Uddhava now could not sustain himself any longer. Hunger, thirst and exhaustion were all working on him. His limbs were stiff. His back ached. His head was splitting. The moment

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of his death was coming nearer... It was impossible for him now to sleep. He looked at the beautiful moonlight, with silver guilding the top of the trees, weaving beautiful patterns on the ground and on the bodies of the sleeping demons...

It was funny, he thought, how he was going to meet his death. Possibly no Arya had ever met such a fate before.

He laughed at himself. Kacha was eaten up by the Sage Shukracharya, and at the call of *sanjivani*, he had come out of the Sage's stomach, hale and hearty. But no one would call him back after he was eaten up. He wished he knew the *sanjivani mantra* of Shukracharya to tear open the stomach of the demons and come out alive. No such luck was for him!

There was a film before Uddhava's eyes. He was not sure whether he was awake or asleep. He heard the voice of the twins: 'Uddhava has been eaten up by the demons'.... No, that was not correct. He was still sitting on the tree... But there was no doubt that he was soon going to be eaten up.

Suddenly, across the corridor of his half-unconscious mind rang the words: 'Uddhava shall not die when I am alive.' It was the beloved voice —the voice of power. Uddhava shook himself awake. Did he hear the voice? Or was it a trick played by his senses?....

There was no mistaking the voice, or the accent as of unshakable destiny in which the words were uttered....

The dark blue face was before him. The eyes flashed a loving assurance. The head, with its curly hair and diadem crested with a peacock feather, was bent towards him in infinite tenderness.....

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For a moment his despair disappeared. Hope entered his heart....

He smiled as if Krishna was before him—a smile of affection, loyal devotion and surrender. 'Lord, I am yours. Even if I die, I will die carrying out your mandate, with your name on my lips.'

He was startled again...The same voice, the same accents were borne on breeze. 'Uddhava shall not die when I am alive'.....He smiled. His imagination was playing tricks upon him. He had heard the beloved voice once more. He was now happy to die having heard it once more.

The demons began to wake up, to yawn and to twist their bodies into activities as the dawn broke.

Now they were all awake and active round the tree on which he sat, howling, grimacing, trying to frighten him into falling off. It was a matter of moments, thought Uddhava, for he had not the stamina which he had the day before. Any time he would fall off.

The Rakshasas danced and howled and shouted and screamed round the tree. Some of them brought dried twigs from the forest and heaped them around the tree. Evidently they were going to light a fire under the tree to bring him down.

The demons lit the fire. The flames leapt high. Uddhava, sitting on the top of the tree, began to feel uneasy as the smoke invaded his nostrils.

'Oh, Krishna, I am yours in life and death. Don't ever forget me,' he muttered out of sheer exhaustion. He decided to let go his hold and plunge into the fire.

Before his decision was completely made, above the jungle noises, suddenly, he sensed rather than heard a creeping and encircling movement as on the earlier occasion when the Rakshasas were coming near him. Evidently another party of Rakashasas was coming. The Rakshasas who sat round the tree lighting the fire, pricked up their ears and looked at each other in fright, for they too had heard the sound.

Suddenly tom toms were heard sounding fiercely. Then came a sound like the terrible roar of an angry lion, reverberating through the forest glades. The Rakshasas who surrounded the tree on which he sat, evidently knew what it meant and scampered away as fast as their legs could carry them.

From one end of the opening came forward a mighty Rakshasa, taller, sturdier and stouter than any person Uddhava had ever seen before. A long dark beard swept his chest; a mantle of feathers covered his body; a huge club almost like an uprooted tree, rested on his shoulders.

Uddhava's heart missed a beat. He had just escaped one calamity to be plunged into another. Evidently this appeared to be the king of a more ferocious breed of Rakshasas than the one which he had been facing. There was, however, one difference. This Rakshasa, who had painted himself scarlet and white like the others, though more gorgeously, had no feathers on his nose and no chips in his lips, and he did not walk with the animal-like gait as the others did.

The Rakshasa chief stopped in the centre of the opening and let off

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a thunderous roar once again. In response, his followers—they were Rakshasas of just the ordinary size and make-up—came from the thickets running.

The chief sniffed the air and looked on all the sides, expecting to find someone. From a thicket by his side, rushed forward a boy Rakshasa on all fours; Uddhava recognised him; he was Nikumbh. The boy stood up on his legs, pulled the hand of the chief and pointed out Uddhava sitting on the tree. 'The wicked, ungrateful wretch!' muttered Uddhava.

The chief looked up. The giant frame, the sturdy shoulders, the pillar-like neck were strangely familiar, Uddhava thought, though he had never seen the Rakshasa before.

Recognising Uddhava, the face of the chief dissolved into a broad smile—a smile with which Uddhava was all too familiar. He shouted with a laughter: 'Uddhava, come down. What are you doing there, you monkey?' The words were spoken in the sacred language of the gods in pure accents which Uddhava loved so well. His heart bounded with joy.

'Come down the tree. Don't go on sitting there like a monkey,' repeated the hearty deep voice. 'If you can't climb down, jump. I will catch you as you fall. Don't be a coward. I am not going to eat you up.'

Uddhava tore off the scarf which bound him to the tree and dropped down with the words: 'Oh, Krishna you have kept your promise.'

Bheema received Uddhava in his hands, lifted him aloft and said with a laugh: 'King Vrikodara has come to save you and you thank Krishna for it. You ungrateful wretch! That is just like my luck.'

Uddhava, overcome with emotion and exhaustion, fainted in the arms of his mighty cousin.

[*To be continued*]

---

*Each man is a part of God. No human being should behave like an animal, identified with his lower nature. He should manifest his true divine being. The Lord works in all creation with inner evenness; man should learn to perform all activities with inner evenness, without attachment to anything and without restlessness.*

—Yogananda

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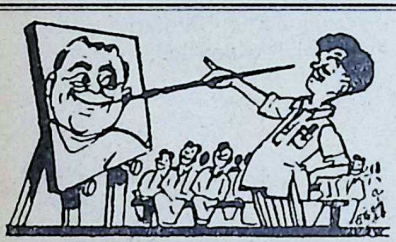

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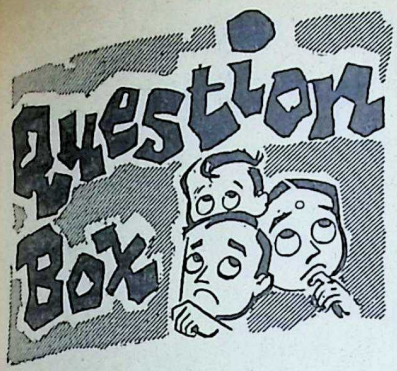


ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1073

Sri Dhananjay Patro, Puri.

Q: *Can India achieve the goal of socialistic pattern of society under the present circumstances?*

A: The question has become out of date. Let us achieve freedom from Chinese aggression first.

1074

Sri M.V. Ramana Sarma, Kakinada.

Q: *Is there any basis for the belief that God will be pleased by offering fruits?*

A: God will be pleased by our offering anything that we cherish. The best offering would be complete surrender. Offering of flowers, leaves and fruits is a symbolic surrender to God.

1075

Sri K. Seshagiri, Bangalore-4.

Q: *Buddhavatara is supposed to be the 9th avatara of Lord Vishnu. Is he the same Buddha who lived in the 5th century B.C.?*

A: Yes.

1076

Sri B. Rama Das, Gunupur.

Q: *If our acts are enjoined by God, how can suicide be considered a sin?*

A: Our individual acts are not enjoined by God unless we have become His instrument. Our acts are the results of our own *sanskars*. God has given us the power to change them by well-directed efforts. It is the *sanskars* of a man which make him a coward and lead him to commit suicide.

1077

Miss Sheela Sastry, Eloor.

Q: *It is said women in olden days had Upanayanam. Why was it abolished? Can women do the Gayatri Japa?*

A: Women used to have *upanayana* in Vedic times. Evidently, when the Aryans began to inter-marry with uncultured tribes, the women had no regard for the sanctity of the Vedic accents. Possibly that was the reason why they were prohibited from reciting the Vedas. But if a woman can recite the *Gayatri japa*, she should be free to do so.

1078

Sri Dhananjay Patro, Puri.

Q: *Can prayers alleviate the sufferings of the people in this 'space age'?*

A: Of course, they can. Space age has nothing to do with the powers of the mind or the Spirit.

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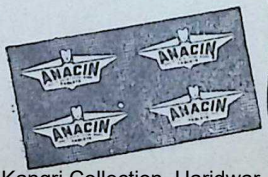

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*A Short Story*

**P. Balakrishnan**

"WHAT'S there in it, after all? It's a trifle I'm doing. Did not Kannaki give her anklets to Kovalan to sell them?"

Kamakshi was saying this to her husband Sundaram. They had now fallen on evil days and did not know what chances the morrow might bring them for their food.

"Go, take my bangles and sell them. We'll pull on till the money lasts. We'll try to get some work meanwhile. Then God will show us the way!"

So saying she extended to him her hands, on each of which was one gold bangle riding in mournful glory.

Sundaram looked at the soft hands extended towards him and at the solitary bangle hanging on each of those wrists. He knew that sooner or later he would have to sell the bangles. But the fact that she herself had suggested this first to him made all the difference. What tenderness there was now around the dumb bangles! How eloquent they had become with the voice of her who spoke with anxious love! Sundaram gazed at her with silent intensity.

"Why do you look on idly? Here, if you are doubtful, I shall remove the bangles myself and give them to you." So saying, Kamakshi began removing the bangle of her left wrist with her right hand.

"Do wait," said Sundaram, taking her hand in his.

"Why not sell them? We can't eat gold, I suppose?" she said with an affectionate smile. Sometimes tenderness and sympathy, mingling with love, take possession of one's whole heart, and Kamakshi was now under such a spell.

"No, Kamu, it's not that," replied Sundaram. "I'll remove the bangles myself."

Not noting the smile on her lips as he bent down to remove her bangles, he steadied her forearm gently, as if it were a garland of flowers, and be-

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gan the task which he had taken upon himself.

Abruptly he let go the bangle, and clasping her arm, and looking into her eyes, he asked her, "Kamakshi, you don't think unkindly of me?"

"What makes you think so?" she asked him.

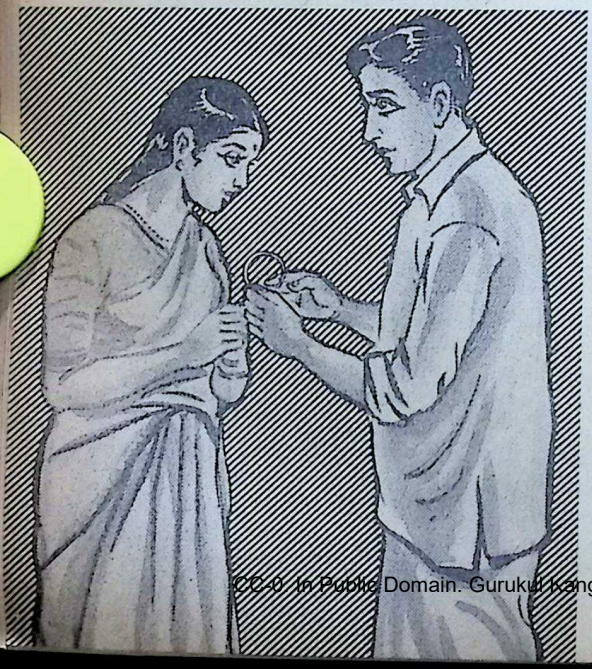
Suddenly he had remembered an incident which had happened long ago in his life, and with the recollection of it this question rose in his mind....

● ● ●

Memory is a subtle and mysterious thing. It knows its time, its place, the man's mind and mood, and it strikes him just on the tender spot.

Something Sundaram remembered now which had been, till this moment, among the forgotten things of the past. It was as unexpected as it was powerful. How a man remembers things which he would never have recalled into existence but for those particular circumstances attending such moments!

That incident had happened many years ago, even before they were married. He was then a boy and she a little girl. It was a quarrel over some toy. What the plaything was Sundaram could not recall now. Somehow he remembered only what was needful. He had desired the toy for himself but she would not give it to him. She had held it firmly grasped in her hand. He had tried to overwhelm her by shouting at her, but she had been unmoved. He had threatened her but she had stood firm. Rude in his anger he had seized her hand and tried to snatch it forcibly from her. She had resisted him with all her might, till in the struggle he broke her glass bangle on her right hand. At that time too she had had only one pair of bangles. She had always had only one. They had ever been poor. At this unexpected calamity to her bangle her firmness had given way, and all the girl in her had risen and sparkled in her eyes. At the sight of her tears he had only been roused to greater glee and he had purposely—yes, purposely—broken her other bangle on her left hand. She had then taken only a girl's revenge upon him. Throwing away the toy in the distance, she had cried:



"Rogue, go and take that! You could have taken it if you had wanted it. But why did you break my bangles for that? If

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you wanted the toy, should you also break my bangles? Go and take that yourself—I don't want it!"

....Sundaram remembered this little long-forgotten incident. It was quite a trivial one. They could have had a hearty laugh over it after their marriage. But somehow that had never happened. He had never recollected it till this moment. And instead of the light-hearted laugh which it would have produced at other times, there was only a wistfulness as he thought of the incident, and he was strangely moved.... ○ ○ ○

"Kamakshi, you don't think unkindly of me?" he asked her.

"Why should I?"

"You remember I broke your glass bangles once?"

"Yes, but what of that?"

Sundaram was now in that state of mind in which Kamakshi had been. Love began blowing like a tempest in his mind. Tenderness sprang into his heart like a spring and flowed into every word which he uttered:

"What a strange coincidence, Kamakshi! That day, in my boyishness, I broke your glass bangles for nothing. Today, in my helplessness, I take your gold bangles, to buy our bread. It was boyishness then, it is helplessness now. But what is the difference?—Nothing. I continue to be the same as I was in those days. But you—yes, you too have remained the same—as a girl then and as a woman now—the same great loving heart of gold!"


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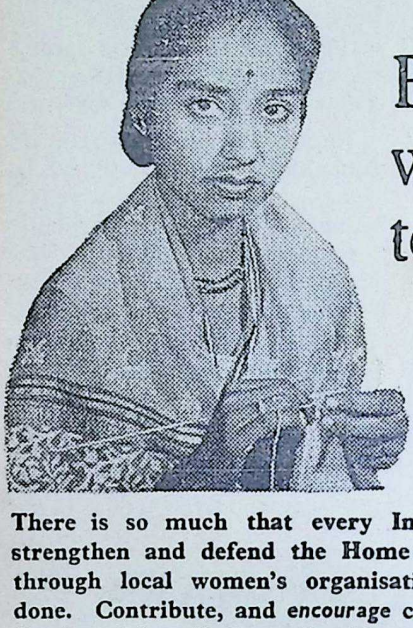

# But what can I do to help?

**There is so much that every Indian woman can do, *now*, to strengthen and defend the Home Front. Take part in Defence through local women's organisations. There is plenty to be done. Contribute, and encourage contribution, to National Defence Fund and buy Defence Certificates. There are, too, the many personal efforts you can make—in discipline, behaviour and attitude:**

- *Wage war on waste; check thoughtless buying and resist inflated prices.*
- *Do not buy gold. Give your gold for country's cause.*
- *Be resolute in work, whatever it may be, because each task done just that little more efficiently helps the national drive, strengthens India's position.*
- *Rouse yourself from apathy, and Take Action.*

# BE VIGILANT

## —*take part in national preparedness*

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# The War On CANCER

DESPITE all the man-hours, all the millions of money and all the hope and fear that have been poured into cancer during the scientific revolution of the twentieth century, the disease remains largely an enigma. Nobody pretends to really know when cancer will be cured, or even what causes it.

The picture, however, is not as gloomy as some believe, for the chaos that pervaded the field a few decades ago has been largely cleared away.

There is finally a high degree of agreement on just what cancer is—a disease of the cells and growth gone out of control.

Certain agents (carcinogens) such as some chemical compounds, along with radiation and possibly some viruses, seem to have the ability to alter some body cells and spur them into prolific uncontrolled reproduction. These unnatural cells multiply so rapidly that they destroy or crowd out normal cells and tissues.

The mechanism of this growth is believed to be centred in the genes of the cells—the chemical molecules of the nucleus which dictate the functions of the cell.

When these molecules are disrupted by foreign chemicals, invaded by a virus, or changed by spears of radiation, then the normal dictates from the nucleus are altered. For some reason these alterations often touch off cancerous growth.

So far thousands and thousands of drugs have been tested in the hope of finding one that would inhibit cancer. Some, such as thio-tepa and flourouracil, have shown enough promise to spur hopes that we might be on the track of a cure at last.

New techniques are being devised constantly—the latest involving the use of highly toxic drugs which are injected into the blood supply of the cancer tumour.

All of this, of course, is a long way from the type of cure that penicillin, for instance, has made possible in the case of pneumonia.

But as we learn more, as we accumulate a better understanding of the whys and wherefores of cancer, the chances of a "breakthrough" increase.

The search for this understanding has narrowed into two general concepts. One is that viruses are at the root of human cancers. The other is that viruses are just one of many irritating carcinogens. Broadly speaking, the virus theory holds that it takes

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both an irritant and a virus to spawn malignant tumours.

It is the fervent hope of many in the field that virus is necessary to cancer, for then there is a possibility that it can be knocked out once and for all—destroyed by drugs or neutralized by vaccines.

Whether viruses are at the bottom of all cancer or not, the fact remains that exposure to certain carcinogens tend to produce cancer.

This was probably first made clear by the early chimney sweeps of London who were inclined to develop cancer on areas exposed to soot.

All of us are exposed to some carcinogens. Sunlight, for instance, has been shown to induce skin cancer, yet life is impossible without sunlight. Radiation strikes at us not only from fall-out but from the earth, from outer space and a hundred other natural and man-made sources.

In addition, some occupations by their nature expose workers to specific carcinogens. Radiologists, for instance, used to expose themselves unwittingly to a cancer hazard from the very tools they were helping to develop to fight cancer.

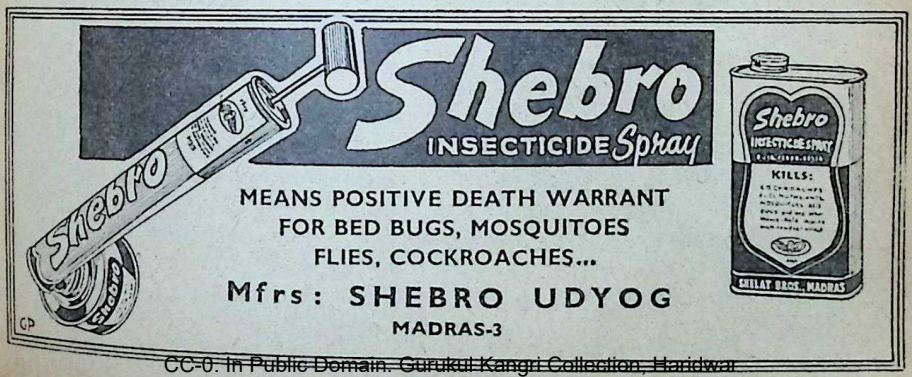
At any rate, whether caused by chemical or virus, fall-out or sunlight, or a combination of factors, medical science is closing in on cancer.

It may be that some cancer research sounds more like shooting in the dark than enlightened experimentation. But there is nothing hit-or-miss about the cumulative results of such work. In fact, some physicians think that these patient men have already started giving us the "cure". It depends upon your point of reference.

Irradiation, certain drugs, and surgery have prevented death from cancer among thousands and enabled them to live until death caught up from other causes—including old age.

In a sense, this is a cure—a cure for some cases of some forms of cancer. Every year more people are surviving cancer, a good indication that our techniques and treatment are progressing. Carry this progression far enough, and cancer will no longer remain a major health problem.

In other words, the final "cure" is already under way. But it is coming about through a slow series of steps rather than by means of a dramatic breakthrough.

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- Anaemia and general weakness after long illness or operation.
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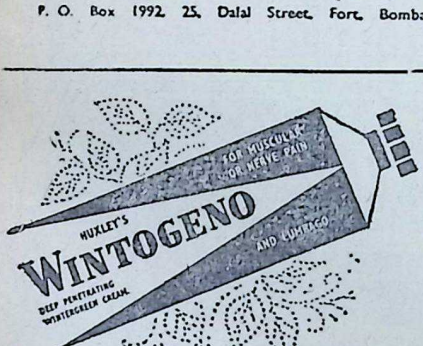


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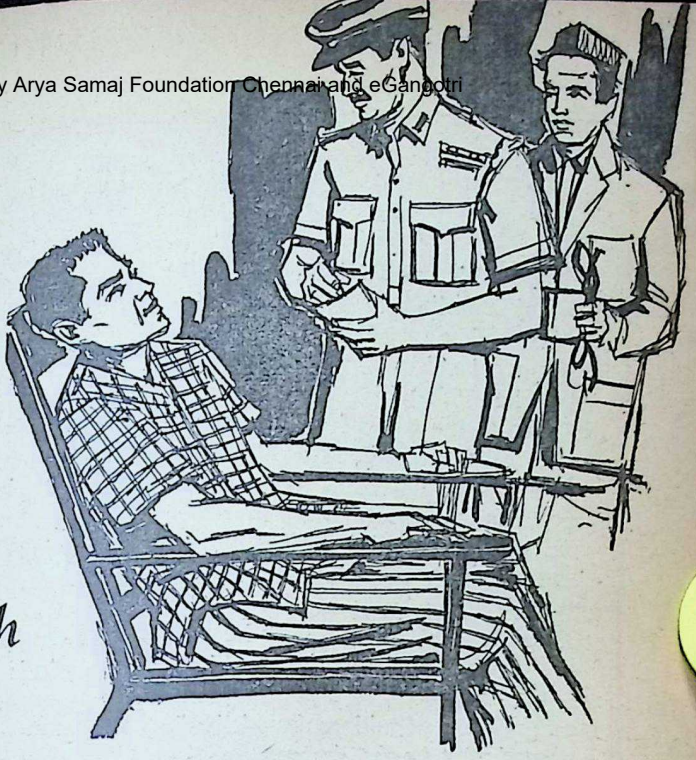
PART III

# TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

*Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)*



CHAPTER 115

## *The Triumph of the Spirit*

A STAGE was reached when Ravi kept throwing up repeatedly. He began to have dizzy spells, so the Superintendent had him removed to the hospital. Ravi was indifferent to the move. The smell pervading the hospital nauseated him. In his weakened condition, the hospital noises sounded loud and unbearable—steps of people walking in the corridor; the closing of a door; gentle laughter; a conversation softly conducted. He was determined to overcome these irritations.

Ravi's ordeal became more and more severe as the days passed. He began to look forward to the coming of night in the hope that that would mark the close of one more day and he might have some sleep. But sleep did not always arrive with the night. Sometimes he would suffer intense agony because of sheer hunger, sometimes the stark emptiness of his stomach made him imagine that he was thrown in a deep cavern. At other times, his pulse beat so rapidly, that lying in the darkness with wide open eyes, he felt its violent throbbing and at those times he repeated to himself the verse: 'I am Shiva incarnate, I am Shiva incarnate, the intelligence and supreme bliss.'

Ravi realised that he was slowly reaching the state of unconsciousness. Once or twice he passed blood in his urine. For the greater part of the day his mind remained clouded with a haze.

One day the nurse took a glass of milk close to his mouth and urged him to drink it. Ravi sat up erect.

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His heartbeats sounded loudly in his ears. His eyes were burning. The smell of the steaming milk titillated his palate and weakened his determination.

He shut his eyes tightly. He could see Raj standing in front of him, looking sad and saying plaintively, 'Don't weaken.'

As he felt his determination weaken, he thought of the would-be *suttee,* feeling frightened at the sight of the roaring flames of the funeral pyre; of the patriots who, in order to save their skins, did not hesitate to sell their country. He laughed scornfully at the weakness of this world, at the cruelty of fate. Surely he was not among the ranks of the weak!

With a sweep of his hand he flung away the glass of milk and sank back exhausted. But he felt immense satisfaction at this triumph of will over momentary weakness.

Ravi was transferred to a separate room. There he spent his time reciting verses from the *Gita.* Every now and again he would see the divine vision. He would see Raj too, and hear her voice and feel the touch of her hand. He no longer had control over his mind; it seemed empty. His body felt light, as if it was floating in the air. There was only one thing he now looked forward to, and that was death, and as he reached this stage he repeated to himself: 'I am Shiva incarnate, I am Shiva incarnate.'

Suddenly he heard a voice coming as if from a distance. He opened his eyes, and chanting 'I am Shiva incarnate,' sat up in bed. He found the Superintendent ordering the nurse to put a cup of tea in front of him. "Mr. Tripathi, my wife has made this special cup of tea for you. It's wonderful."

"Do you think that I have been pretending?" Ravi smilingly asked and pushed away the cup. But the Superintendent said, "I'll leave the cup here. Drink it whenever you feel like it," and walked away with the nurse.

Ravi dashed the cup to the ground. The nurse came running back to pick up the pieces.

How long he went on reciting and repeating the name of Shiva, he could not recollect. He found it impossible to remember all that had happened. A Sanskrit verse came to his mind:

"I am unconditioned and without form.
Being all-pervading and everywhere in every sense,
I am Shiva incarnate, the intelligence and the supreme bliss;
Let me be one with Him."

The room had grown dark and was as cold as ice. He could hear his heart beat loudly and in the stillness of the room, it sounded like hammer strokes. In a few days it would stop, he thought; the bubble of his life would burst, his body would be reduced to its elements, water merging in water!

Then everything went blank.

When he regained consciousness, he found there was bright light in the room. On his bed-side table there were a steaming glass of milk, a cup of tea, and what looked like a plate of cake. There was also a glass of water. Was he dreaming? He stretched out his hand to touch the table. He warmed his hands in the steam from the glass of milk. He dipped his

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fingers in the milk and sorely tempted to suck them. He laughed aloud. So he had not yet conquered his desire. To control the mind was difficult. 'Fickle is the mind, O Lord Krishna'. How very true! To curb it is as hard as to curb the wind.

He lifted the glass of water and put it back on the table.

None came to see him for hours. He dropped into sleep at intervals. Then he got up unsteadily and groped his way to the window. His body was burning. His eyes turned frequently towards the glass of water. He had lost by now all desire to eat. His tongue was like a piece of leather.

He moved back on tottering feet to the table on which the glass of water rested. He kept staring at it. He thought of Raj and asked for strength.

Once again he leaned on the table. He muttered 'I am Shiva incarnate'. Then suddenly he pushed the glass off the table and overturned it.

He watched for a long time the wet table-cloth and the little stream of water on the floor. Then he felt faint and giddy. He tried to count the drops of water that were slowly trickling down the table. His body was afire. His tongue and throat were parched. He bent down and let three drops fall into his mouth.

Instantly he was full of self-reproach. 'Wretch! You are not strong enough to be master of your desires. My God! Why did you desert me, Raj?' He mustered strength to call her name. He could not sustain his ebbing strength and fell on the ground. He rolled over in anguish. He ground his teeth and recited a Sanskrit verse:

"I am not the ears, nor the tongue,
Nor the nostrils, nor the eyes.
I am ever one with Shiva."

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Tears streamed from his eyes. He lost consciousness.

He did not know who put him back on his bed. When he opened his eyes, he saw standing by his bed the Superintendent, Col. Singh, another doctor, his nurse, and some warders. His gaze turned to the Superintendent's beautifully creased trousers. The Superintendent had his stethoscope suspended from his neck. Another incongruous thought—how like peons with their belts did doctors look with their stethoscopes!

Ravi shut his eyes as the Superintendent came close to him. The Superintendent felt his pulse, then examined his chest. All this Ravi noticed in semi-consciousness. His lips moved:

"I am Shiva.
This body will soon cease to be.
For me, there is neither beginning,
nor middle, nor end.
I am eternal."

"I'd advise you to wash your face

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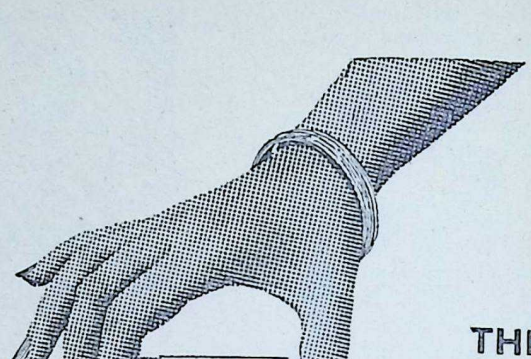


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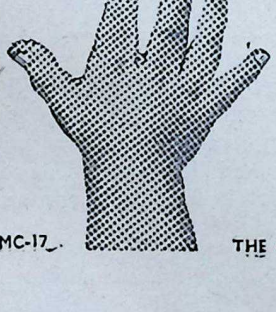

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and drink a little milk. There'll be no bother for you—and for me," urged the Superintendent.

Ravi's mind suddenly became clear. He looked at the Superintendent and smiled: "Doctor, I am now beyond all pain. Don't worry about me."

"So you are determined?" asked the Superintendent.

"I am no longer 'I'. I am beyond pain and pleasure. For there is neither sin nor merit, neither death nor doubt. How can you realise the joy of such a state?" Ravi answered with a smile.

Col. Singh turned towards the other doctor and shook his head. Ravi guessed that the doctors thought he was delirious!

"Very well," said Col. Singh, "we can't let you die. We will have to feed you forcibly."

CHAPTER 116

## Surrender

AFTER the doctors left, Ravi made an attempt to get some sleep, but without success. Nevertheless, his mind was completely at peace. His body felt stiff. He attempted to walk, but failed and fell down. With a great effort he dragged himself along the ground and got into his bed.

He wondered when the Superintendent would begin to feed him by force. How long should he remain in this state of uncertainty and what should he do if the Superintendent carried out his threat? He was the master: how could anyone use force against him? His mind was full of such thoughts.

He was no longer in a fit state to judge whether he was asleep or awake. He was extremely tired. All around him was darkness and the loneliness was terrifying. He felt defeated, broken-hearted. Everyone had deserted him—Sanyal, Mathurakar, Bhagwandas, Jagjivan, Om Prakash, Shivubhai, Rowji Sheth and even Dadaji...everyone!

Dadaji had said that religion would come to his aid, but even religion had forsaken him. Mona had said that all the world's wisdom was to be found in Karl Marx's *Das Kapital,* but he found nothing in it. Gandhiji had pointed to the *Gita* as the solver of all problems; Rajba had commended the *Mahabharat;* but neither gave him the power nor peace he sought. It was not his fault that he had failed. He had read all these books with great care and yet there lay before him only a deep abyss.

Ravi was very, very tired. Everything around him had grown dark and fearful. It seemed to him that he was sliding involuntarily into that deep abyss. How far he had sunk he could not say, for there was darkness everywhere and he was treading on darkness.

He called out: "Where are You, God? Are You there?" But there was no reply.

He had faith in nothing now: nei-

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ther in duty, nor friendship, nor work, nor fame, nor power, not even in revolution. He had faith in nothing, interest in nothing. These were just words, empty words. Peace was to be found nowhere. There was nothing he could give battle to, nothing he could give his life for. There was no meaning or substance in anything.

His mind carried him to Dadaji. "Pray. Worship," his grandfather advised him.

"Whom should I worship? To whom should I pray?" Ravi asked. "How can I worship or pray to that which does not exist? Raj has her God. I have not attained Him. I can neither see Him, nor hear Him, nor touch Him.

"I have never had a real friend. Only weakness was my friend and desire for power haunted me. This obsession for power has been always with me. It has pushed me forward relentlessly. Now it laughs cruelly at me and makes fun of my weakness. It commands me: 'Go ahead, go ever forward, you will be happy'."

Ravi felt that he was sinking deeper and deeper into the abyss. The demon of power was frightening him with blood-shot eyes. Its face was like the face of the doctor who had examined him. Suddenly courage returned to him. On the brink of the abyss stood Raj, calling out to him: 'I am coming to save you.'

Ravi woke up with a start. He rubbed his eyes. He laughed at the memory of his dream.

He remembered what the doctors had threatened. 'So, now these doctors are going to use their strength against me! They want to keep me alive by feeding me forcibly. The fools! Do they not realise that I have obtained mastery over everything—over them, over the judge, over the law, over the Government, over this world, over life and death?'

He thought of ending his life by stifling his breath. But no, that would be cowardice. Should he allow himself to be fed, without offering resistance? No. That would be an easy way out.

He was no longer sleepy. He lay there, repeating the name of God.

The noises bothered him. The changing of guards, the movements of the warders, the hourly ringing of the prison bells grated on his ears and made him restless. Yet, sometimes, in the midst of these distractions, he had the divine vision and he gained prison bells grated on his ears and strength to bear them.

All night long he kept awake waiting for the morning. Gradually light began to stream into the room through the window. Soon the room was filled with sunshine. He heard a key being turned in the door. With a great effort he sat up. He thought that the doctors had come. Instead, a jamadar accompanied by six warders entered the room. They were led by an Anglo-Indian jailer.

"Have you come to take me away?" Ravi asked calmly. "I refuse to go."

"Orders are orders," replied the jailer. "They must be obeyed."

A sense of power stirred in his heart as he said, "You can't make me do anything against my will."

"Those are my orders. Lift him up," said the jailer turning to the warders.

One or two of the warders had

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come to know Ravi. They believed him to be a *yogi* with wonderful powers. They hesitated.

"Come along boys," said the jailer and with it he hit one of the warders with his stick. "Lift him up," he shouted.

Ravi burst out laughing. How can the poor fool understand?

"My dear men, it is not necessary to lift me. I shall come myself," he said.

Ravi stood up: his determination gave him strength. Supporting himself on the shoulder of a warder, he walked slowly and with great difficulty into the ante-room of the hospial. There he sat down on an easy chair. His limbs were trembling. He knew that he would now be forcibly fed. He made a superhuman effort to keep the image of God before his eyes.

The Superintendent arrived. With him came the compounder bringing glucose water in an enamel utensil. There was a tube in his hand and a gadget made of steel to keep his jaws open.

"Mr. Tripathi, I am requesting you for the last time to give up your stubbornness and drink this."

Ravi wondered what Rajba would have done had she been in his place. Intuitively he knew the answer. He smiled and asked for a pencil and paper. When these were given to him, he wrote out a letter slowly and with effort and handed it over to the Superintendent.

The Superintendent read it and paled. It said:

Rajba, My Beloved Guru,

Superintendent wishes to keep me alive by making me to take glucose water by force. I will prevent him with my life.

The Superintendent is doing his duty as he sees it. As soon as he begins the forcible feeding I shall suffocate myself to death. But that will mean that the Superintendent will be held responsible for my death, though no blame will attach to him because I shall have killed myself.

Please see that he comes to no trouble, but if he does, I trust you to go to his help.

Even after death, I shall always be with you.

Ever yours,
Ravi.

The Superintendent was deeply moved. "I have to carry out", he remarked, "the orders of my Government."

"You do your duty. All this makes absolutely no difference to me."

The Superintendent turned away to hide his feelings. He sent Ravi back to his room in the hospital.

In the evening the Superintendent returned. He examined Ravi and gave him such special facilities as he could. His whole attitude towards Ravi had changed to veneration.

For twenty-four hours thereafter, he kept away and when he came again, he brought some news. 'Tripathiji, today is the first of April. Perhaps you know that in accordance with the new Constitution, a new Government has been formed in Bombay. Mr. Cooper has taken over the portfolio of Home Affairs."

Ravi was quite indifferent to this piece of news. He was at last the master of his own destiny. He might die at any moment and there was nobody to stop him. He felt much less pain in his body, but there was a burning sensation because he was

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losing a good deal of blood in his urine. It would not be long, he thought, before the body gave in.

He fell into a comatose condition and lost count of the hours. He did not know when morning came.

He kept muttering Raj's name. With a great effort he brought before his eyes the vision of Raj. She was standing in front of him and smiling. There was devotion in her eyes, the same devotion he had read in her eyes on that unforgettable night. Once again darkness came and embraced everything.

He found it difficult to breathe. He remembered Sri Krishna's words: "O Partha! He who abides in this state even at the hour of death passes into oneness with Brahma" and immediately lost consciousness. When he came to himself again, Raj kept appearing before his mind's eye....and disappearing. There was darkness again. His breathing became very difficult. Death was near. 'O Yamraj! I am free from the bondage of life and death.' He thought he heard the God of Death answer him, but it was indistinct. He tried to open his eyes, but failed. All around him darkness was increasing. He smiled. He closed his lips firmly. He had the delusion that someone was gently stroking him.

All day long he remained unconscious. A voice fell on his ears urging him to drink some water. With immense difficulty he opened his eyes to find Col. Singh bending over and speaking to him.

"Mr. Tripathi, I have just been to see the Home Minister. He has ordered your release. Tomorrow Mr. Solanki will arrive to take you away."

Ravi could make no sense of this. How could he be released when he had been sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment? How could Uday take him home?

Mustering his senses he asked, "What did you say?" The Superintendent explained again.

Ravi closed his eyes. He had to husband his strength. The Superintendent coaxed him to take some orange juice. Ravi opened his eyes and gasped, "Tomorrow...when Rajba comes....at her hands."

"Very well," said Col. Singh and went away.

Ravi went off to sleep again. When he woke up, he tried to gather his senses once again. So he was to be released the following day! There was a new dispensation in Government and the Indian Home Minister had ordered his release. Tomorrow he would be free.

Yes, tomorrow Raj would come... and Uday and Sheelabehn. How they loved him! Raj would give him orange juice and then they would take him away.

He fought against unconsciousness to keep up the chain of thoughts. They would take him to Uday's house. They would put him in a room where one could hear the moaning of the sea. Who had called it 'the unceasing dance of anklets?' He could not recollect. And Raj....she would nurse him back to health. His fast had been worthwhile if only to get Raj to nurse him! He wanted to laugh, but he had not the strength. The chain of his thoughts snapped and he lost consciousness.

When he regained it, he had new strength

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coursed his veins. He had escaped. He was not going to die. He would recover and marry Rajba. How lucky he was! And then they would live happily ever after. Would they live with Uday, or would they live separately? It would be more fun to live with Uday and Sheelabehn. Raj was immensely fond of her brother. Sheelabehn was the very image of kindness and affection. Uday and Sheelabehn would have children and they....they would have children too. The house would be full of the merriment of children. And when they grew up, he would tell them his exploits and inspire them. What a very beautiful picture! And their children, Raj's? They would be as lovely and wonderful as Raj.

He passed into sleep. How long he slept he did not know. But when he woke up, there was a pale light coming in through the window. A cool breeze was blowing which revived and refreshed him.

He fell to thinking once again. In a little while, the train from Bombay would arrive. What time the jail opens—nine, ten? Soon he would be free. And then he would meet his beloved. Was she a woman, a *yogi* or a goddess? His ideas began to get confused.

Yet it was necessary to think clearly. Raj would come and so would Uday. But what then? Fear gripped his soul. What would happen to him? He would get well. His determination to die would be thwarted. He would be again what he was, struggling for power, and if he did not, he would lead an unhappy, frustrated life.

That wast true. His victory over himself was due to Raj. If he went back into the world once more, the old ambitions would be revived.

A grandiose life was beyond his reach. He would not be satisfied with a humdrum life. He would go back to his old ways and that would make Rajba miserable. She would try to mould him again, put him on the right path and she would fail.

That would be terrible. Raj firmly believed that he had inherited some part of the greatness of Bhagwan Vyas. She had been told to look for Him in Ravi. What a strange idea! On that unforgettable night, by the alchemy of Raj, he had seen the face of Bhagwan Vyas in place of his in the mirror that was a reflection of Raj's faith....yet nothing was godly in him!

For a little while Ravi remained quiet and immobile, scarcely able to think. But think he must. What next? If he were to marry Raj, he was bound to show himself up for what he really was, and that would make Raj a very disappointed woman. She would be most miserable and would weep at her failure to light the spark of divinity in him. She would, of course, continue to do her duty with a broken heart, but her words, "my lord," would lose their meaning. He was worthless and realising his worthlessness she would waste away.

It was true that he was weak and vacillating. It was Raj who had planted strength and firmness in him. He had not sought death to save Dinkerbhai; he had done it so that Raj might feel proud of him. That was the reason why he had gone

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on a fast unto death. Once he was out of prison, he might not be able to behave so bravely.

Once again Ravi dozed off and woke up when the clock struck five. He picked up the threads of his thoughts.

He must think very clearly. This was a critical moment, a moment which could not be recaptured. Whatever happened, he must not let Raj's experiment fail. It would have been a good thing had he died, for then his memory would have been an inspiration to her. He would have become her God. His martyrdom would have led her to inspire others. But now he was destined to live. They would be man and wife.

Instead of a saint, she would see a man with the feet of clay—in his true form. And Raj, his goddess, would despair of hope and lose her divinity.

He must think clearly ... there was not enough time...it would soon be morning. If he lost more strength, he would lose his determination. He must enshrine, keep alive Raj's picture ...a saintly woman, a brave woman.

She must not find out how cowardly he was. He wished to remain as shining, as effulgent, as full of inner strength as she imagined him to be. If he were to die that very moment, Raj would be shocked and deeply grieved, but her faith in him would remain evergreen, a faith with which to help many others.

So Ravi took a decision.

It was a little before dawn. A poet had described the rising sun as swinging in a golden cradle, spreading its glorious light. How true! If he, Ravi, were to die, there would glow a light as of a rising sun in Raj's heart, and he would be swinging in that golden cradle. It was up to him to make a success of Raj's devoted work.

He smiled and gritting his teeth, he managed to stand up by gripping the bed. Supporting his weight against the wall, he reached the window. There he gazed at the rising sun. He felt giddy, but held on to the window bars with both his hands.

'There is no other decision for me. Raj is my beacon, my inspiration. It is she who has taught me the meaning of power. If I were to give up my life today, I would be the object of her worship. My memory will be enshrined in her heart for ever. I will be the source of her abiding inspiration to others. She will, by her devotion to me, be sanctified. My power, my influence, will be hers. Yes, Raj, I will be your power, your guide, your inspiration.'

The world turned around him. He tried to hang on to the bars, but he was too weak. He tried to call out her name, but his lips refused to move. He fell down. Darkness engulfed him....

Utter, complete darkness. All around him there was darkness. Suddenly there was a flash, as of lightning, and then darkness again!...

The silence was pierced.

There came a sound, from a great distance, as if someone was calling out from the other end of a deep cave. "Ravi, Ravi"—the voice was scarcely audible. Silence again.

He felt a stab of pain. Someone was doing something to him. Now

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he could hear his name, louder, clear, distinct. It was a soft, joyful voice. Whose voice was it? Where had he heard it? It was a familiar voice.

He was breathing hard. There was a glimmer of light in the darkness. He could see some shadowy figures. Someone was calling, 'Ravi, Ravi,' affectionately, sweetly. Could it be real? He was dead. But no, he could move his limbs. Only his eyes refused to open.

"Ravi, dearest, I have come. I am here". Once again he could hear the voice. Whose voice was it? Who had come? It was a voice dear to him—but whose? What was her name? Raj, was it Raj? Where had she come from? Was this an illusion or was it reality?

He opened his eyes a little. There was light...and people standing around him. He could not recognise them. It pained him to open his eyes. He closed them. Again there was darkness.

A hand was stroking his forehead. He felt a little better, but his arm hurt him.

He had wanted to die, how was it he was alive? He was in a jail. He had decided to die because he had not wanted to be released. Why had he decided to die? It was because of his Raj. She had taught him to live gloriously, but he did not want to live. He was a miserable wretch. If he could not live up to her magnificent ideal, Rajba's experiment would fail, she would be deeply hurt.

He could hear a male voice saying, 'Ravi, dear brother.' Yes, it was Uday's voice. So he too had come'. Uday had come to take him away. The doctor was trying to revive him.

All these people were dear to him. If Uday had come, and Rajba had come, surely Sheelabehn must have come too! How indebted was he to them! How much they had done for him! But all he wanted was to die, to live in Raj's heart.

A whole series of pictures floated across his eyes He, Ravi, as a young boy receiving alms in the Lakshminarain temple...Ravi, ambitious, striving for power and influence... Michael Collins...Ravi, making a present of their lives to Dinkerbhai and his nineteen followers at the cost of his own...Ravi, conqueror of life and death. Who had prophesied that in life he would dance the dance of death? Rajba.

Slowly under the influence of the injection the doctor had given him, Ravi regained consciousness. Yet he did not open his eyes. There were still many questions to answer...He was alive. Did that mean that he would live without a goal, without realising his ambition?...

"Ravi, please open your lips and drink a little of this orange juice." That was Rajba's voice. A soft hand slid under his head to raise it. That must be Raj, his beloved Raj, his goddess!

...But he was power-mad, selfish, vain. He lacked the spirit of self-surrender.

"Ravi, please open your mouth, don't keep it closed," urged Raj lovingly. She lifted his head slowly supporting it with her hand.

Eagerly he opened his eyes. He saw that his head was close to her

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breast. She was looking down at him and feeding him the orange juice with a spoon. He opened his eyes wide and stared into hers, large and innocent, dripping with love...the eyes he had been seeing awake and asleep...the eyes which guided and inspired him, beckoned him ever forward. And yet it was he who had wanted to be the leader, the guide, to rule her life even in death. There was no limit to his egoism. He had conquered everything but not his tremendous ego. Pride, ego, strength, arrogance—these he had not been able to overpower.

Raj had not a trace of egoism. She had submerged her self to elevate him. And yet, here he was, attempting to raise her by the strength of his pride and vanity! What a fool he was! He was not destined to create. He wanted to dominate the world without self-surrender. He was a blind fool. He was the very image of all that was ugly.

His heart fell asunder. His ego fell in pieces like a mountain destroyed by lightning. He was weak, devoid of strength and energy.

Suddenly humility took possession of him, completely, absolutely, in every fibre of his being. "Raj, Raj", he called out. "I have been blind, so blind!"

He put his arms around her, rested his head on her bosom and burst into tears.

[THE END]

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# notes and news

## Fruit & Flower Show

*Smt. Lilavati Munshi speaking at the time of the Prize Distribution of the 5th Vegetable, Fruit and Flower Show held on 27th March 1963 at the Indian Merchants Chamber Hall, said:*

Sri Kannamwar and friends,

On behalf of the Friends of the Trees, I extend a hearty welcome to our Chief Minister Sri Kannamwar and all the friends on this occasion of the prize distribution of our fifth Vegetable, Fruit and Flower Show held at the Gowalia Tank Maidan. The prize distribution had to be cancelled at the last moment on the opening day of the Show, because of the sad demise of our beloved leader Dr. Rajendra Prasad and the state mourning. So many other things also intervened, hence the delay in arranging this function.

Sri Kannamwar in the short time that he has become the Chief Minister has encouraged a number of constructive activities and I am happy that he considers ours also worthy of his attention. I am sure with his interest in our work, the activities of the Friends of the Trees—at least in the city of Bombay—will get more impetus.

During the last four years we were having our Shows at the Raj Bhavan. This was the first time that we had it in the Gowalia Tank Maidan. In a way it was good, because these are the days of democracy and Gowalia Tank is a symbol of democratic trend. The people found it easier to approach. They came from all sides because every type of transport was available to reach there.

For a long time we hesitated whether to hold the Flower Show this year or not on account of the emergency. Subsequently we decided to hold it in order that the continuity might not be broken. Such Shows in themselves have a great educative value. We are happy to say that we received co-operation from the exhibitors; many of them readily agreed to take part even at very short notice and the result was not disappointing. As usual, the Indian Air Lines extended its co-operation for bringing flowers from many parts of India and the Air India International had brought foreign flowers from Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Sydney, Singapore, Beirut, Cairo and other places. We, the Bombayites, had a chance to see the flowers of not only this country, but the flowers coming from other lands as well. Ideology may differ among human beings, but flowers have only one ideology, the ideology of beauty. If we, human beings, can live like flowers side by side peacefully and harmoniously the world will be a paradise.

Our sister-society, the Bombay Agri-Horticultural Society, also staged a Garden Show at Andheri a few months earlier, i.e. on the 31st December, on the occasion of the Bhavan's Silver Jubilee. Bombay should have more than one flower-show because the city is big and sprawling and there are more than 40 lakhs of people residing. If such Shows are staged in different parts of the city, many more people will have a chance of seeing them.

Our vegetable and fruit sections also, I should say, were quite impressive. By combining vegetables, fruits and flowers in our Shows, we are combining utility with beauty. Many more people nowadays decorate their homes with flowers. If the display of vegetables and fruits can make people more vegetable and fruit-conscious, inspiring them at least to grow some vegetables even in the boxes in their balconies or on their terraces, it would not only be something worthwhile doing, it would be a positive national service.

I may tell you here that we are shortly going to launch a campaign for vegetable growing in the city of Bom-

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bay. I hope the co-operation of all of you will be available.

Looking to the scant resources at our disposal, our architect and contractor had done a good job of their work. Our active friends who are many—I do not want to name them lest I should forget a single name—worked day and night sparing no pains to make it a success. Our thanks are due to all of them.

Sri Mulvani of the Government of India had specially come from Delhi to show many beautiful films. There was also a great deal of information available about how to grow vegetables, fruits and flowers, how to control pests, how to treat the soil and so on in the exhibition.

I take this opportunity to congratulate the winners and once again thank Sri Kannamwar for gracing the occasion and giving away the prizes. I also thank all the other guests.

*GUJARAT KENDRA*

AT a public meeting held at Ahmedabad on the 6th instant to felicitate him on completion of his 75th birthday, Kulapati K. M. Munshi announced that the Ahmedabad Municipal Corporation has given to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan 5,000 sq. yards of land near the Gandhi Bridge, a very prominent locality in Ahmedabad. He said that the proposed building of the Bhavan at Ahmedabad would have a modern, well-equipped hall. He further announced that the Amritlal Jethabhai Trust had given a donation of Rs. 5 lakhs and that another donation of Rs. one lakh was made by Sri Kuberdas.

Nawab Mehdi Nawaz Jung, Governor of Gujarat, presided.

Sri Kasturbhai Lalbhai, the prominent industrialist, who headed the Committee of Hosts consisting of leading litterateurs, businessmen, artists and others, dwelt on the diverse achievements of Sri K. M. Munshi in the fields of literature, law, education and culture.

Smt. Hansa Mehta, former Vice-Chancellor of the Baroda University, said that Sri Munshi was the father of a new era in Gujarati Literature and that his contribution to Gujarati literature would be remembered so long as Gujarati language continued to be spoken or written.

Sri Jaikrishna Harivallabhdas, Mayor of Ahmedabad, said that Sri Munshi's contribution to education and cultural renaissance in the country was almost unrivalled.

Sri Umashankar Joshi, the noted Gujarati poet and litterateur, also paid tributes to Sri Munshi.

Principal Yeshwant Shukla read messages received from Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, President of India, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister, Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Governor of Maharashtra, and several other prominent persons from all over India. In his message, the Prime Minister offered felicitations to Sri Munshi and stated that "among his many activities perhaps the most enduring is the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan which has done such good work in the cultural field."

Governor Nawab Mehdi Nawaz Jung recalled his personal association with Sri Munshi during the period Sri Munshi was India's Agent-General in Hyderabad. He also remarked that, though a distinguished son of Gujarat and one who has contributed considerably to 'Gujarat consciousness', Sri Munshi has always been an Indian first. He added that, though 75, Sri Munshi was ever young in spirit and exhorted the youth of the country to emulate his example.

In his reply, Sri Munshi said that whatever achievements he has been credited with were not his; he was but a sea-shell thrown up by the mighty flood of Indian Renaissance. He deprecated the popular tendency to treat activities in the fields of dance, drama and music synonymous with cultural renaissance. He hoped that the citizens of Ahmedabad would welcome the establishment of the Bhavan there and extend to it their full support.

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*Sri Natvarlal Desai replying to the felicitations.*

## *SRI NATWARLAL DESAI HONOURED*

THE citizens of Dakor arranged a civic reception on 22nd of last month in honour of Sri Natvarlal Motilal Desai, Hon. Secretary of the Bhavan's Dakor Kendra, who is also President of the Dakor Municipality and Honorary Magistrate.

Sri Jayakrishna Harivallabhdas, Mayor of Ahmedabad, presided. An address under the signatures of all the leading citizens of Dakor was presented to him. The address took note of Sri Desai's contribution to Bhavan's College at Dakor and also other services rendered by him for the benefit of the citizens of Dakor.

## *SRI K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYER HONOURED*

SRI K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYER, Hon. Secretary of Bhavan's Madras Kendra, was felicitated on March 25, on his 71st birthday at a well-attended meeting at Madras. Sri C. Rajagopalachari presided. Among those present were Ministers of the State Cabinet, Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, H. H. Somasundara Tambiran, Rajah Sir M. A. Muthiah Chettiar and others. H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi had sent his blessings. Addresses in English and Tamil appreciating Sri Aiyer's sterling qualities were presented. Sri Bhaktavatsalam, Minister, unveiled a portrait of Sri Aiyer. Speakkers were unanimous in the praise of Sri Aiyer as living upto the title of Dharma-rakshamani, conferred on him by His Holiness of Kanchi. Among the praiseworthy activities of Sri Aiyer may be mentioned his successful running of the Madras Sanskrit College which maintains the highest traditions of imparting higher Sanskrit education.

## *VALMIKI JAYANTI*

UNDER the auspices of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, Sri Valmiki Jayanti was celebrated at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on the 2nd instant. To com-

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memorate the birth of the talented author of *Ramayana* and to stimulate interest in the study of Sanskrit among the general public, a befitting programme of speeches was arranged. The celebration was well-attended. The sponsors noted with sorrow that the cause of Sanskrit had suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Sri Rajendra Prasad and Sri Patanjali Sastri whose passion for the popularisation of the language was ardent and perennial.

*CHILDREN'S LIBRARY*

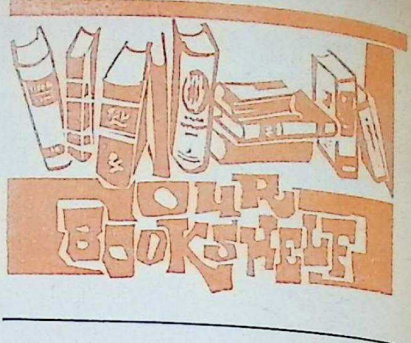
THE seventh Annual Day of the Vallabhji Ramji Bal Pustakalaya was celebrated in the Gita Mandir of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in February and prizes were distributed in March. Several competitions in games like Musical Chair, Lemon and Spoon race, etc. were held according to different age groups and the children were also served with light refreshments thereafter. The unique feature of this year's celebration was the awarding of all the twenty prizes in the form of National Savings Stamps. This was highly appreciated by the prize-winners and received with the feeling of pleasure and satisfaction of contributing their mite for the defence of their motherland.

*BOMBAY HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE*

THE Annual Day function of the Bombay Homoeopathic Medical College was held at the K. C. College Hall on 17th of last month under the presidentship of Sri Charandas Meghji, an industrialist and philanthropist. The then Mayor of Bombay Sri N. N. Shah who was the Chief Guest and Sri Charandas in their speeches praised the services of the Homoeopathic Education Society in spreading Homoeopathic education in the country. Sri Mangaldas Pakvasa, Ex-Governor of Madhya Pradesh, gave away the prizes and the Principal Dr. M. C. Batra presented the report. The function ended with a colourful drama performance.

*If you have knowledge, let others light their candles at it.*

—Margaret Fuller




*SURVEY OF SANSKRIT LITERATURE.* By Dr. C. Kunhan Raja. With a Foreword by K. M. Munshi. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. (1962). pp. 284 and Notes pp. 25, Appendix pp. 40 and Index pp.12. Price: Rs. 15/-; Outside India Rs. 17.50.

THIS is not a "History" of Sanskrit Literature, following the beaten track of Western Orientalists and their Indian followers. Dr. Kunhan Raja, a seasoned scholar and a level-headed critic, is not afraid to think afresh and aloud on the many problems, personalities and achievements of Sanskrit literature and express his views boldly. He has here set the model for a new way of writing the history of Sanskrit literature, bringing into relief its rich poetic content and its enduring contributions to human civilization in this part of the globe. His approach is representative of the resurgent "Bharatiya" spirit in Indological studies and scholarship which stands for the application of a fresh set of values and more sympathetic and imaginative methods for the study and interpretation of India's political, literary and cultural history through centuries and millennia. With his maturity of outlook and wide study he has brought to bear upon his survey a balanced judgment and sound principles of literary assessment.

He has wisely eschewed from what is designed to be a popular survey meant for the lay and general reader all technical jargon and unprofitable

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chronological details and discussions of authorship, etc. The result is a very readable and thoroughly enjoyable survey of the panoramic beauty of Sanskrit literature in its various aspects. Every Indian and foreign reader ought to read and digest this excellent and invigorating survey of the most ancient and still living literature of the world.

The work is divided into ten chapters. The main topics are (1) Introductory (2) the Vedas (3) Itihāsas and Purāṇas (4) Classical Age (5) Kālidāsa (6) the Mahākāvyas (7) Drama (8) Prose Literature (9) Minor Types of Kāvyas, and (10) Miscellaneous (and Scientific) Literature. The Notes include bibliographical references, supplementary references, quotations, explanations and comments. The appendix gives additional material of the same kind and brief notices of less widely known authors and the works falling within the scope of the different chapters.

The Introduction has made some important points which deserve wide publicity. They are: (i) Some specimens of poetry in the Vedas have not been surpassed later by Sanskrit itself or by any literature of other nations. (2) The Vedic literature of such voluminous extent and variety of patterns was produced by and was meant for the enjoyment of the people at large and not for the delectation or patronage of a few kings or the appreciation of a few intellectuals alone. This applies with slight reservations to classical Sanskrit literature too. (3) When Sanskrit was the national language of the country, India was leading the world in art and culture. (4) There is nothing in Indian thought or modes of life as reflected in Sanskrit literature that is incompatible with modern thought and ways of life. (5) Other nations and their civilizations were built by conquerors and priests. When such conquerors and priests vanished, their civilizations too crumbled down. Indian culture and civilization are the work of 'poets' and have therefore endured through ages. (6) The Vedic people composed poetry only as literary art. At a later stage, religion stepped in where there was only art and life. In the modern age of science and rationalism, neither heaven nor final release has any value in life and so they are thrown out. (7) Sanskrit must be brought into contact with the other ancient literatures and also with modern literature.

Whatever the nature of the Vedic gods, it is difficult to accept Dr. Kunhan Raja's astounding assertion that "there was no God" in the poetic religion of the Vedic seers! The poets who sang: *Yo devānām nāmadhā eka eva; Yo nah pitā janitā....; Yastam na veda kim ṛca kariṣyati? Ānid avātam svadhayā tad ekam...* could never be a party to such a discovery of one of their modern interpreters! True Indian culture, whether Aryan or Dravidian, can never countenance a Godless wisdom or poetry: Cf. *Kartradanāl āya payan en kol Vāl ariva nartrāl tozhār enin* (Kural).

The author has given the *Atharvaveda* its rightful place in the poetic literature of the Vedas and has drawn attention to the hymn to Mother Earth therein which is the finest poem in it. His derivation of "Āranyakas" from "*Arani*" (fuel) is suggestive.

The role of the Epics and Purāṇas in adapting Vedic culture to the changing situations of the times with suitable reorientations of thought and outlook, mythology and social organization, has been well brought out. His reviews of the works of Asvaghoṣa, Daṇḍin, Sūdraka Bhavabhūti and others contain many salient points. The chapter on Miscellaneous Literature is necessarily condensed. Nevertheless, the treatment of different branches of scientific literature in Sanskrit (falling outside the sphere of 'pure poetic literature') such as Law, Astronomy, Medicine, Grammar, Literary Criticism, and the Darsanas, though brief, is illuminating.

Among notable omissions in the Survey, are the *Vyāsayogi-Campu* of Somanatha and the *Uṣāharana* and *Rukmiṇisa Vijaya* Kāvyas.

The statement on pp. 115 and 119 that

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Kālidāsa's *Raghuvamśa* has 18 cantos requires correction. Some other errors of language and idiom (pp. 58, 137, 115, 159) and facts (pp. 115, 116) also need correction. Dr. Kunhan Raja has ably shown in his book that "Sanskrit has value as the record of the achievements of the greatest nation which the world has seen. It is full of vigour and it will never decay. Indians have been great because Sanskrit was great and Sanskrit was great because Indians were great. It is a living language and it will never decay". Dr. Kunhan Raja has verily put the old wine in new bottles.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

*WOMEN IN MANU AND HIS SEVEN COMMENTATORS.* By R. M. Das, M.A., Ph.D. Published by Kanchana Publications, Varanasi. 1962. Price: Rs. 20.

IN the realm of Indian Legislation and social thinking, Manu occupies a pre-eminent position. His well-known seven commentators (Medhatithi, Govindaraja, Sarvajnanarayana, Kullukabhatta, Raghavananda, Nandanacharya and Ramachandra) did not only lucidly expound the text of Manu but also rationalise his laws in harmony with the changing needs of society and thus significantly contributed to the development of Hindu social life and philosophy. Dr. Ram Mohan Das critically and comprehensively examines the views of Manu and the seven commentators on the status and rights of women—in their different aspects such as daughter, wife, mother, widow, etc. The author also discusses the problems connected with the institution of marriage and the position of public women and slave girls. Each topic is thoroughly analysed in the light of *Manusmriti,* which (unlike the commentators) is explained in accordance with the rules of interpretation (Mimamsa) as laid down by Jaimini without missing the spirit of the original. The same is then examined from the viewpoint of different commentators adducing, where possible, a reason for the latter's twist of the original text. Sometimes references to other branches of knowledge like medicine, psychology and sociology are made for the necessary corroboration. The detailed analysis of the different topics connected with women reflects the growth and development of Indian womanhood from about 2nd century B.C. to 16th century A.D. The liberal outlook of Manu is seen in his sanction of daughter's education, but with the change in the social outlook, Medhatithi, did not favour it and Nandana totally denied it. Similarly, the *samuchchaya* theory of the four Ashramas reveals the balanced outlook of the practical philosopher Manu, yet the change in the attitude of people demanded the commentators of the eleventh century to put forth the *Vikalpa* theory of the Ashramas and Raghava of the seventeenth century to undermine the importance of the Grihasthashrama. The various restrictions prescribed for women indicate how the psycho-biological limitations of the inherent nature of women have played an important role in the growth of social philosophy. Manu's restriction on free mixing of two sexes is supported by the author with the quotation from Freud, yet the problem needs reinvestigation in the light of latest researches in psychology and sociology. With its analytical, comprehensive, and well-documented contents, the present work, which has been approved for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Bihar, 1961, is an important contribution to the existing critical literature on the social history of India.

—*Prof. S. A. Upadhyaya*

*GANDHIAN THOUGHT.* By J. B. Kripalani. Published by Orient Longmans Ltd., Bombay-1. Price: Rs. 6.50 nP.

THIS is a collection of articles spread over many years which have value as a record of the author's contemporary reactions to Gandhiji's life and thought and the lapse of time has not robbed them of their validity. Sri Kripalani was in intimate touch with Gandhiji

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and knew the way his mind moved and was thus qualified to write about it. Now that permanent records of Gandhiji's thought and activities are being made, this collection of articles comes in opportunely. Sri Kripalani points out what is very true and characteristic of Gandhiji that he tried to solve problems as they arose and not as the slave of any pre-conceived theory. What he did was consonant with what Sri Kripalani says are "the basic principles of morality, the genius of his people, their historical background and the existing circumstances in this country." Perfectly sound, that. Gandhiji may have been a philosopher but he was a practical philosopher, not one with his head in the clouds. He was more like Dr. Johnson's simple-minded friend who, in his time had tried to be a philosopher "but always found cheerfulness breaking in."

Gandhiji's interest lay in the people, their social and economic regeneration and in the attainment of independence and he adopted ways and means which were practicable and did not deviate, even by the breadth of a hair, from sound morality. His Non-co-operation was good morals, and at the same time, perfect in technique and strategy. In Gandhiji you saw the combination of the man of action with the man of principle.

Another reason why Gandhiji succeeded was, as Sri Kripalani is careful to point out, that he did not work in isolated fields but that his activities covered all aspects of national endeavour, social, economic and political. Hence his teaching and example had an appeal which they otherwise would not have had.

To those who valued Gandhiji in his lifetime and cherish his memory now that he is dead, this book will be more than ordinarily welcome.

—*Cayenne R.*

*SALES AND MANAGEMENT TRAINING IN INDIA.* By T. A. A. Latif. Published by Current Book House, Maruti Lane, Ragunath Dadaji St., Bombay-1. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS booklet contains a few articles on the broad aspects of Sales and Management Training in India with particular reference to the Insurance Business of which the author, being a votary, has first-hand knowledge. While rightly insisting on the need for evolving an efficient technique of training men to handle the growing industrial and commercial activity of the country, the author points out that this special need arises from the fact that salesmanship and managerial jobs have assumed a technical character which warrants a largely psychological approach to problems connected with them. Higher efficiency is essentially a matter of proper training and that in its turn leads to higher productivity. The book also contains valuable suggestions on developing managerial talents on healthy lines and utilising them to the maximum benefit.

—*P. V.*

## KANNADA

*SWAMI VIVEKANANDARA KRITI-SHRENI*—I. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Ashram, Mysore. pp. 514. Price: Rs. 6.

IT is a very happy idea to issue the works of Swami Vivekananda in Kannada as part of the celebrations of the Centenary of his auspicious birth. The present publication, the first in the series, holds up a high standard in the choice and arrangement of subject-matter, the elegance of rendering and the general format of the get-up.

It contains the famous addresses of Swamiji at Chicago, his writings on Karma Yoga, Raja Yoga, Yoga Sutras of Patanjali and shorter pieces on thought-provoking subjects like Yajnavalkya-Maitreyi, Sankhya and Vedanta, Dhyana, Upasana, Way to Glory, etc. Open any page and there is enough food for thought.

—*M. P. Pandit*

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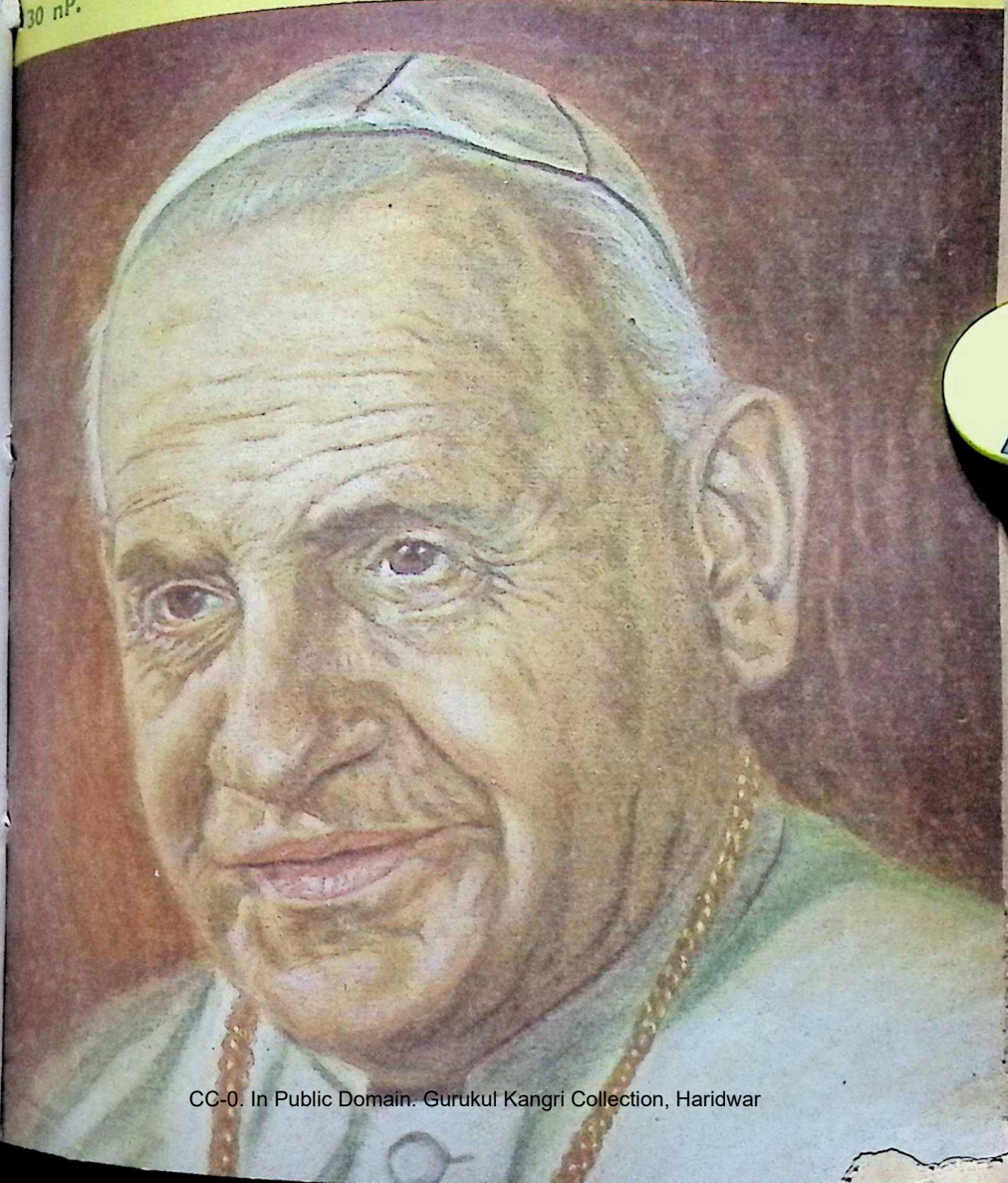
# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY



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FORTNIGHTLY

# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

*Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture*

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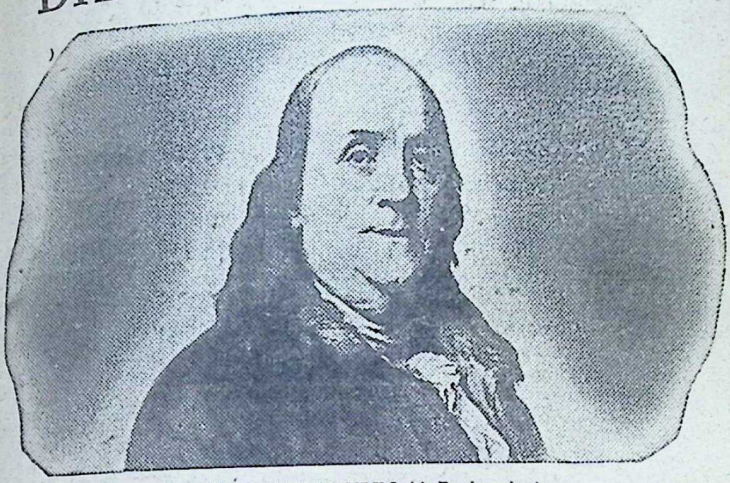

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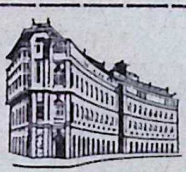

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

## THE WAY OF THE WISE

प्रति पन्थामपद्महि स्वस्तिगामनेहसम्।
येन विश्वाः परिद्विषो वृणक्ति विन्दते वसु॥

O Lord of the Universe! Let us (by Your blessing) be capable of treading that enlightened path of the wise by which they have avoided all hostile worldly involvements yielding sorrow, obtained such wealth as gives real joy free from sins, and which is easy of traverse.

—*Yajurveda*, IV, 29.

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 283

# ★ PRE-REQUISITES OF A SUCCESSFUL NATIONAL EFFORT ★ LESSON OF THE GREAT REVOLT OF 1857

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
MAY 12, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN my last Kulapati's Letter, I pointed out that the pre-requisites of a successful effort to meet a national crisis are: first, a strong leadership; secondly, a sound attitude on its part; and, lastly, its ability to evoke responsiveness on the part of the people.

Putting the idea negatively, if there is no leadership or such of it as exists is weak or wobbly, the crisis will not be met.

Again, if the leadership is not able to secure the full participation of the powerful sections of the people at all levels, it will go under and the crisis will overwhelm the people.

●●●

This is amply illustrated by the collapse of the Great Revolt of 1857.

In order to draw a lesson from it, we should consider the Great Revolt as it was and not as we would wish it to have been. Nothing is more dangerous for a people than for one generation to re-write history in terms of its passing moods.

Before the Revolt, there was universal disaffection or discontent against the Britishers.

As conquerors crude and ruthless, they believed that in His mercy, God had given them the privilege of subjecting the people of India to slavery.

Their arrogance knew no bounds. In many places, Indians were under orders to dismount, stand in a respectful attitude and salaam the Europeans as they passed by. Disobedience of the order brought swift punishment.

There was no contact between an Englishman and an Indian. No justice either. The Englishmen in the country formed an exclusive society to which the highest Indian could have no entry. Even a wanton assault on an Indian by an Englishman, by no means uncommon, attracted no punishment to the offender. The victim was found, more often than not, him-

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self responsible for his death by having developed an enlarged spleen.

The conquerors pursued a well calculated policy of economic exploitation. Indian industry, commerce and shipping were ruined. The country was slowly transformed into an agricultural colony for supplying raw materials to the British manufacturer. A Macclesfield manufacturer declared that "it is wrong to sacrifice the comforts of my family for the sake of East India labourers because his condition happens to be worse than mine."

The levy of exorbitant land revenue steadily made the position of the peasantry much worse than it was under Indian rulers. The resumption of rent free lands held for generations reduced numberless families, proud of their ancestral privileges, to penury. And the money thus extracted was used to fasten the foreigners' hold over the people and to finance aggression against the rulers of the country.

Not even this steady impoverishment of the country could induce an organised resistance. By itself it never does.

●●●

The peoples as a whole—rulers, military chiefs, urban population, peasantry—hated the foreign conqueror. The hatred drove some sections of the people to stage recurrent revolts. There were insurrections in Kutch and Kathiawad, in Saharanpur and Rohtak, in Bundelkhand and Tapti Valley, in Kaira, Bijapur and Dharwar. And yet the sepoy in the British Army cheerfully fought against his own countrymen.

There was a revolt every time a ruler was deposed by the conqueror. This was invariably crushed by ruthless military action.

The annexation of Avadh, however, created strong resentment in the Gangetic Plains and reminded many other Indian rulers of the fate which awaited them if the foreigner continued in occupation of the country.

The Avadh dynasty owed its continuance not to the loyalty of the people but to the support of the British military. The people groaned under heavy taxation and heavier exactions both from the officials and the landlords. "Disorder of every kind ran riot over the whole length and breadth of the land," observes Kaye.

The elimination of an Indian ruling dynasty in a prosperous province like Avadh meant for the craftsmen loss of patronage; for nobles and military chiefs, loss of career and power; for intellectuals attached to the Court, loss of prestige; for the average man, the iron yoke of a distant, impersonal, unfamiliar foreign rule which did not understand him and which he could not understand.

Viewing dispassionately, the ending of the dynastic rule which did not know how to rule at all, let alone rule well and wisely, nor would permit anyone else to rule for them, brought relief to the people.

The people as a whole had no reason to love their Indian masters.

The hatred of the foreigner was not transmuted into a collective urge to resist the foreigner.

●●●

The only sphere in which the people participated in the general resent-

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ment was religion which was threatened by the proselytising activities of State-supported Christian missionaries.

At the start, the object of the Britisher in introducing English education in some parts of the country was to spread the Christian religion.

In the girls' schools founded by missionaries, the knowledge of the Christian doctrine was made compulsory. Little children of Hindus and Muslims were put to the catechism "Who is your God?" to which their reply had to be "Jesus Christ."

Filthy abuses were hurled at Hindu Gods and Goddesses by the Christian missionaries functioning with official assistance.

Favoured rights were conferred upon Christian converts by legislation. Immature converts were taken away from their parents and handed over with their wives to the missionaries against their will.

To use the words of Syed Ahmad, the people were struck blind by the threat of being forced into Christianity. It was this dread of religion being in danger which gave the common sepoy the will actively to resist the foreign conqueror.

The rulers and military leaders of the country, however, did not share the active resentment on the score of religion which led the ordinary sepoy to mutiny. It was only when the widespread mutiny shook the British power in Bengal and Hindustan (U.P., West Bihar and Rohilkhand) that some of them felt that the British were going and that all that they had to do was to give them a parting kick.

The chiefs in Avadh and Rohilkhand rose in revolt because nobility had lost its power and prestige by the annexation of Avadh. The independent talukdars joined because their inglorious tenure of power was threatened with extinction.

Most of the chiefs outside Avadh and Rohilkhand rose against the British because they were actuated by a desire to assert their independence in time before the British left the country.

The marauding tribes rose in revolt, as they always did, when the British power in their locality was not strong enough to put them down.

Common people joined the revolt only in such places as where the prevailing confusion opened the prospect of securing some benefits out of the vacuum of power.

In truth there was no sense of identity between the leaders and the people.

Even where there was urge to defend religion, people were split community-wise.

The Muslims, by and large, wherever they rose, had for their aim the re-establishment of Muslim rule. In many cities like Delhi, Agra, Varanasi, Bareilly, Bijnor, and Moradabad, where the Muslims rose in revolt, they raised the flag of Islam.

For instance, the Muslim leader of the revolt in Bareilly was pleased to call upon the Hindus to join the movement with an offer that if they joined it, cow slaughter would be banned; if they did not, cows would continue to be slaughtered. Naturally, the Hindus in those areas became active in support of the British or stood away from the revolt.

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Bahadur Shah and Nana Sahib were two great leaders who, if they had combined, would have formed the centre of a national movement. But each had a mutually exclusive ambition: one to be the Moghul Emperor in fact, not merely in name; the other to be the defender of the Hindu religion.

○○○

The Revolt could not grow into a single co-ordinated movement. The leaders, whose several activities went to make up the history of the Revolt, did not act in concert.

The country was not seized of any such rousing urge which could transform a series of revolts into a sweeping movement with a common aim.

The Maharajas of Patiala, Nabha and Jhind, Scindia of Gwalior, Holkar of Indore, the Nawabs of Karnal, Bhopal, Jawra and Rampur, the Rajas of Jhabua and Dhar, and several chiefs in Avadh and Rohilkhand sided with the British. The Sikhs and the Gurkhas actively helped the British.

Most of the villages in Hindustan and Rohilkhand remained unaffected. Outside this affected area, people were friendly with the British or indifferent.

The intellectuals, by and large, stood away from the revolt. They never felt that the leaders of the revolt represented the country as a whole or led any cohesive movement of independence. Much as they hated the British, they shuddered at the prospect of reverting to pre-British chaos and in certain areas, prayers were offered for the victory of the British.

The movement did not throw up leaders who could create in the people a sense of participation in a common struggle.

None of the chiefs who rose in revolt could identify themselves with the people as a whole. Whenever an opportunity arose, they indulged in an orgy of plunder and murder at the cost of their own people.

As conquerors, the British were ruthless in war, dishonest in peace. But many of them honestly believed—what was also a fact,—that they were saving the country from chaos and giving it peace which the people had not enjoyed for centuries.

It was the peace of the grave no doubt, but around the grave flowers grew.

The Great Revolt has left for us a lesson. We cannot meet a national crisis without a strong leadership which can evoke such a sense of identity in the people as to lead to their active participation in a movement.

Has our present leadership been able to evoke such a sense? And if so, to what extent?

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

---

It is very much better sometimes to have a panic feeling beforehand, and then be quite calm when things happen, than to be extremely calm beforehand and to get into a panic when things happen.

—Winston Churchill.

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# How God Leads

ABU Sa'id B. Abi'l-Khayr was asked, "When shall a man be freed from his wants?"

"When God shall free him," he replied; "this is not effected by a man's exertion, but by the grace and help of God.

"First of all, He brings forth in him the desire to attain this goal. Then He opens to him the gate of repentance. Then He throws him into self-mortification, so that he continues to strive and, for a while, to pride himself upon his efforts, thinking that he is advancing or achieving something; but afterwards he falls into despair and feels no joy.

"Then he knows that his work is not pure, but tainted, he repents of the acts of devotion which he had thought to be his own, and perceives that they were done by God's grace and help, and that he was guilty of polytheism in attributing them to his own exertion.

"When this becomes manifest, a feeling of joy enters his heart. Then God opens to him the gate of certainty, so that for a time he takes anything from anyone and accepts contumely and endures abasement, and knows for certain by Whom it is brought to pass, and doubt concerning this is removed from his heart. Then God opens to him the gate of love, and here too egoism shows itself for a time and he is exposed to blame, which means that in his love of God he meets fearlessly whatever may befall him and recks not of reproach; but still he thinks 'I love' and finds no rest until he perceives that it is God who loves him and keeps him in the state of loving, and that this is the result of divine love and grace, not of his own endeavour.

"Then God opens to him the gate of unity and causes him to know that all action depends on God Almighty. Hereupon he perceives that all is He, and all is by Him, and all is His; that He has laid this self-conceit upon His creatures in order to prove them, and that He in His omnipotence ordains that they shall hold this false belief, because omnipotence is His attribute, so that when they regard His attributes they shall know that He is the Lord.

"What formerly was hearsay now becomes known to him intuitively as he contemplates the works of God. Then he entirely recognises that he has not the right to say 'I' or 'mine'.

"At this stage he beholds his helplessness; desires fall away from him and he becomes free and calm. He wishes that which God wishes; his own wishes are gone, he is emancipated from his wants, and has gained peace and joy in both worlds."

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# HAIL, HAIL BHA

यस्मिन् विन्यस्य पदं सुरलोकाद्भारती देवी।
स्वयमवततार भूमावत्राभून्मुनिवृषा स वाल्मीकिः॥

*By placing her foot in this (Bharatavarsha), the Goddess of Speech descended from the celestial regions to this earth, of her own free will, as the chief of sages. And he was Valmiki.*

सूक्तिसुधारसदानादखिलान् आमोदयन्विबुधान्।
रूपान्तरगतविष्णुः कृष्णद्वैपायनोऽत्र संजज्ञे॥

*Krishnadvaipayana who delighted the entire community of scholars by offering wise and ambrosial speech, and who was but the incarnation of Lord Vishnu was born here alone.*

सूर्याचन्द्रमसाविव सन्तमसं यौ व्यधूनुतां जगतः।
ताभ्यां पूतं भारतवर्षं वर्णयतु कः कथंकारम्॥

*Who, in what manner can describe Bharatavarsha that is sanctified by them (i.e. Valmiki and Krishnadvaipayana) who dispel the darkness of the world like the Sun and the Moon?*

श्रीशङ्कररामानुजमध्वाचार्या अवातरन्नत्र।
ये किल सोपानततिं निरमासत मुक्तिसौधमधिरोढुम्॥

*The Acharyas, Sri Sankara, Ramanuja and Madhva by incarnating here verily built the flight of steps to ascend to the edifice of salvation.*

यद् ग्रथितसूक्तिमाला सुदृशां प्रतिदेशमुल्लसति कण्ठे।
कविलोकसार्वभौमा अजनिषतात्रैव कालिदासाद्याः॥

*Kalidasa and others who were emperors of the world of poets were born here alone. The garland of wise sayings strung together by them flourish in the throat of pretty women here in every clime.*

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# HAIL BHARATAVARSHA!

यस्मान्नापरमस्ति साधकतमं पुंसामभीष्टाप्तये
सेवन्ते विविधाशया अपि जना द्रागैकमत्येन यत् ।
तत्सत्यं दृढमाश्रितः खलु हरिश्चन्द्रो महीन्द्रोत्तमो-
ऽप्यत्रासीत् अधिवासयन्निजयशःपुष्पैस्त्रिलोकीमिमाम् ॥

*For men there is nothing here to aspire for for the fulfilment of desires other than truth; which they, though of different views, serve unflaggingly and with unity. Firmly adhering to truth, Harischandra, the foremost among kings lived only here, perfuming the Universe with the flowers of his glory.*

उत्सङ्गादवरोपितः पितुरहो मातुः सपत्न्या हठात्
बालोऽप्याश्रितकल्पलतिको विष्णोः कृपां तत्फलम् ।
लब्ध्वास्वाद्य च सारमृक्षवलयाध्यक्षत्वमासेदिवान्
योसौ मानिगणाग्रगणीः ध्रुवपदख्यातोऽपि जज्ञेऽत्र हि ॥

*Behold! He who, being forcibly dragged down from his father's lap by his step-mother though a child, resorted to Bhakti that was (all-yielding) like a Kalpalatika; attained and enjoyed the fruit of Lord Vishnu's grace; acquired the presiding position of the entire constellation--he who became renowned by the name of Dhruva and was the first amongst the honoured lot of men had his birth here alone.*

राज्यं हस्तगतं विहाय विपिनं गच्छन् गुरोराज्ञया
साबाधं सुचिराय सर्वभुवनं कृत्वा विशल्यं क्षणात् ।
आर्तानामभयं ददत् सुमनसां चेतः समाह्लादयन्
सोऽत्रैवाभिजनाभिमानमवहद्रामाकृतिः श्रीपतिः ॥

*That Lord of Lakshmi who incarnated himself as Rama, went to the forest abandoning his*

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*inherited country at the sire's behest, made the entire world, long-infested, free from trouble in a trice; gave protection to the distressed and delighted the minds of the good—that One who thus preserved the honour of his race was born here alone.*

यन्नामाखिलपापशोधकतमं यद्बाललीला सतां
योगक्षेमधुरन्धरा जनिमृतिप्रध्वंसनी यन्नतिः।
यज्जन्मानघधर्मपालनफलं यज्जल्पितञ्च त्रयी
निष्यन्दो भगवान् सचावतरणात्कृष्णोऽद एवापुनात् ॥

*Lord Krishna whose name purges completely the entire lot of sins; whose child-like frolics lead to the welfare of the good; obeisance to whom releases (men) from birth and death; whose advent (to the earth) resulted in the faultless sustenance of Dharma and whose utterances formed the nectar of three Vedas—that Lord Krishna consecrated this country with his incarnation.*

व्यावृत्तापरदुःखदुःखितधियः स्वप्नेऽपि हिंसायतः
कामाद्यैः पुरुषान्तरेषु सुलभैर्नोक्षोभि यस्यान्तरम्।
आसीद्यस्य जगद्विचित्ररचनं तत्वोपदेशार्थकं
चेष्टादर्शितशास्त्रपद्धतिरसौ बुद्धोऽजनिष्टात्र हि ॥

*Here in this country was born Buddha whose mind pained even while committing injury in dream and at the sorrow of others; who did not even look at the pleasures of life which were easily available to others; for whom the curious arrangement of this world was for instruction in the highest truth and who has shown the way of scriptures by practice.*

जयतु जयतु वर्षं भारतं भूरितन्त्रम्
जयतु जयतु चातुर्वर्ण्यमस्य स्वभूतम्।
जयतु जयतु धर्मोऽपौरुषेयोक्तिगम्यो
जयतु जयतु नित्यं धर्मनित्येषु लक्ष्मीः।।

*May Bharatavarsha with her versatility be victorious! May her unique fourfold system attain to glory! Let her Dharma prescribed by the Vedas be victorious! Let Goddess of Wealth ever thrive in those wedded to Dharma!*

[Aryacharitra]

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# Rise of India

Great Mother India rises in splendour,
Night's swift downfall, lo, is knelled!
Vast is the thrill of her victor emergence,
Cloud's grim hordes by her lustre are quelled.
Hail, O hail, adorable Queen:
Radiant, tranquil, mystic, serene:
Souls of fire chant hymn to thy height,
All are drunk with thy nectarous light,
Hark, sun, the herald of New Dawn, sings:
"Darkness is doomed with its blind underlings!"

Mocks like phantom pride's vainglory,
Only pure love leads on to His bliss.
Sing: "We crave not the boons of hereafter,
Earth-life holds the eternities."
Prophets, Messiahs, saints and seers
Grant us strength, deliver from fears!
Souls of fire.....underlings."

Deep in our hearts glow, lone and dauntless,
Sparks of white courage that long to outblaze
Urging us all our all to surrender
Here and now at thy twin feet of Grace.
May thy inviolate tender shower
Bless and revive our hope's sunflower!
Souls of fire.....underlings."

O Infinity's Daughter! Thy message
Blazon—to appealing nations respond.
Rain thy bounty's smile on our steadfast
Fervour and faith that laugh at despond.
Who but thy Self of angel-gleam
Will inseminate dust with thy dream?
Souls of fire.....underlings?"

**Dilip Kumar Roy**

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*Dr. Janardan Misra took a leading part in the Vedic Sammelan conducted in New Delhi under the direction of H. H. Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi. This article has been edited and transliterated by Sri C. R. Pattabhi Raman, Deputy Minister of Labour & Employment and Planning, New Delhi. Dr. Misra was Director of the Mithila Samskrit Institute and is a renowned Vedic Scholar of Bihar who, inter alia, recites Sama Veda with ease and precision.*

# VEDA and INDIAN CULTURE

*Dr. Janardan Misra*

THE Veda, according to the traditional belief of the Orthodox Hindus, is *Pratyaksha Shabda Brahman* (the Supreme One manifested in the form of word or sound). The *Rigveda* says "*Yavat Brahma Vishtitam, tavatee Vak*" (word is as great as the Supreme One); *Satapatha* says "*Vak Vai Brahma*" (word is the Supreme One); *Brihadaranyaka* says that the Veda is the breath of Maheshwara; *Chandogya* says "*Ya Vak Sa Rik, Ya Rik that Sama.*"

Further, it has been said that the Vedas are the breath of Maheshwara. He created the universe out of the Vedas. He is the source of all knowledge:

*"Yasya niswasitam Vedah, Yoh*
*Vedebhyohakhilam jagat*
*Nirmameh tamaham vandeh*
*Vidyateerthan maheswaram."*

The *Rigveda* says that this *Vak* exists in four stages (*Chatvari Vak parimitah padani*). All these hint at something which is not very clear from these elliptical expressions.

The Tantras and the philosophy of Grammar, however, express these ideas in a coherent form and make them clear. They say that the Supreme One is *Sat* (Something that exists) and *'Chit'* (pure consciousness). As He is *'Chit,* there is *Gnana* (knowledge) and *Ichcha* (desire), and *Kriya* (activity of creation) begins. *Gnana, Ichcha* and *Kriya* are called *Tri-Saktis* of *Chit. Sat* is not ordinarily mentioned, as it is supposed to be self-evident. *Ananda* of Veda and Vedanta are the *'Ichcha,' 'Kriya'* of Tantra. As soon as the commotion of *Tri-Sakti* begins, there is *Shabda.* In Tantra it is called *Nada.*

This *Nada* or *Shabda* is condensed into form ("*Nada Swa Dhanibhutah Kwachit abheyti Bindutam*") and thus creation comes into existence. What in Vedanta is called *Nama* and *Rupa* is in Tantra, *Nada* and *Bindu.* This *Nama, Shabda* or *Nada* is the *Vak* of the Veda. In the early stage (*Para*) it is one with Maheshwara (*Vak Vai Brahma*). Later it appears in three grosser forms, *Pashyanti, Madhyama* and *Vaikharee.*

When the *Para-vak* (causal force) begins to move, its first appearance is seen by the sages in Samadhi. Then it is called *'Pashyanti'* (seeing). In the *Madhyama* stage it passes up-

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wards and in *Vaikhari* it is audible. This is the causal process of creation. This *Vak* is Veda and the universe is created out of it in this way.

A Rishi is one who can see. This is the only meaning of the word. A sage is a Rishi as he can see *Vak* (*Nada* or *Shabda*) in the *Pashyanti* stage. The ideas of these *shabdas* are collected in symbolic words and letters. This is the external form of the Veda. The real idea of the Veda has been put away in a secret and highly symbolical language. In the *Rigveda* it has been repeatedly said that the real meaning has been concealed in *Nityam, Duryam, Apeechyam, Guhahitam* language. All these words mean kept secret and concealed. In one place, the *Rigveda* says that these concealed things spread out in thousands of branches through the rays of the heart: "*Na it ninyam hridayasya praketih sahasravatsam abhi samcharanti*" and the Rishi says: "*Yadrgeva dadrse tadrguchyateh*" (*I say what I have seen*).

When the symbols of the Vedic words are understood correctly, the systems of the ideas become clear and the difficulties disappear. Here I can hint at only a few of them.

According to *Rigveda*, Indra, Varuna, Mitra, Agni, etc. are the names of the Supreme. *Ekam Sat Viprah Bahudah Vadanti*. If the Supreme has not been known, *Rigveda* also can be of no use to such persons—*Yastana Veda Kim rucha karishyatih*. Thus, to understand the Veda, the key-point to note is, that in the Veda the Supreme and the state of its realisation and its methods have been laid down.

There the name of each god is the name of the Supreme. Whenever a god is being discussed, he is the form of the Supreme there.

Water (*Ap*) is the light (*Teja*) of the Supreme with its force of satiation and sweetness. *Samudra* is the collection of these waters (*Apaah*). It is one with *Varuna*, a name of the Supreme. *Sa Samudro Apichyah Madhu*. It is the sweet honey of immortality (*Amritatva*) flowing from the feet of Vishnu, the all-pervading Supreme, '*Vishnu pade parameh madhye utsah*. The same are *Soma* and *Amrita*.

In the Vedic system, the Supreme is worshipped through a *Pratika* (concrete, imagined form). Even today a piece of stone is placed in front of a worshipper and he recites:

> *Na Bhumirna toyam na vahnih na vayuh na Chakasamasteh na tantra na nidrah Na grishmo na sito na deso na Vesho Na yasyasta murthis trimurtim tamide.*

"I worship Him who has no form, but exists in three forms. He is neither earth nor water, nor fire nor air, nor space nor form. In fact, he has no form."

Literally taken, the piece of stone is certainly earth. But to a worshipper, it is a '*pratik*' (concrete means) for the worship of the Supreme. Similar is the case with the sacrificial fire of the Veda. In its ordinary form, it is as good or bad as a piece of stone. But it is a '*pratik*' or '*Paramatman*.' In the *Rigveda*, it has been clearly mentioned:

> *Hanye Rajah Samaryo Namobhihi Yasya Pratikam Ahutam Ghritena*

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"I worship the brilliant and noble fire with prayers; over the *'pratik'* of whom *ghrit* has been poured."

Homa has been performed, Agni is shining. The *'Pratik'* has been worshipped with 'suk' (ladle) and the One (Supreme) is being worshipped with *'ghee'* (prayer).

Similarly, sacrifice with fire is only an external symbol of the internal sacrifice, that is, the Sadhana of Brahma-vidya. The *Rigveda* says:

*Aadhighda Nema Indriyam Yajante Aadhitpatih Purodasam Ririmyat Aadhitsomo Vi Papracchyat Asusveen Aadhijjyujos Vrashamam Yajadhyai*

Some of them perform sacrifice with their senses, some of them prepare cakes (*'purodas'*), some of them follow the method of Soma, while others worship according to the methods of *'Vrasama'*.

If the forms alone of these symbols are taken into consideration, the language of the Vedas may appear to be ununderstandable jargons.

The *'Vak'* seen by the sages was collected in the form of *Richas*, that is, something *'Archaneeya'* (to be revered and worshipped). To an orthodox Bharatiya, it was *'Pratyaksha Shabda Brahman'* (the Supreme manifested in the form of Shabda). It was so precious that they could not afford to lose it. To preserve it, all sorts of methods were devised, so that not even a dot of it might be lost. The energy and intelligence of an entire section of the developed people was reserved and devoted to keep this precious heritage intact. They were required to get the whole of the Text with accent by heart in order of *Pada, Krama, Jata, Raga* and other readings. These *Richas* were set into songs called *Sama*. The internal ritual, that is, the Sadhana of Brahma vidya was supplemented by external rituals called *Yajus*, which, in course of time, developed into such a tremendous form that it is a wonder of the world today.

The Vedic Indians could see that this ever-changing world was certainly the effect of a permanent and stable cause. A section of the people devoted their energy to discover and realise it in their life. The result of their labours was the *Pratyaksha Shabda Brahman*. There is no means to determine today the period of time for which they had to work for their achievement in the form of the *Rigveda*. As a Rishi is expected to appear at long intervals, the period must have been very long, perhaps, many millennia. This Veda has been the source of all that we call Indian.

As only a few highly developed people could understand and achieve success in Brahmavidya, the study of the Vedas were reserved for them. But to surcharge the society with the force of the great truth of the Veda—*Ritam* and *Satyam*—the Puranas and the Itihasa (The *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*) were developed on the basis of the principles of the Veda and *'Satyam Vada, Dharmam chara'* became the watchwords of Indian society.

In the *Mahabharata* and the Puranas, Veda Vyasa definitely laid down that the Vedas should be understood with the help of Itihasa and Purana. Otherwise, the Veda will be always misunderstood.

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*Itihasa Puranabhyam Vedam Samupamhyeta Bibhetyalpa Rtad-vedo Mamayam Praharishyati.*

To-day, to understand the Purana and Itihasa also the study of the Veda has become indispensable. In the Veda, along with many gods, Indra has been called '*Sahasraksha*' (having a thousand eyes). It indicates only the omniscience of the Supreme. In the physical sense of having one thousand eyes would mean nothing. In the *Mahabharata*, it has been related that in order to create bad blood between two demon brothers, Sunda and Upasunda, Brahma created Tilottama, the most beautiful lady in his creation. When she was moving in the assembly of gods, a thousand eyes came out of the body of even Indra who was the Lord to see the most beautiful nymph in heaven. By avoiding the description of the details of female beauty the writer has very skilfully said that Tilottama was a beautiful lady.

Again, in *Srimad Bhagavata*, we read that Ahalya was the wife of Gautam Rishi, the Guru of Indra. Indra and Ahalya fell in love and the Rishi cursed Indra as a result of which he is said to have got a thousand eyes. The underlying idea is that even if a mighty God like Indra took recourse to foul means, he should have a fall. In the physical sense, it would be only a collection of incongruities. About the thousand eyes of Indra, all the three versions of the story are not identical. Besides, Gautam and Indra are Vedic Rishi and God, but the word Ahalya or Ahilya does not occur in the Vedas. All these anomalies disappear when the sense is taken into consideration.

Thus, the study of Veda, Itihasa and Purana must and do go together.

In course of time, a section of the scholars in Bharata Varsha made an attempt to understand the Veda and its objectives with the help of intelligence and learning and the Shastras came into existence. The Brahmavidya of the Veda descended through *Brahmana* and *Aranyaka* into the *Upanishads*. It was codified into the form of the Sutras by Badarayana and later commented on by Sri Adi Sankaracharya. Vedanta is not the *Anta* (end) of the Veda. It is in fact the (*Siddha*) Anta or statement of the principles of the Veda. Mimamsa deals with Karmakanda, Yoga with the practice of Brahmavidya, Tantra with both theory and practice of Brahmavidya, and the remaining with the intellectual reasoning and arguments to find out the cause of creation. As reasoning cannot take the place of realisation, so the Shastras cannot take the place of the Veda.

The Shastras could fulfil their purpose in their own way, but the Veda created the Indian society through the Puranas and Itihasa. A scholar of Nyaya could have earned great reputation for his learning, but he had little to do with the life of the people. The people learnt more from the story of Harishchandra, Rama, Sita, Savitri and others than from all the arguments of Samkhya and Nyaya.

To an orthodox Hindu, the Veda is the beginning and end of all knowledge. If the knowledge of cause is the knowledge of effects, Veda is certainly the beginning and end of all knowledge: *Ekena Vigyaatena Sarvam Vigyaatam Bhavati.*

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People ask the question whether the modern sciences also are found in the Veda. They forget that the modern sciences are concerned with the speculations on the effects only. Occasionally such matters may be found in the Veda; the subject-matter of the Veda is to deal in the main with the *cause*—not with the effect.

For proper expression of abstract thoughts and feelings, the help of symbols and allegories becomes unavoidable. They, the sober section of the Vedic scholars realise that the Vedas have been cast in a highly symbolical language.

In recent years Western scholars have tried to understand the Veda in their own way and have collected a huge amount of material. There is a mass of material produced by the Indian scholars too in different ages. The time has come to examine all this literature. Every day, the Indian scholars of the Veda have been feeling the necessity of re-reading, re-interpreting and re-writing the whole of what has been said and done in the field of Vedic studies.

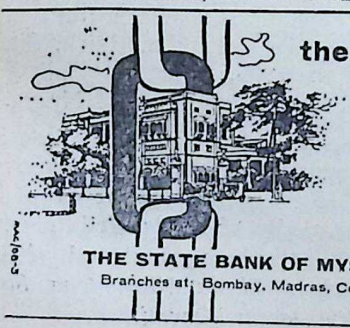
To give one instance: the word 'Anarya' does not occur in the entire mass of Vedic literature. In later Classical literature, it has been used as a term of abuse in the sense of rustic and uncultured. In the *Rigveda*, 'Arya' and 'Aarya' are found. They have been used as an adjective in the sense of noble and cultured. Throughout the Sanskrit literature, Vedic and Classical, nowhere the words 'Aarya' and 'Anarya' have been used in the sense of two races. But the Western scholars have built up the history of India on the supposition of Arya and Anarya as two races. To-day, some of us believe ourselves to be the sons of this imaginary ghost, Anarya, and burn the effigy of Rama who is supposed to be the son of another imaginary ghost, Arya.

Such errors have to be removed from our national life, and such harmful fictions have to be erased from the textbooks of our children.

Similar is the case with the homeland of the Veda, original home of the Bharatiya, stories of the Vedic gods etc.

The time has come to study and preserve the Veda in its entire and real form along with the beautiful and purposeful rituals associated with it.

The Veda was revealed to Bharatavarsha and Bharatavarsha was created by the Veda. It is the Veda that will protect it and keep it intact.

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[*We have great pleasure in serialising H. H. Pope John's latest Encyclical which has been hailed all the world over as a great pronouncement and document of great importance. This Encyclical entitled "Peace on Earth" is addressed not only to Catholic Christians but to "all men of goodwill."*—ED.]

**In its penetrating analysis of today's great problems—of social welfare and human rights, of disarmament, international order of peace—this document surely shows that on the basis of**

# PEACE ON

## H. H. Pope John

## 1. Order Betwe

PEACE on earth, which men of every era have most eagerly yearned for, can be firmly established only if the order laid down by God be dutifully observed. The progress of learning and the inventions of technology clearly show that, both in living things and in the forces of nature, an astonishing order reigns, and they also bear witness to the greatness of man, who can understand that order and create suitable instruments to harness those forces of nature and use them to his benefit.

But the progress of science and the inventions of technology show above all the infinite greatness of God, who created the universe and man himself. He created all things out of nothing, pouring into them the abundance of His wisdom and goodness, so that the holy psalmist praises God in these words: "O Lord our master! The majesty of Thy name fills all the earth." Elsewhere he says: "What diversity, Lord, in thy creatures! What wisdom has designed them all!" God also created man in his own image and likeness, endowed him with intelligence and freedom, and made him lord of creation, as the same psalmist declares in the words: "Thou hast placed him only a little below the angels, crowning him with glory and honour and bidding him rule over the works of thy hands. Thou hast put all under his dominion."

*Order in Human Beings*

How strongly does the turmoil of individual men and peoples contrast with the perfect order of the universe! It is as if the relationships which bind them together could be controlled only by force. But the creator of the world has imprinted in man's heart an order which his conscience reveals to him and enjoins him to obey: This shows that the obligations of the law are written in their hearts, their conscience utters its own testimony. And how could it be otherwise? For whatever God has made shows forth His infinite wisdom, and it is manifested more clearly in the things which have greater perfection.

But fickleness of opinion often produces this error, that many think that the relationships between men and states can be governed by the same laws as the forces and irrational ele-

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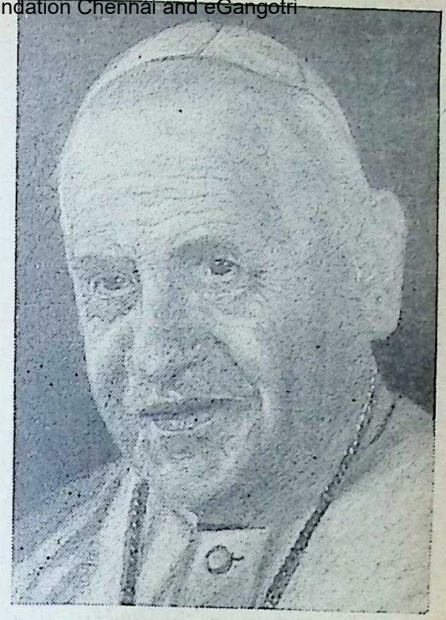
one great faith and in its traditions, there can be developed counsel on public affairs that is of value to all men and women of goodwill."

—*President Kennedy*

# ON EARTH

## H. Po John XXIII

## Ord Between Men



*H. H. Pope John*

ments of the universe, whereas the laws governing them are of quite a different kind and are to be sought elsewhere, namely, where the Father of all things wrote them, that is, in the nature of man. By these laws men are most admirably taught, first of all how they should conduct their mutual dealings among themselves, then how the relationships between the citizens and the public authorities of each state should be regulated, then how states should deal with one another, and finally how, on the one hand, individual men and states, and on the other hand, the community of all peoples, should act towards each other, the establishment of such a world community of peoples being urgently demanded today by the requirements of universal common good.

### *Rights and Duties*

First of all, it is necessary to speak of the order which should exist between men. Any human society, if it is to be well-ordered and productive, must lay down as a foundation this principle, namely, that every human being is a person, that is, his nature is endowed with intelligence and free will. By virtue of this, he has rights and duties of his own, flowing directly and simultaneously from his very nature, which are therefore universal, inviolable and inalienable.

If we look upon the dignity of the human person in the light of divinely revealed truth, we cannot help but esteem it far more highly. For men are redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, they are by grace the children and friends of God and heirs of eternal glory.

### *The Right to Life*

Beginning our discussion of the rights of man, we see that every man

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has the right to life, to bodily integrity and to the means which are necessary and suitable for the proper development of life. These are primarily food, clothing, shelter, rest, medical care and, finally, the necessary social services. Therefore, a human being also has the right to security in cases of sickness, inability to work, widowhood, old age, unemployment, or in any other case in which he is deprived of the means of subsistence through no fault of his own.

*Moral and Cultural Values*

By the natural law every human being has the right to respect for his person, to his good reputation, the right to freedom in searching for truth and in expressing and communicating his opinions, and in pursuit of art, within the limits laid down by the moral order and the common good. And he has the right to be informed truthfully about public events.

The natural law also gives man the right to share in the benefits of culture, and therefore the right to a basic education and to technical and professional training in keeping with the stage of educational development in the country to which he belongs. Every effort should be made to insure that persons be enabled, on the basis of merit, to go on to higher studies, so that, as far as possible, they may occupy posts and take on responsibilities in human society in accordance with their natural gifts and the skills they have acquired.

*The Right to Worship*

Every human being has the right to honour God according to the dictates of an upright conscience, and therefore the right to worship God privately and publicly. For, as Lactantius so clearly taught: We were created for the purpose of showing to the God who bore us the submission we owe Him, or recognizing Him alone, and of serving Him. We are obliged and bound by this duty to God. From this religion itself receives its name. And on this point our predecessor of immortal memory, Leo XIII, declared: "This genuine, this honourable freedom of the sons of God, which most nobly protects the dignity of the human person, is greater than any violence or injustice. It has always been sought by the church, and always most dear to her. This was the freedom which the apologists claimed with intrepid constancy, which the apologists defended with their writings, and which the martyrs in such numbers consecrated with their blood."

*State of Life*

Human beings have the right to choose freely the state of life which they prefer, and therefore the right to set up a family, with equal rights and duties for man and woman, and also the right to follow a vocation to the priesthood or the religious life.

The family, grounded on marriage freely contracted, monogamous and indissoluble, is and must be considered the first and essential cell of human society. To it must be given every consideration of an economic, social, cultural and moral nature which will strengthen its stability and facilitate fulfilment of its specific mission.

Parents, however, have a prior right

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*Every human being has the right to honour God according to the dictates of an upright conscience and therefore the right to worship God privately and publicly. . . .*

in the support and education of their children.

*Economic Rights*

Human beings have the natural right to free initiative in the economic field, and the right to work.

Indissolubly linked with those rights is the right to working conditions in which physical health is not endangered, morals are safeguarded and young people's normal development is not impaired. Women have the right to working conditions in accordance with their requirements and their duties as wives and mothers.

From the dignity of the human person, there also arises the right to carry on economic activities according to the degree of responsibility of which one is capable. Furthermore—and this must be specially emphasized—there is the right to a working wage, determined according to criterions of justice and sufficient, therefore, in proportion to the available resources, to give the worker and his family a standard of living in keeping with the dignity of the human person. In this regard, our predecessor Pius XII said: "To the personal duty to work imposed by nature, there corresponds and follows the natural right of each individual to make of his work the means to provide for his own life and the lives of his children. So profoundly is the empire of nature ordained for the preservation of man."

The right to private property, even of productive goods, also derives from the nature of man. This right, as we have elsewhere declared, is a suitable means for safeguarding the dignity of the human person and for the exercise of responsibility in all fields; it strengthens and gives serenity to family life, thereby increasing the peace and prosperity of the state.

However, it is opportune to point out that there is a social duty essentially inherent in the right of private property.

*Meeting and Association*

From the fact that human beings are by nature social, there arises the right of assembly and association. They have also the right to give the societies of which they are members the form they consider most suitable for the aim they have in view, and to act within such societies on their own initiative and on their own responsibility in order to achieve their desired objectives.

We ourselves stated in the encyclical "Mater et Magistra" that, for the achievement of ends which individual human beings cannot attain except by association, it is necessary and indispensable to set up a great variety of such intermediate groups and societies in order to guarantee for the human person a sufficient sphere of freedom and responsibility.

*The Right to Emigrate and Immigrate*

Every human being has the right to freedom of movement and of residence within the confines of his

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*. . . the right of every man to life is correlative with the duty to preserve it. . .*

own country; and, when there are just reasons for it, the right to emigrate to other countries and take up residence there. The fact that one is a citizen of a particular state does not detract in any way from his membership of the human family as a whole, nor from his citizenship of the world community.

*Political Rights*

The dignity of the human person involves the right to take an active part in public affairs and to contribute one's part to the common good of the citizenry. For, as our predecessor of happy memory, Pius XII, pointed out: The human individual, far from being an object and, as it were, a merely passive element in the social order, is in fact, must be and must continue to be, its subject, its foundation and its end.

The human person is also entitled to a juridical protection of his rights, a protection that should be efficacious, impartial and inspired by the true norms of justice.

As our predecessor Pius XII teaches: That perpetual privilege proper to man, by which every individual has a claim to the protection of his rights, and by which there is assigned to each a definite and particular sphere of rights, immune from all arbitrary attacks, is the logical consequence of the order of justice willed by God.

*Duties*

The natural rights with which we have been dealing are, however, inseparably connected, in the very person who is their subject, with just as many respective duties; and rights as well as duties find their source, their sustenance and their inviolability in the natural law which grants or enjoins them.

For example, the right of every man to life is correlative with the duty to preserve it; his right to a decent standard of living with the duty of living it becomingly; and his right to investigate the truth freely, with the duty of seeking it and of possessing it ever more completely and profoundly.

*Reciprocity of rights and duties between persons*

Once this is admitted, it is also clear that in human society to one man's right there corresponds a duty in all other persons: the duty, namely, of acknowledging and respecting the right in question. For every fundamental human right draws its indestructible moral force from the natural law, which, in granting it, imposes a corresponding obligation. Those, therefore, who claim their own rights, yet altogether forget or neglect to carry out their respective duties, are people who build with one hand and destroy with the other.

*Mutual Collaboration*

Since men are social by nature they are meant to live with others and to work for one another's welfare. A well-ordered human society requires that men recognize and ob-

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*....any human society established on relations of force must be regarded as inhuman....*

serve their mutual rights and duties. It also demands that each contribute generously to the establishment of a civic order in which rights and duties are progressively more sincerely and effectively acknowledged and fulfilled.

It is not enough, for example, to acknowledge and respect every man's right to the means of subsistence: One must also strive to obtain that he actually has enough in the way of food and nourishment.

The society of men must not only be organised but must also provide them with abundant resources. This certainly requires that they observe and recognize their mutual rights and duties: It also requires that they collaborate together in the many enterprises that modern civilization either allows or encourages or even demands.

The dignity of the human person also requires that every man enjoy the right to act freely and responsibly. For this reason, therefore, in social relations man should exercise his rights, fulfil his obligation and, in the countless forms of collaboration with others, act chiefly on his own responsibility and initiative. This is to be done in such a way that each one acts on his own decision, of set purpose and from a consciousness of his obligation, without being moved by force or pressure brought to bear on him externally. For any human society that is established on relations of force must be regarded as inhuman, inasmuch as the personality of its members is repressed or restricted, when in fact they should be provided with appropriate incentives and means for developing and perfecting themselves.

*Social Life in Truth, Justice, Charity and Freedom*

A political society is to be considered well-ordered, beneficial and in keeping with human dignity if it is grounded on truth. As the Apostle Paul exhorts us: "Away with falsehood then; let everyone speak out the truth to his neighbour; membership of the body binds us to one another." This demands that reciprocal rights and duties be sincerely recognized. Furthermore, human society will be such as we have just described it, if the citizens, guided by justice, apply themselves seriously to respecting the rights of others and discharging their own duties; if they are moved by such fervour of charity as to make their own the needs of others and share with others their own goods: If, finally, they work for a progressively closer fellowship in the world of spiritual values. Human society is realized in freedom, that is to say, in ways and means in keeping with the dignity of its citizens, who accept the responsibility of their actions, precisely because they are by nature rational beings.

Human society, venerable brothers and beloved children, ought to be regarded above all as a spiritual reality; in which men communicate knowledge to each other in the light of truth; in which they can enjoy

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*. . . Society should enable men to share in and enjoy every legitimate expression of beauty. . .*

their rights and fulfil their duties, and are inspired to strive for moral good. Society should enable men to share in and enjoy every legitimate expression of beauty, and encourage them constantly to pass on to others all that is best in themselves, while they strive to make their own the spiritual achievements of others. These are the spiritual values which continually give life and basic orientation to cultural expressions, economic and social institutions, political movements and forms, laws, and all other structures by which society is outwardly established and constantly developed.

*God and the Moral Order*

The order which prevails in society is by nature moral. Grounded as it is in truth, it must function according to the norms of justice, it should be inspired and perfected by mutual love, and finally it should be brought to an ever more refined and human balance in freedom.

Now an order of this kind, whose principles are universal, absolute and unchangeable, has its ultimate source in the one true God, who is personal and transcends human nature. Inasmuch as God is the first truth and the highest good, He alone is that deepest source from which human society can draw its vitality, if that society is to be well-ordered, beneficial, and in keeping with human dignity. As St. Thomas Aquinas says: "Human reason is the norm of the human will, according to which is goodness measured; real

son derives from the eternal law which is the divine reason itself. It is evident then that the goodness of the human will depends much more on the eternal law than on human reason."

*Characteristics of the Present*

Our age has three distinctive characteristics. First of all, the working classes have gradually gained ground in economic and public affairs. They began by claiming their rights in the socio-economic sphere; they extended their action then to claims on the political level; and finally applied themselves to the acquisition of the benefits of a more refined culture. Today, therefore, workers all over the world refuse to be treated as if they were irrational objects without freedom, to be used at the arbitrary disposition of others. They insist that they be always regarded as men with a share in every sector of human society: in the social and economic sphere, in the fields of learning and culture, and in public life.

Secondly, it is obvious to everyone that women are now taking a part in public life. This is happening more rapidly, perhaps, in nations of Christian civilization, and, more slowly but broadly, among peoples who have inherited other traditions or cultures. Since women are becoming ever more conscious of their human dignity, they will not tolerate being treated as mere material instruments, but demand rights befitting a human per-

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son both in domestic and in public life.

Finally, the modern world, as compared with the recent past, has taken on an entirely new appearance in the field of social and political life. For since all nations have either achieved or are on the way to achieving independence, there will soon no longer exist a world divided into nations that rule others and nations that are subject to others.

Men all over the world have today —or will soon have—the rank of citizens in independent nations. No one wants to feel subject to political powers located outside his own country or ethnic group. Thus in very many human beings the inferiority complex which endured for hundreds and thousands of years is disappearing, while in others there is an attenuation and gradual fading of the corresponding superiority complex which had its roots in social-economic privileges, sex or political standing.

On the contrary, the conviction that all men are equal by reason of their natural dignity has been generally accepted. Hence racial discrimination can no longer be justified, at least doctrinally or in theory. And this is of fundamental importance and significance for the formation of human society according to those principles which we have outlined above. For, if a man becomes conscious of his rights, he must become equally aware of his duties. Thus he who possesses certain rights has likewise the duty to claim those rights as marks of his dignity, while all others have the obligation to acknowledge those rights and respect them.

When the relations of human society are expressed in terms of rights and duties, men become conscious of spiritual values, understand the meaning and significance of truth, justice, charity and freedom, and become deeply aware that they belong to this world of values. Moreover, when moved by such concerns, they are brought to a better knowledge of the true God who is personal and transcendent, and thus they make the ties that bind them to God the solid foundations and supreme criterion of their lives, both of that life which they live interiorly in the depths of their own souls and of that in which they are united to other men in society.

[*To be continued*]

[In the next issue: *Relations Between Individuals and the Public Authorities.*]

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PART III

CHAPTER XX

# KING VRIKODARA WINS A WIFE

WHEN Uddhava regained consciousness, he felt faint with hunger and thirst. He could not even stand; his legs were shaking. He allowed himself to be led by Bheema to a stream running nearby and impatiently bent down to slake his thirst.

In the meantime Nikumbh brought some fruits, which he ate. 'Now you lie down and go to sleep,' ordered Bheema. 'In the meantime I will deal with these Rakshasas.'

When Uddhava woke up from the sleep, into which he had fallen, he found Bheema busy hanging upside down some of the culprits who had eaten human flesh and who had been caught in the neighbouring thickets. Bheema was not content with merely hanging them; he stood before them as they threw out whatever they had eaten, enjoying their discomfiture with uproarious laughter.

When Uddhava went near him, Bheema turned to him and said with a laugh: 'These fellows can never overcome the taste for our flesh. I am getting them to disgorge whatever they have eaten.'

Uddhava shuddered when he recalled the nightmarish experiences which he had had the night before.

When the punishment was meted out to all those who were caught and sentinels were posted to watch them, Bheema led Uddhava into the interior of the forest. Nikumbh kept Uddhava company, holding his hand as

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he had done when they first entered the Land of the Demons.

Having regained his strength, Uddhava looked carefully at the strange transformation which had come over his cousin.

'Don't look at me as if you have never seen me before. You have always been a fool, Uddhava. If you wanted to come to me, why didn't you send word through Nikumbh? I would have come to receive you myself,' said Bheema.

'But how was I to know that you were the king of these man-eaters?' asked Uddhava wryly. 'And you seem to like being one!'

'Of course I like it immensely,' said Bheema. 'It is better to be their king than to have to fight that wily Shakuni and his nephews in Hastinapur. Here you know where you are. You can fight; you can kill; you can be killed. If you are alive, you can live as you like.'

'But how do you happen to be here? Where is Aunt Kunti? And where the other Brothers?' asked Uddhava.

'Oh, they are all safe. I am going to take you to them, if they are not already eaten up before we meet them,' said Bheema, chuckling to himself. 'It is all my doing.' He laughed as if it was a great joke and added: 'I don't know why these things happen to me, of all the Five Brothers.'

'Krishna—in fact, all of us—have been worrying about you Brothers,' said Uddhava.

'Nothing can happen to us if I am there,' said Bheema with the bragging air of a naughty boy. 'Uncle Vidura had told us that we would be safe only if we were taken as dead in Hastinapur. So, after you left Varnavat, when a beggar woman and her five sons happened to come and stay with us, we found the opportunity. We set fire to the palace and escaped through the tunnel which, as you know, had been excavated by Uncle Vidura's mason. A boat propelled by machines was waiting for us—thanks again to Uncle. We were soon across the river. We did not want to be recognised and so we passed by Ekachakra and took the way of the forest. Oh, it was great fun.'

'How did you happen to come to this wretched land?' asked Uddhava.

'Oh, that is another story. But don't call it a wretched land. It is my country; I am its king—King Vrikodara,' said Bheema and slapped his chest. 'On our way we had to pass through some Naga villages. The villagers were so frightened of us that we thought they would go and report our presence to their chief, who would come and recognise us. You know, Uddhava, we are such a peculiar family that it is difficult to miss us—an old woman who can't walk, a giant who can roar and four others—a wise man, a dandy, a nincompoop and a star-gazer—none of whom can take care of themselves! So I led them deeper into the forest,' he added laughing at the funny description of his mother and brothers which he had given himself.

'It must have been terrible for Aunt Kunti to walk through the forest,' said Uddhava.

'Oh, I would not allow her to do so,' replied Bheema. 'The soles of her feet are as tender as lotus leaves. I carried her all the way, and some-

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times had to carry the others too. They all think themselves very clever, but without me they would not be able to live for a moment. Whenever there is difficulty, they, like helpless babies, look to me,' added Bheema and laughed proudly.

'But how did you become the King of the Rakshasas?' asked Uddhava.

'Oh, that was because I was fit to be their king,' said Bheema proudly. 'Oh, it was great! Even our ancestor, Chakravarti Bharata, would not have lived through this adventure. Listen: For two days we went into the forest, sleeping under the trees and eating wild fruits. Then came Hidamba.'

'Who is Hidamba?' asked Uddhava.

'Don't you know? He was the King of the Rakshasas. He was going through the forest with his men, when he smelt us. You know, they can smell men a *yojana* away,' said Bheema.

'Don't I know it?' said Uddhava.

'Then they began to creep near us in a semi-circle on padded feet,' said Bheema.

'I know that way of theirs too. I had had enough of it. It makes me shiver every time I think of it,' said Uddhava.

'We had no arms except the staffs we, brothers, carried. So I put the brothers behind me with mother in the centre, asking them to look after her. Then I stepped forward a few paces towards Hidamba. There he was, as fierce a Rakshasa as ever was, howling for all he was worth. He roared. I roared in reply. Mother fainted and poor Sahadeva had to work all his miracles in order to revive her. Hidamba and his men then howled at me. I replied by a bigger howl. Uddhava, you have never heard me roar; even the lions are frightened by it, said Bheema looking at his cousin happily.

'I heard you do it this morning. It was frightening enough,' said Uddhava. 'I would have fainted myself. Then what happened to you?'

'They howled and howled; I roared and roared. They would not dare to approach me; they had never seen anyone like me before. Then Hidamba advanced with his stone-tipped spears pointed at me. As he hurled his spear at me, I jumped high—eluded the spear—and rushed at him with a thunderous roar. I did it so suddenly that the Rakshasas, who generally frighten people, were frightened themselves. They retreated a few paces,' said Bheema with a smile, his eyes glistening merrily.

'How could you be so frightening?' asked Uddhava. 'Generally you are so kind.'

'Oh, Uddhava, you don't know your cousin! If you want to frighten people, leave it to me. When the Rakshasas fell back, I found the opportunity. A huge rock, which even ten people could not move, was lying on the ground in front of me. I lifted it with all my strength and hurled it at Hidamba. The rock did the trick. It crashed his skull, and with a fearful scream, the Rakshasa fell to the ground. He was a very powerful Rakshasa—and tall too, though he could come up only to my shoulders. But he had no chance against me. Thank your stars that you have a cousin like me.'

Bheema continued gleefully, patting

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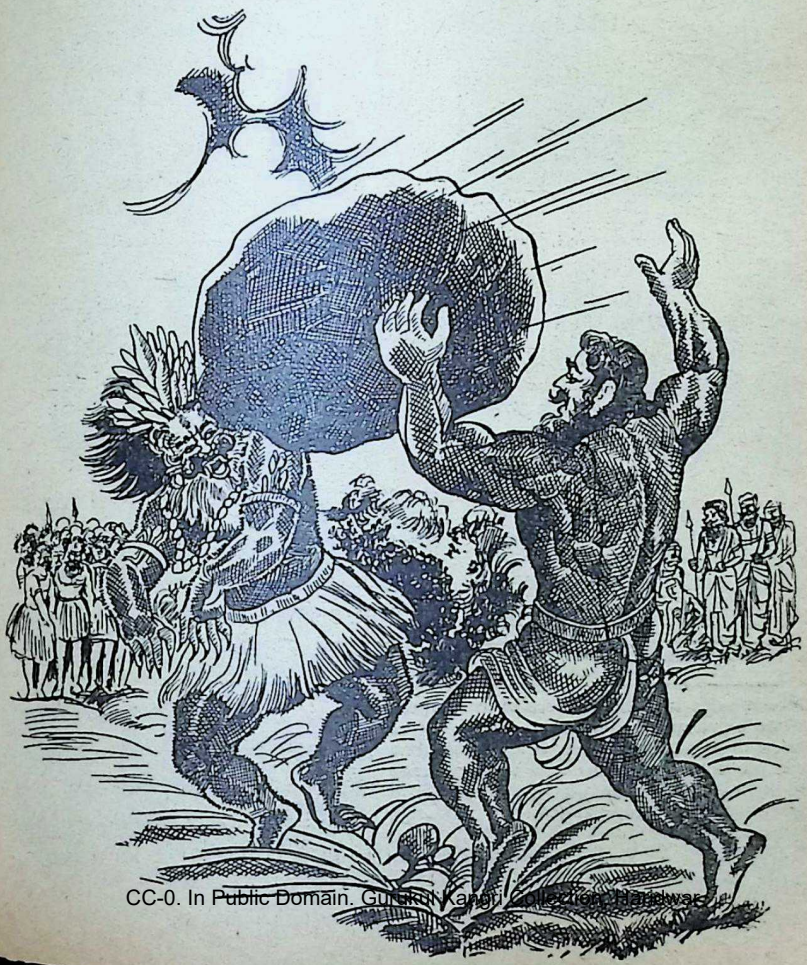
Uddhava on the back. 'His followers began to run away in fright. I caught hold of one Rakshasa by the leg, swung him round and dashed him against a tree. They stood watching. Then a miracle happened. A sudden change came over the rest. They had considered Hidamba as the demon of magic strength. When he was killed, they were stunned. They threw away their spears and hatchets on the ground and prostrated themselves before me,' said Bheema, laughing triumphantly.

'How was it?'

'These Rakshasas are very funny. They believe that their chief inherits the invincible strength of their great ancestor, Virochana. Once they find that he is not invincible, he no longer remains fit to be their king. I have heard that sometimes when a chief is

*Bheema hurling the rock at Hidamba.*



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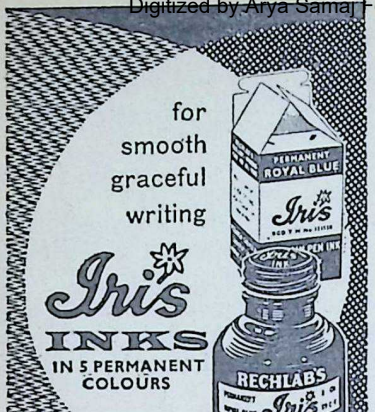


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found to have lost his strength, he is roasted alive and eaten, so that his strength might enter those who eat him. So, when I proved stronger than their king, they were willing to offer their loyalty to me. To them I was a Rakshasa of greater invincibility,' said Bheema.

'What did you do with them?' asked Uddhava.

'I went to them, kicked a few, collected their spears and hatchets and distributed them to the Brothers. Then we tied them with fibres and ordered them to lead me to the place where Hidamba lived,' said Bheema.

'Did they obey you?' asked Uddhava.

'Only one Rakshasa tried to play some trick on me. I lifted him and flung him high up in the air. He came down with a crash and died,' Bheema chuckled. 'Thereafter no Rakshasa ventured to play any tricks on me. You know, Uddhava, how ferocious I can be when I want?' Bheema turned to Uddhava with mock ferocity. 'The Eldest was shocked at what he called my brutality and scolded me. If I had not been brutal, he would not have been alive; he forgot that—ha ha!' said Bheema, laughing uproariously.

'What happened to the dead Hidamba?' asked Uddhava, curious to know what obsequies he received.

'We took his dead body with us. He was carried by four Rakshasas,' replied Bheema.

'Did you go to the settlement of Hidamba?' asked Uddhava.

'Of course, we did. Our procession arrived there with myself at the head, I roaring all the while. When we arrived at the settlement, the Rakshasas who were with us sent up piteous wails to announce the death of their king. The village turned out wailing in response—the Rakshasas, their wives, their children—all with pointed teeth and lips pierced with red chips. Before them all came Hidamb*aa*, the sister of Hidamba, a stout Rakshasi, her whole body painted, her hair covered with fibres, wearing necklaces of bones. She was wailing as if her heart would break,' said Bheema.

'How did the Rakshasas receive you when they learnt of your exploit?' asked Uddhava.

'When they learnt that I had killed Hidamba, they fell at my feet. They believed that not only the spirit of the invincible Hidamba, but of the great Virochana himself had passed into me,' said Bheema.

'So, that is how you became their king?' asked Uddhava.

'The funnier part of the story is still to come, my dear Uddhava. Hidamb*aa* flung herself at my feet and clung to them in respectful admiration. The Rakshasa women always fall in love with those who kill their fathers and brothers. In this land you must do that to win a bride. And there I was, with a powerful Rakshasi at my feet, wooing me,' said Bheema, again laughing gleefully like a boy who had won a prize. 'And Mother was all but dazed at seeing a fierce Rakshasi at my feet.'

'I am surprised that they accepted you King of Rakshasavrat at once,' said Uddhava.

'Oh, no,' said Bheema, smiling to himself. 'They put me to a severe test.'

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'What was the test?' asked Uddhava.

'A ceremonial feast was held before I was accepted as the King,' said Bheema. 'They prepared all kinds of things and put them in a great heap before me. In front of me, a burly Rakshasa with a huge belly sat, ostensibly to see that I was not starved. He was one of their priests. After we had all started eating, he began to press me to eat more and more. He was a big eater himself, and for every morsel that he took, he offered one to me.'

'Why did he do it?' asked Uddhava.

'I could see that it was not mere hospitality. It was a challenge to my kingship,' said Bheema chuckling to himself. 'Every Rakshasa was watching this combat between us; so I simply let myself go. He gave me a helping and I gave him one in return. This went on for some time. He was a big eater himself, I tell you, Uddhava. I have not seen a like of him and he had not seen a like of me either. You know, Uddhava, I ordinarily take food which would more than satisfy four people,' Bheema smiled proudly. 'But once I make up my mind, I can fill one compartment after another of my stomach. So we went on feeding each other till the fellow could take no more. He was filled to bursting.

'Oh, it was delightful to see him almost splitting, belching all the time, rubbing his hand over his fat paunch,' said Bheema laughing uproariously at the revived memory of that glorious event. 'There were tears in his eyes. He could eat no more. Now I reversed the hospitality. I went on feeding him, taking one morsel myself for one morsel pushed into his mouth. The other Rakshasas gave up eating themselves and stood around us, watching the competition. Then he could eat no more. But I would not let him say "no" and pushed a morsel into his mouth; he almost threw it out. I offered him another and began to take two morsels for every one which I offered him,' said Bheema gleefully, his eyes dancing merrily as if he was narrating a huge joke.

'He threw out whatever I gave him, though he tried to swallow merely to maintain his prestige,' Bheema continued. 'Then he fainted; he rolled over, beating his stomach with his fists. The Rakshasas were surprised; they had never seen this fellow ever stop eating. I told them to take him away, for he could not get up by himself. And I continued to go on eating, as voraciously as before. They were dazed. They fell prostrate before me and gave roars of victory and called me what in the sacred language would be Raja Vrikodara. They had no doubt in their minds that the divine Virochana had entered me.' Then he added: 'I was no longer Bheema to the Rakshasas; I was Vrikodara—Virochana come to life. At that very moment they accepted me as the King by pricking their thumbs and painting my forehead with their blood.'

'What happened to the priest?' asked Uddhava.

'He died the next day,' replied Bheema.

'Well, I have never heard such a thing before in my life,' said Uddhava. 'What did you do then?'

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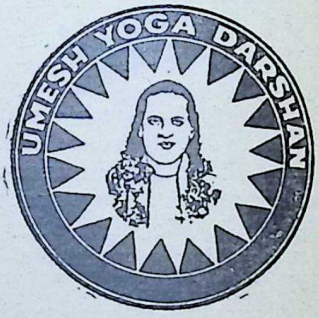


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'What did you do, you ask me? I made Hidamb*aa* my wife,' replied Bheema, as if it was the most natural thing to do.

'Oh, God of all gods, And what did Aunt Kunti and the Eldest say to it?' asked Uddhava.

'They made their faces wry. Mother Kunti could not even look at my beautiful bride with bone necklaces and pointed teeth. Yudhishthira had religious compunctions. Arjuna and Nakula, in sheer disgust, would not even look at me. Only Sahadeva came to my rescue. He said: "If we are to live hidden from this world, this is the best way in which we could do it". You know how wise he is. Then Mother agreed,' said Bheema.

'And so you were acclaimed their King?' asked Uddhava.

'Of course, I was. You think I would have married Hidamb*aa* if I had not been invited to be their king? Then my difficulties began. According to their ceremonial rites, they chopped the head of Hidamba and wanted to roast his body for a ceremonial feast. I stepped in. I would not allow Hidamba to be roasted and eaten. I stood near the funeral pyre till all his flesh and bones were reduced to ashes, with the Rakshasas surrounding me, all unhappy at having lost an excellent feast. Two elders protested at what they said was a sacrilege. I brought their heads together and broke one against the other, and issued my royal commands: "Whoever eats human flesh will be suspended head downwards from a tree till all that he has eaten comes out. And any priest who performs the flesh-eating ceremony will have his head broken",' said Bheema.

'So, they have now given up eating human flesh?' asked Uddhava.

'Most of them have. But as you have seen yourself, some of them steal away into distant parts of the forest and enjoy the feast to their liking. They can't give up their craving,' said Bheema.

'But didn't Hidamb*aa* eat you up?' asked Uddhava.

'Oh, you don't know Hidamb*aa*. She is frightfully in love with me. The skull of Hidamba was exposed to the sun and she insisted upon my hanging it on my waist. It was to be the insignia of my royalty. But I would not do it. She insisted. I threatened to break her brother's skull to pieces. She cried piteously like a loving wife. "No", she said. "If his skull is not with you, his spirit will come and destroy you"'.

'His spirit will destroy you!' Uddhava asked in surprise.

'You don't understand these people, Uddhava. She wanted the skull to be kept by me not out of love for her brother. She believed that if it was not kept under control, the spirit of Hidamba would rise and destroy me,' said Bheema.

'Then what did you do with the skull?' asked Uddhava.

'We came to a compromise—husband and wife. Uddhava, shall I tell you one thing? She makes a very fine wife. She is so loyal and affectionate. But I have a suspicion: if ever I fall ill or become weak, she will have me roasted alive and enjoy my flesh,' said Bheema.

'What was the compromise?' asked Uddhava.

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'She keeps her brother's skull under her pillow, so that she can keep control over his spirit at night, lest I should be harmed,' said Bheema.

'And what do Aunt Kunti and the Brothers think about it?' asked Uddhava.

'Mother Kunti does not know whether to admire me for saving them all or to curse me for marrying a wicked Rakshasi. Yudhishthira thinks that this is a *tapascharya* (penance) which we must perform. Arjuna fidgets all the time. He tries to make bows and arrows out of the bamboos we have and shoots at high-flying birds. When he is disgusted with these feeble weapons, he makes reed pipes, plays on them, and whenever he feels safe from the voracious hunger of the Rakshasas, dances by himself. Nakula is equally unhappy. He tries to spend his time in training deers, dogs and rabbits, though before the training is complete, every one of them finds its way into the stomachs of my people. Sahadeva is the only wise man; he sees a deep meaning in all these trials of ours, and studies the should be harmed,' said Bheema.

'How do you feel?' asked Uddhava.

'I feel all right. I eat, drink, rule over the Rakshasas and make love to my Hidamb*aa* though, by the way, the fibres that she puts on her hair are disgusting,' added Bheema in a whisper.

[*To be continued*]

Happiness is in the taste, and not in the things themselves. It is by having what we like that we are made happy, not by having what others think desirable.—*Rochefoucauld.*


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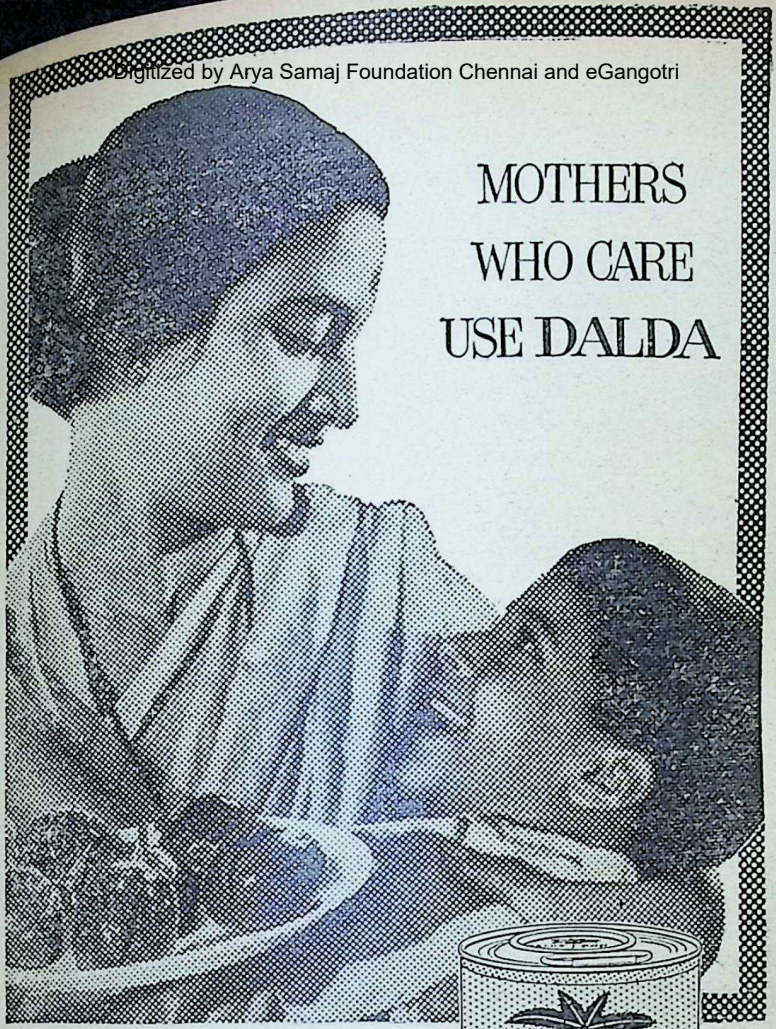

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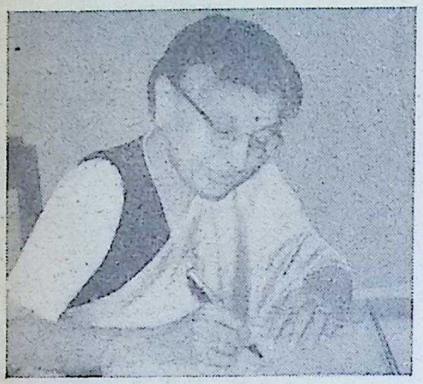

*Dear Friend,*

By now you must have read in the **Bhavan's Journal** and in the newspapers that the Silver Jubilee of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in the month of December passed off very well. The appeal for donations and Jubilee Associate Memberships issued by Dr. Rajendra Prasad and Munshiji had a very good response and a large number of persons, not only from all parts of India, but even from abroad spontaneously sent money ranging from Re. 1/- to Rs. 5,000/-. But a more satisfactory part of the response lay in the appreciation conveyed to the Bhavan's work and the values for which it stood. Many have written to say how the **Bhavan's Journal** and the Book University volumes have given them not only strength, but also inspiration.

All the Donor Members and the Jubilee Associates have been placed on the supply list of either the **Bhavan's Journal, Bharati** or **Samarpan** or the books of the Bhavan's Book University volumes of their choice. The work 'Immortal Words' is ready for the Press and will be supplied to each Associate Member as soon as it is published.

We have always taken pride in calling those who are interested in the Bhavan's work as belonging to the Bhavan's family. More than two thousand became Jubilee Associate Members. Besides, there are a large number of devoted workers in the Bhavan. In a wider sense every one who is a regular reader of the **Bhavan's Journal, Bharati** or **Samarpan** belongs to the family of the Bhavan. Their number may be counted in lacs.

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The questions before us are: How to give a common programme to all these people? What can be done to consolidate the work for which the Bhavan stands?

Some friends have suggested that if the Bhavan's faith is to be translated on a wider scale, the Jubilee Associates, the members, the staff, as well as the students and the readers of the **Bhavan's Journal** who would like to join should be drawn into a closer bond in the nature of a wider family. This would necessarily imply the active consciousness on the part of such members to bring the values for which the Bhavan stands into the individual and group life.

Can we do this? Have we sufficient urge to achieve this aim? Can we be welded together by some kind of collective activities for working out the Bhavan's faith? I think at least a few hundreds of us can do it, if not all.

For achieving this objective I may suggest the following:—

(1) Those of us who live in one place, or in one city, or in one village should develop the opportunities to keep in constant touch with each other on appropriate occasions, form discussion-groups and organise other activities which may spread the values for which the Bhavan stands.

(2) We can discuss our personal problems with one another offering solutions through the common medium of **Bhavan's Journal** or its Indian language editions—of course, the names of the persons who put forward personal problems being kept confidential.

(3) We can keep the entire Bhavan's family acquainted with any consecrated action on the part of the individual member.

(4) We can start miniature Bhavans whenever possible where like-minded people can meet together.

Whether we can cope up with the sustaining activities in this form or take up any other kind of collective activities which can further the objectives of the Bhavan attempting to live a life on the basis of **Satyam, Sivam, Sundaram,** is difficult to say. But even if a few of us can participate in some collective activities, we might have laid the foundation of a nucleus which would in course of time enable us to realise a dream of a closely-knit Bhavan's family.

Do you like this idea? If you do, will you write to me about what you think of it giving your suggestions how best it could be turned into a reality?

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay, April 16, 1963.

Lilavati Munshi

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# The Royal Composer of Kerala

ONE hundred and fifty years ago on April 16, 1813 was born Maharajah Swathi Thirunal. He ruled over the princely State of Travancore for some 18 years. He was an enlightened ruler who introduced many progressive measures while governing his State—loved by his subjects, respected by the British administration, envied by other friendly princes. As princes and Maharajahs go, he had an enviable record and a good reign. But posterity remembers him for something totally different. Swathi Thirunal was a composer—a composer of music—who ranks with the highest creative minds India has known in her long and cherished tradition.

The second half of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth century—the period from about 1750 to 1850—constitute a period of great glory, of great fertility in the history of Karnatic music. When people talk glibly of the decline and fall of the Indian traditions in art in the last two hundred years or so, it is well to remember this. While wars of conquest and consolidation were being fought all over the country, while petty political intrigues and big political conflicts were being hatched, while the whole social fabric was crumbling, it is interesting to note that in the South—in the Cauvery delta, in Kerala, creative musicians were raising the edifice of Karnatic music to the highest pinnacles of its glory.

It isn't as if they were fiddling, as Nero did, while Rome burned. This is only a manifestation of the resilience of our great cultural tradition which kept blossoming forth and developing in unsuspected nooks and

**Dr. B. Gopala Reddi**

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corners even against a background of wars and political upheavals. Three names are spoken of as the shining lights of this period and of this cultural movement—Thyagaraja, Syama Sastri and Muthuswami Dikshitar. They are known as the Trinity of Karnatic music. Of late, one more name has been added to those of the select three—that of Swathi Thirunal.

I said 'of late' because it took a little time for the outside world to fully comprehend the range of his genius and his achievement. Thyagaraja, Muthuswami Dikshitar and Syama Sastri had many pupils. Therefore even in their lifetime they acquired big reputation. After their death their *sishyas* popularised the masters' songs, gave them wide currency, so much so that they soon became part of the mainstream of the Karnatic tradition. But Swathi Thirunal lived and died in Travancore, a ruling Prince.

The life of a ruling Prince—busy and yet sheltered—was not conducive to the creation of a *sishya-parampara*. A good many of the musicians who adorned his court and the many distinguished visitors who flocked to see him recognised his genius and had the measure of his greatness. But they were too near him to evaluate his musical greatness objectively, as they were dazzled by his position and authority, and found it difficult to place him in his proper musical perspective.

But as the years rolled on, his achievement as a composer stood out, shorn of its princely trappings. It was a major edifice in its own right and echoes of it began to be heard outside the confines of Kerala. Its range was astonishing—from *Kritis* to *Upakhyanas*, from *Pada-Varnams* to *Tillanas*, from *Sthothras* to *Javalis*.

Some thirty years ago, the Government of Travancore (as it was then) founded in Trivandrum the Swathi Thirunal Academy of Music, an institution for the teaching of Karnatic music. Its first Principal was Gayakasikhamani Harikeshanellur Muthia Bhagavatar. Let us just call him Muthia Bhagavatar. Muthia Bhagavatar was an important composer himself and it was but natural that, living in Trivandrum, his attention should be drawn more and more to the compositions of Swathi Thirunal. He began the systematic collecting and editing of his works, publishing them in *Swara-Lipi*, bringing them to the attention of musicians wherever Karnatic music was heard and practised. It was a revelation. When Muthia Bhagavatar died, Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer took his place and has been carrying on the work that his illustrious predecessor started.

Altogether, over three hundred compositions have been unearthed so far. And I am told that they cover about 76 *ragas*. The vast majority of these are in Sanskrit; a good many are in Malayalam; some in Telugu; a few in Tamil and Marathi. Of compositions in Hindi, there are some forty. There are two *Upakhyanas*—and there are *Stothras*, *Prabandhas*.

In spite of all this, Swathi Thirunal's name is hardly known outside Southern India. I feel it ought to be known all over the country. Not only his name, but his music; the music even more than the name.

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One or two things strike me forcibly about the man and his music. I am not stating as an expert, much less as an authority. I have no such pretensions. I am saying as a lover of music. Other composers devote a life time to music, often a long lifetime. Music, and the pursuit and creation of music would be their only pre-occupation. But here was a person whose main vocation in life was to rule over a State—administer it efficiently and discharge his responsibilities to his subjects. To say that he was a great Ruler is not to pay him just an empty compliment. He undertook a revenue survey and settlement of the land. He appointed a Trade Agent at Alleppey, then the principal port of the State for encouraging trade with the outside world. He established the first hospital in the State; introduced vaccination; started an English school; founded a Public Library, an Observatory; organised a Government Press; rooted out corruption. In those days, we must remember he had complete responsibility. There was no legislature to advise him or help him.

To study music seriously, thoroughly and most conscientiously, to practise it assiduously, and then to attain the high professional standard to be able to compose it—in addition to the cares and task of ruling the State—this seems to me an incredible achievement, almost a miracle. And that miracle seems still more miraculous when you realise that he died at the age of thirty-four. We are often told that those whom the Gods love die young. How inscrutable are the ways of God! What would Swathi Thirunal have not achieved if he had been allotted a longer span of life?

There is one other thing which distinguishes Swathi Thirunal from all other Indian composers. I mentioned earlier the range of his creative activity—from *Kritis* to *Upakhyanas*, from *Pada-Varnams* to *Tillanas*, from *Sthothras* to *Javalis*. That does not define his range fully. He also composed *Dhrupads, Khayals, Tappas, Bhajans*. Yes, in the Hindustani style. The Bhajans are the largest in number. There are about 25 of them; then come the *Dhrupads*, about seven. Three *khayals* are known and two *Tappas*. He not only studied Hindustani music seriously, but mastered it sufficiently to compose in it. Hindustani musicians adorned his court. Some were resident. Others visited him as regularly and frequently as Karnatic musicians did. They came from the Punjab, Oudh, Bengal, Banaras and Poona. Travelling in those days was not easy. It was like an adventure. The railways had not come into being. Roads were primitive.

One last word. We are inclined to think of composers as temperamental, may be slightly neurotic, introverted; and princes in terms of pomp and circumstance. Swathi Thirunal was different. He lived a simple, almost a frugal life for a Prince. He was generous to a fault, gentle, courteous. Music to him was an apparatus of worship. Lord Padmanabha was his real preceptor. "All that I write, whether poetry or music, centres round God", he once said. "This is an act of faith with me. Music is not worth its name otherwise." And that sums him up admirably.

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# Is Pasteurization Beneficial?

*Pasteurization of milk is becoming increasingly popular. There is a school of thought which holds that on the whole it is not as beneficial as it is claimed to be.*—Ed.

NEWMAN TURNER

MILK is blamed as the main means of transmitting tuberculosis to man, on evidence so thin that no true scientist would accept it.

But so few scientists are now operating independently of the vast vested interest in human and animal disease, that the voice of the few free true scientists seems hopeless against the big money of manufacturing monopolies.

But let us assume that the health of the community demands tuberculosis-free milk.

Is it right that in order to ensure the death of a few tuberculosis bacilli we should endanger the lives of the majority of our children, who depend upon the vitamins and the highly beneficial lactic acid bacteria of milk both of which are destroyed by pasteurization?

Nobody would deny that the deliberate destruction of the natural vitamins and beneficial bacteria of a child's only item of food would be a criminal act were it the primary objective of pasteurization. That it is the undoubted result and total effect of milk pasteurization makes it equally criminal. For it lays every child reared on that milk open to untold degenerative ailments in later life.

It is, in fact, highly probable that the dread infantile paralysis is the result of insufficient natural food, of which *fresh* milk is the most important to the younger members of the community, who are the main victims of the disease.

The destruction of tuberculosis bacteria by pasteurization of milk also destroys a major part of the very means of resistance to other diseases.

At the West of Scotland Agricultural College, while I was a student there, experiments were conducted at the Auchincruive farm to test the value of pasteurized milk as a food for calves.

Sixteen calves were born one after the other, and placed alternately as they came, odd numbers in one group, even numbers in the other. For three months these two groups were fed, one group on pasteurized milk, the

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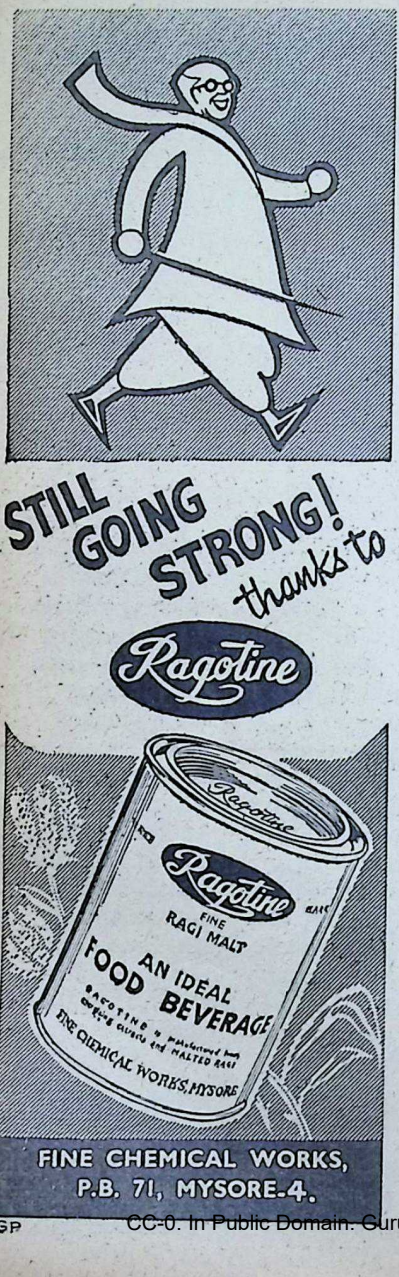


other group on raw milk: In every other respect both groups were treated exactly alike.

All the raw-milk-fed calves completed the trial in vigorously thriving condition. The group which received only pasteurized milk told a sad story. All were either ailing or dead at the end of the trials. Two were dead before the end of the first month; one had to be removed from the trial to save its life; a fourth died on the 92nd day of the trial—that is, two days after the official end of the trial.

This should have been sufficient to convince the most hardened food tamperer of the harmfulness of pasteurization, and I remember thinking at the time, though I had something of the scientific outlook of the student who generally thinks it better to treat a thing than to leave it alone, that we should hear no more of pasteurization, at any rate as far as milk was concerned.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes carried out even more convincing experiments over a period of five years. 750 boys were given pasteurized milk as well as other food, and during the period there were 14 cases of tuberculosis. Another 750 boys were given raw milk for similar period of time, and in every other respect were treated identically with the boys who were drinking pasteurized milk. Throughout the five years in the raw milk group there was only one case of tuberculosis, of which milk was not a cause.

The fact is that once milk is pasteurized it is well known to be an ideal medium for the development of all kinds of pathogenic bacteria, and

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of course we all know how many opportunities there are for milk to become contaminated in its journey between the pasteurizing vat and the human stomach.

In Montreal in 1927 an intensive campaign for pasteurization was being fought by the doctors and the machinery manufacturers when there was an outbreak of typhoid. Five thousand and fourteen cases were reported and 488 died. *All* the dead were consumers of *pasteurized* milk.

There is much against pasteurization, then, from the point of view of human and animal health. What about the cost?

No visitor to the Dairy Show can have failed to be impressed by the array of machinery for the treatment of milk. The display of cows is minute beside it. No unusual imagination is required to visualise the vast labour force which is required to manufacture and use this machinery—all an expense to the community, for in addition to the bare cost of this organisation for the treatment of milk, the makers of the machines, the investors in the undertakings, the distributors and the retail salesmen all have to take a profit before the dairies start their pasteurizing. And they don't heat the milk for nothing!

It is clearly, therefore, a matter of commonsense that this expense could be better devoted to more constructive methods of achieving tubercle-free milk, with far happier results to everybody except the people who gain from the manufacture of the machinery, the monopoly of the vast pasteurizing enterprises, and the ill-health which de-natured food ensures.


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Veto Company, Madras.

The points at which to start getting tubercle-free milk are our farmland and the cow that grazes it. My own experience that cattle diseases are merely the result of our methods of management, applies as much to tuberculosis as to any other disease, and is being confirmed beyond doubt in the experience of farmers in all parts of the world.

Every week I get letters from farmers in widely divergent conditions who have tried my methods of animal disease prevention and cure, and who express delight that at last, without expenditure on vaccination or costly medicines, they are bidding goodbye to cattle diseases of all kinds.

Organic methods of managing the soil and livestock provide the simple solution.

Over the past eighteen years it has been clearly demonstrated time and again that animals fed on the fresh whole produce of soil manured exclusively by organic means do not get disease if they are also reared and fed as naturally as possible.

This, surely, is the constructive answer to tuberculosis both in cattle and in humans. Let some proportion of the huge cost of manufacturing and using pasteurizing machinery be paid to the farmer to encourage him to produce tubercle-free milk and bottle it on the farm before it can become contaminated.

The only reason that tuberculin-free milk is not already the only milk produced by the farming community is because the price has not been sufficiently attractive. Yet the country is involved in a colossal expenditure on pasteurization, which comes out of

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your pocket and mine and goes into the pockets of that small but powerful section of the community which benefits from the destruction of one of our staple foods for children.

Further, let the farmer for his part give up the unnatural exploitive methods which bring disease to his cattle and bring upon them the blame for human diseases such as tuberculosis.

Let us stop poisoning our soil with the by-products of the chemical industry.

Let us stop tearing the remaining life from our soil by forcing it without feeding it.

For the produce of such blasphemous soil management cannot be expected to keep either our cattle or ourselves in health.

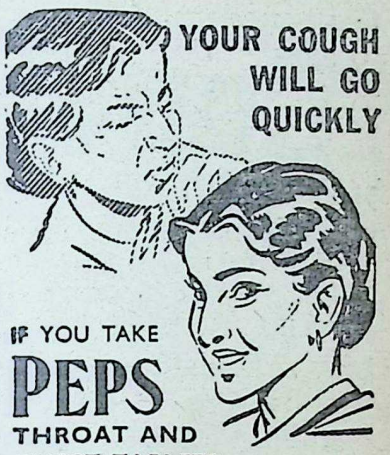
Neither you nor I would expect to live vigorously on chemical tablets. Why should we expect our crops to do so?

Let us stop also depriving our calves of their natural food a few days after birth. Nature provided in the cow's milk ingredients about which we know little, that were intended for the calf for some months of its early life, to lay the foundation of a healthy future life.

Of course, disease is inevitable if we try to substitute this natural foundation of health, with manufactured calf foods, however attractive and milk-like may be the name under which they masquerade.

Then the nation may be saved the cost of cooking our milks, and our children may be allowed the fresh unprocessed food which is their right.

[Courtesy: *Fitness*]

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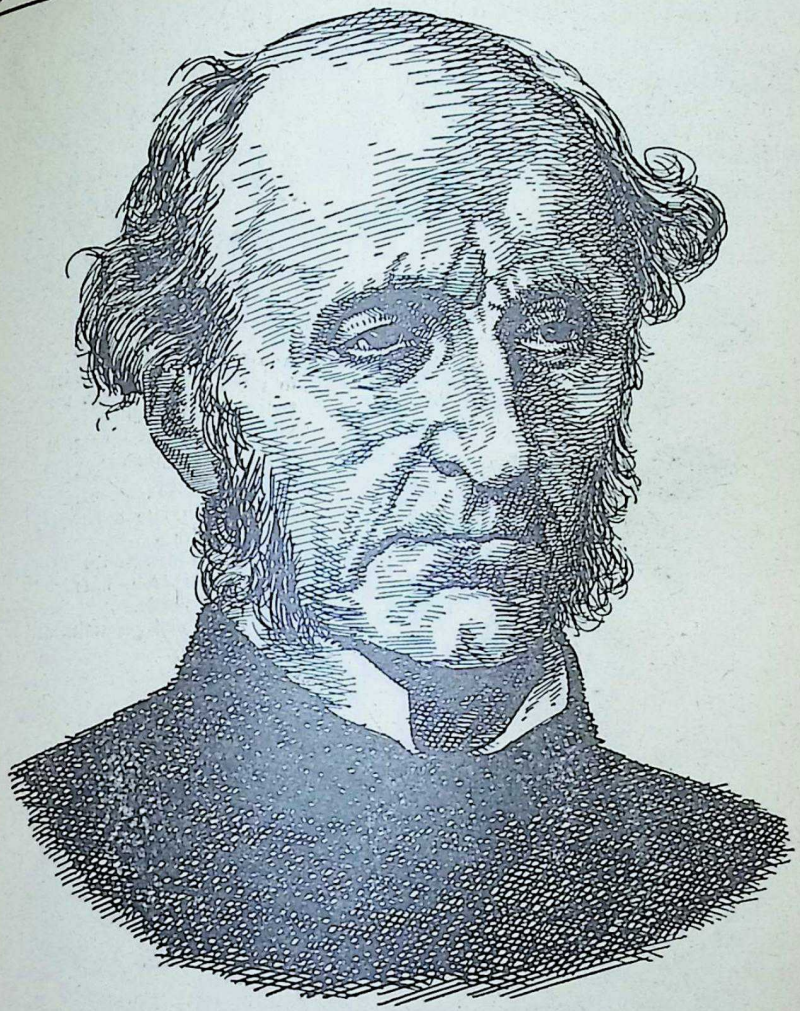

JOHN STUART MILL

[b. May 20, 1806; *d.* May 8, 1873]

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—Arthur T. Hadley

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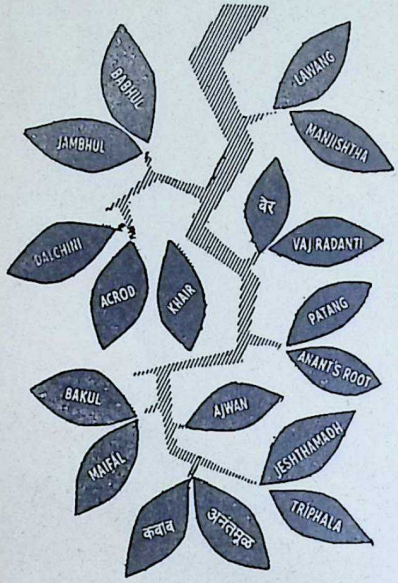


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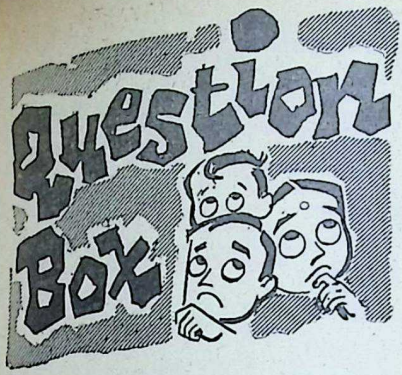


ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1079

Sri Manohar R. Ghorpade, Sandur.

Q: *Is there any restriction on chanting Gayatri Japa without Upanayanam? In what way are Yogas helpful in meditation?*

A: *Upanayana* is a ceremony to mark the transition of an ordinary boy into the stage of *Brahmacharin* or a celibate student. The stage of *Brahmacharya* was considered a very important one in the life of an Arya when he would live with his *guru* to study the Vedas. *Gayatri* being a Vedic *mantra*, it was prescribed that only after a man becomes a *Brahmacharin* he should recite it.

The religious significance of *Brahmacharya* having largely disappeared, *Upanayana* is only a ritual by which a boy is initiated into reciting the *Gayatri*. But even without *Upanayana*, if a man feels the urge, he can recite the *Gayatri mantra*.

The highest stage of yoga is *dhyan* (meditation) and *samadhi* (creative concentration); they are part of *yoga*.

1080

Sri D. Ramaswami Reddi, Proddatur.

Q: *What is the meaning of the term Yoganidra? Is it possible in the wakeful state?*

A: *Yoganidra* is generally applied to a state of mind in which the conscious mind is merged with the Absolute. It is a wakeful state in the sense that it is not sleep.

1081

Sri A. G. Swamy, Golmuri.

Q: *Can anyone remember his past lives or have an idea of his future? If 'Yes,' who can?*

A: Many persons have claimed that they have had recollections of their past life. I have seen only one case in which a child had narrated the story of its early life and which proved true. Many astrological books give the idea of the future life of a man. But I have not seen the man who has an idea of his future life, and even if he has, there would be no criterion by which his idea can be tested.

1082

Sri Sampath Kumarachar, Melkote.

Q: *"Sanskrit is India and India is Sanskrit"* (Bhavan's Journal, *Annual Number* 1962). *How?*

A: Because the whole of our culture is derived from Sanskrit and owes its inspiration to it.

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1083

Sri K. B. Ramachandra, Dharwar.

Q: *Is reading religious books to be preferred to meditation? Does spiritual knowledge enhance the intelligence of a student?*

A: Reading religious books is an aid to meditation. If for some reason you cannot reach the stage of meditation, you may continue to read religious books.

Spiritual knowledge is not possible without intelligence, study, meditation and an effort to realise God.

1084

Sri V. Rama Sharma, Pydiparru.

Q: *Why do people immerse Vinayaka idols in water in the end?*

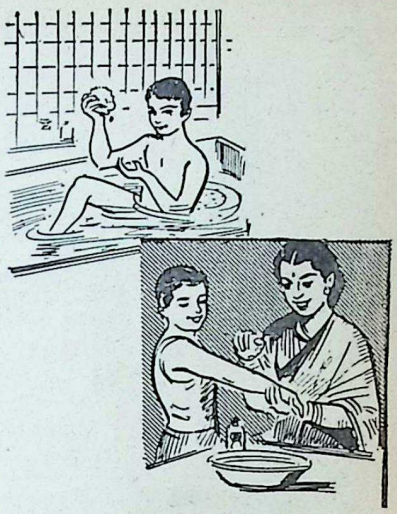
A: Vinayaka idols are made of mud and intended only for temporary worship. If they are kept for long, they would be broken. It is, therefore, necessary to immerse them in water to prevent the idols which have been worshipped from being desecrated.

1085

Sri M. Narayana Nayak, Mangalore.

Q: *Is there any means of proving the existence of God?*

A: You cannot prove the existence of God; you can only experience it. As reason is not a sufficiently powerful instrument to know, feel and experience God, it is necessary to develop *prajna* or highly developed intuition for the purpose.



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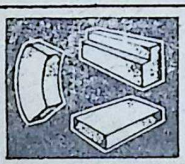

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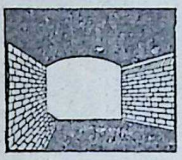

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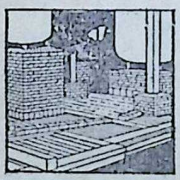

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**... We have a rule that students should attend 75% of the lectures, but the university itself encourages their evasion (upto a limit) by accepting payment for the missing percentage in attendance....**

# Academic Disquiet in India Today

Dr. H. J. Taylor

STUDENT unrest is a problem not only of this country, but of many others. In recent years it has come frequently into the headlines. In some countries student agitation has even been one of the main factors in overturning unpopular Governments and changing national policies.

In our own country students have not played a large part in purely political matters, at any rate since independence. But there has been a very great deal of interference with the administration of colleges and universities. There have been instances in which universities have had to be closed for a time as a result of student agitation. In the University of Gauhati it was direct action by the students which was the immediate cause of the appointment of a commission of enquiry, and these events are still fresh in the public mind. Student strikes, especially perhaps in the Calcutta area, have become a very common feature of college life. In some places these occur frequently, and often force the closure of colleges.

## NATIONAL LOSS

All this is extremely disquieting, and there is no question that the consequent decline in the quality of education is a serious national loss. It is not merely that valuable time is lost in strikes and disturbances. We already lose a great deal of time in unnecessary holidays and other ways.

The insidious thing about student strikes is that they destroy that relationship between student and teacher without which good education cannot be carried on. The old Guru-sishya relationship has no doubt passed away, but it enshrined values which are necessary in all true education. The student must have respect for the teacher, respect not only for the teacher's knowledge and intelligence, but also for his integrity, character, and authority.

I know a college where, not long ago, the students imprisoned their Principal in his own office for many hours, and everyone knows of similar incidents. It is difficult to see how there can be any reputable education at all in a situation where such things are possible.

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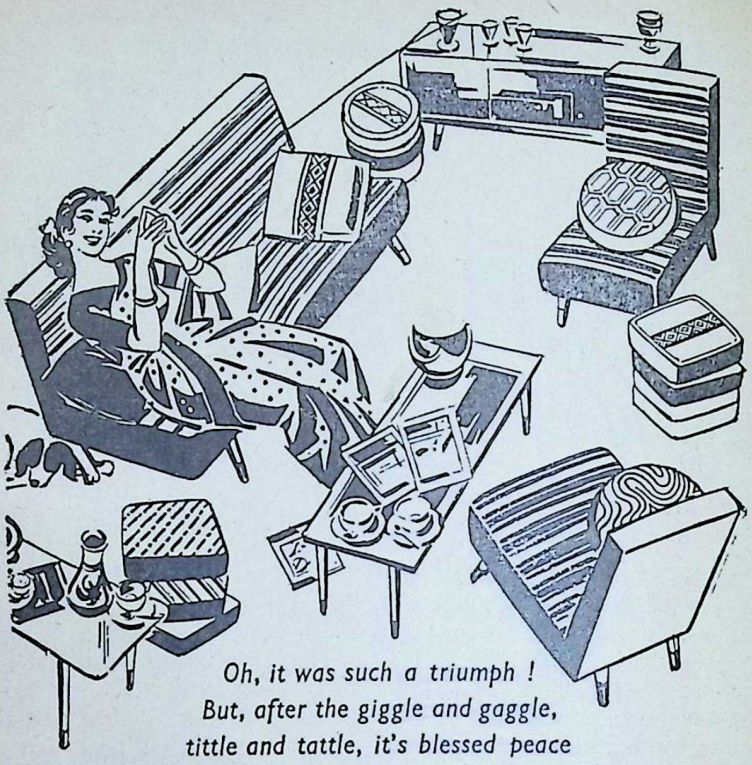

*Oh, it was such a triumph !*
*But, after the giggle and gaggle,*
*tittle and tattle, it's blessed peace*
*now—and in peace she recalls the few genuine purrs*
*of admiration in the medley of 'miaows'—"Darling,*
*what a lovely vase, perfectly divine !*
*And that sofa, just too . . . too . . ."*

*Yes, they had envied the elegance, the good*
*taste, the delightful comfort of it all . . . Dunlopillo.*

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One of the basic causes of all this, as it seems to me, is a decline in the concept of what education is. Sir Maurice Gwyer, a distinguished former Vice-Chancellor of Delhi, once expressed this by saying that the chief fault was that degrees were looked upon as having an intrinsic rather than a symbolic value. These wise words are worth pondering.

What after all is education? Why do you go to a university at all? Is it simply to buy something for money, or is there a deeper purpose? If the university is a kind of shop, where degrees are on sale for money payments in the form of fees, one can understand that student should try to get them as cheaply as possible, with the minimum expenditure not only of money, but of time and energy, even if it means bullying the shopkeeper.

## NO HIGH IDEAL OF EDUCATION

Many of our universities cannot escape criticism from this point of view. They have made the mistake of not developing and encouraging a sufficiently high ideal of education. One of our oldest and most reputable universities once put it on record in a Senate resolution that the sole purpose for which parents sent their sons and daughters to colleges was to pass the university examinations. This view is disastrous, and the resolution passed, fortunately, into well-merited oblivion. Examinations, however important, are nevertheless secondary to the main business of the university. The real purpose is that students should grow not only in knowledge, but in wisdom, understanding, maturity of judgement, and character. This purpose is very rarely acknowledged, and still more rarely put into effect. There is little doubt that if the universities embodied a worthier concept of education, with higher standards and fuller integrity, they could claim and hold the loyalty and respect of their students to a far greater degree than at present.

Some universities come nearer to the ideal than others. It would be invidious to name them, but the universities in India which have the most developed concept of education are also the one which have least trouble with student indiscipline. It may perhaps seem strange to speak of a need for fuller integrity in the universities, but there are still university practices which are very much open to question. Let one example suffice. We have a rule that students should attend 75% of the lectures delivered, a rule, incidentally, that lends itself to large-scale evasion. But the university itself encourages this evasion by permitting students to default on their attendance upto a limit, provided they pay for this privilege with an extra fee. In effect the university sells the missing percentage to the student for a cash payment. Ethically this practice is indefensible. It does not differ in principle from the sale of indulgences which at one time became such a scandal in the Western church. If integrity and character training are part of the university's task, we must see to it that the standards of conduct in the university itself are above suspicion.

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## TRAINING IN DISCIPLINE

I also see a need for a more deliberate training of students in discipline and good manners. Authority must be respected. Rowdyism and intimidation are simply wrong, and should not be permitted. Students quite properly have views, and possibly grievances, in regard to many university matters, and a wise university will provide legitimate channels through which these may find expression.

Students are often faced with a university decision which they dislike, or with which they disagree. Their present response, far too often, is to attempt by every means, sometimes violent means, to subvert it. Many students have still to learn that the proper answer to a question is sometimes 'no'. Many have not learnt the art of accepting a decision loyally, even if they disagree with it. All this is part of character training. No organisation can exist unless its members agree to abide by decisions properly and constitutionally made, regardless of their personal opinions, and this is certainly true of a university.

Moreover, university administration is not within the province of the students, an obvious statement which is nevertheless frequently overlooked. University authorities should certainly make their decisions with due wisdom and deliberate care, but they should be sufficiently strong and independent to be influenced by threats and disturbances. I have put all this very plainly, but in the present context some plain speaking is not out of place.

The introduction of N.C.C. training as a compulsory element in university education should have a salutary effect on general discipline. The N.C.C. has of course a military aspect, but its primary virtue from the standpoint of the university is its effect on character and discipline. There is reason to expect, as a result of this step, a very perceptible improvement in smartness, courtesy, and what we may call academic good manners. So, far from N.C.C. training having an adverse effect on studies, I believe that a more disciplined generation of students will be able to cope far more effectively with their academic work. One may then hope to produce graduates with the knowledge, energy, and character adequate to the immense tasks that will face them as they go forward into the service of this great country.

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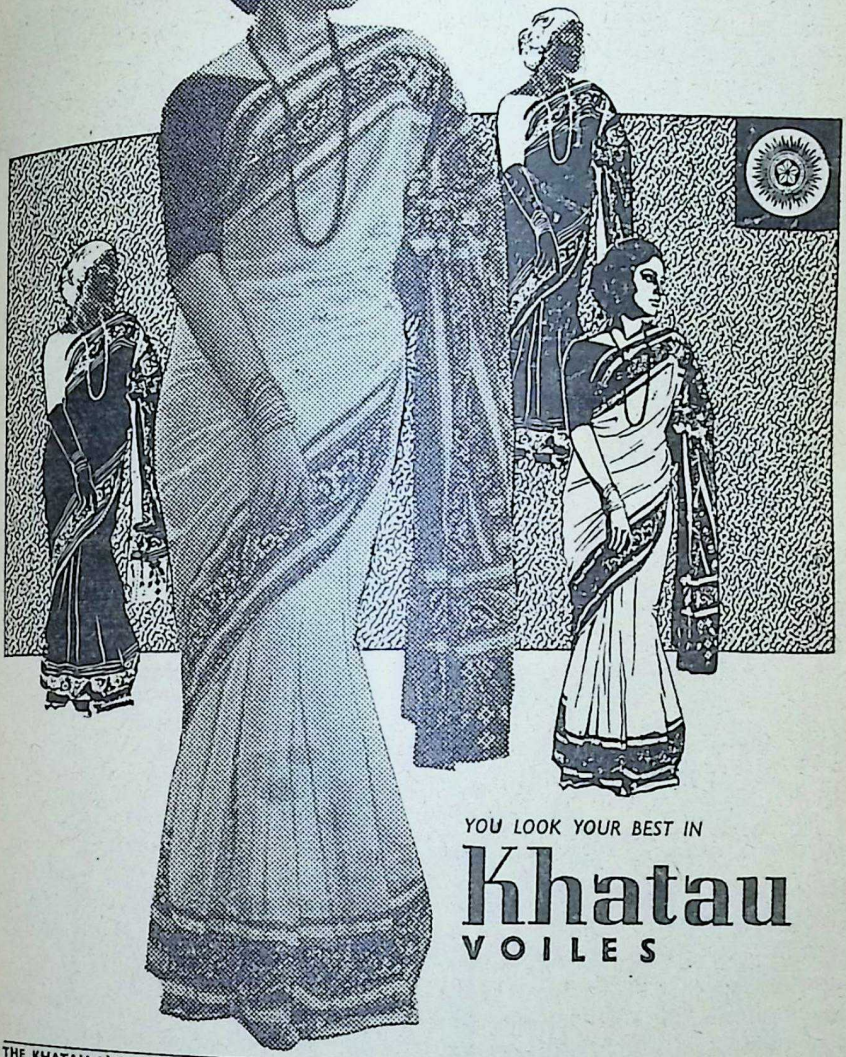
any time ...
any place ...
any occasion ...



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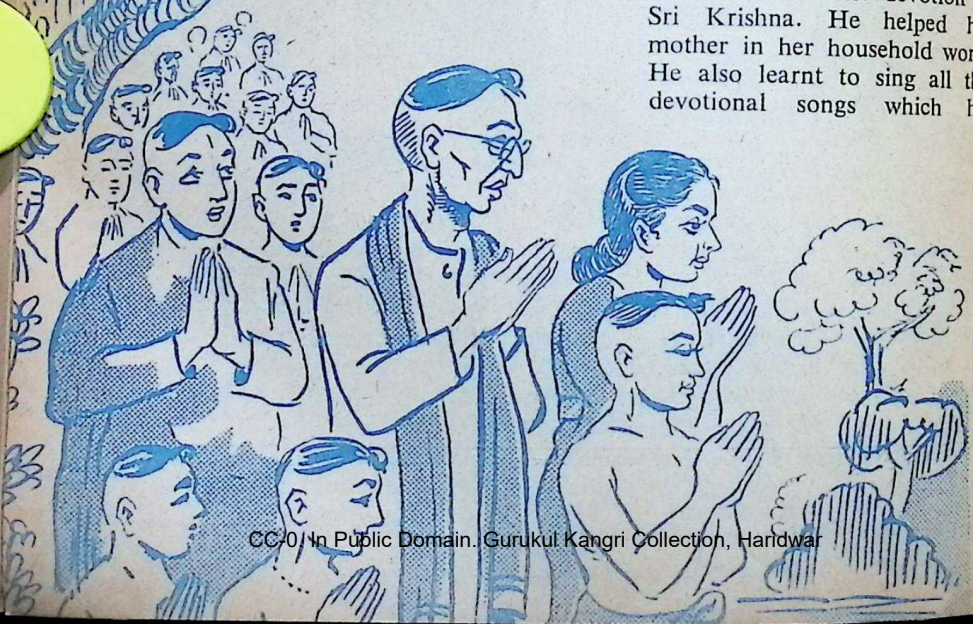
# GOPU THE SIMPLE

GOPALAN—'Gopu' for short—was the only child of his mother Parvati, and lived with her on the slopes of the Western Ghats in Kerala. His father had died soon after his birth and the family was poor, supporting itself on the yield of a small fruit grove and a couple of cows. Parvati was devoted to Sri Krishna, and she carried out in her daily living the great ideals of purity in thought, word and deed, doing everything as an offering to the Lord. Because of this, she was respected all over the country-side.

No wonder Gopu who grew up in this atmosphere imbibed unshakable faith in God and intense devotion to Sri Krishna. He helped his mother in her household work. He also learnt to sing all the devotional songs which his



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mother used to sing not only at prayer times, but at all times, even while her body was fully engaged in routine duties.

When he had nothing else to do, he would go to the village nearby and play with the children. Even while at play he would sing the devotional songs to the delight of his playmates.

**Prof. R. Srinivasan**

A school was opened in the neighbouring area one day and the children of the neighbourhood became pupils in the school. Young Gopu also wanted to attend the school, which was located some seven miles away by road; but through a jungle foot-path it was only some furlongs off. He told his mother about it; but attending a school meant paying school fees and buying books and finding means of transport to the school and so on and all this needed money of which they had very little. The mother, however, found a way out. She called on the Headmaster of the school, who knew Parvati for the purity and selflessness of her life, and he said he would be glad to take Gopu as a free scholar and also provide the books free of cost. Her joy knew no bounds.

There remained the problem of sending Gopu to school every day. Parvati knew of the short-cut and escorted the child herself through the jungle for the first few days; and thereafter Gopu having got used to it went by himself. But lest he should feel lonely or get dispirited on the way she told Gopu that if he felt the need for a companion any time or was uneasy in any way he could call on his elder brother Kittanna.

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Gopu did not know that he had an elder brother, but if mother said there was one, he felt it must be true. So he immediately accepted her word and felt sure that his elder brother would look after him.

Passing through the jungle one morning, Gopu felt he would like to meet his elder brother Kittanna. So, he called out for him. Immediately Kittanna stepped from out of nowhere. He resembled exactly the picture of Sri Krishna in Gopu's mother's *puja* alcove. He was cloud-coloured, clad in yellow silk, wearing a garland of variegated flowers round the neck and peacock feathers in the head and with a flute at his lips from which there came the sweetest melody that Gopu had ever heard.

Kittanna spoke to his young brother, explained that he had been too busy with other work and had not therefore come before, but whenever Gopu thought of him and called him, he, Kittanna, would be by his side.

And chatting thus, Kittanna escorted Gopu to the end of the jungle path and left him there. Thereafter they used to meet off and on and chat like old friends.

Gopu was overjoyed at finding such a delightful brother, a brother who seemed to know Gopu's very mind and anticipated every thought of his; a brother who loved his mother as dearly as Gopu himself, a brother who appeared as if he was Sri Krishna himself and yet was intensely human and a true elder brother.

At the school it was the custom to start the day's work with prayers. When Gopu joined the school his companions were happy and sugges-

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ted to the master that Gopu might sing the prayer as he knew many nice songs. Gopu was asked to lead the prayers; Gopu did this and from that day became the leader at the daily prayers.

Gopu used to carry a packet of curd-rice every day with him for his midday meal at school. One day, while accompanying him along the jungle path, Kittanna asked for a taste of the rice he was carrying. Gopu gave him a handful, and Kittanna tasted it, said it was ambrosia itself and he had tasted nothing sweeter than that curd-rice.

It happened that that day one of Gopu's friends had forgotten to bring his tiffin with him and Gopu therefore offered to share his food with the boy. But when they opened Gopu's packet they found not only curd-rice but also two pieces of sweets in it. The boy took one, found it delicious and told others about it and so a small crowd gathered round Gopu asking for sweets. Gopu looked into his packet, and there were two more. He gave one each to two boys, and still there were two more in the packet; and thus it went on, the packet giving enough sweets to provide for all of Gopu's schoolmates and still two were left for Gopu.

Gopu in his innocence and undoubting faith in Kittanna took all this as natural. His faith in his mother was immense and it never occurred to him to question in his mind how the small packet yielded so many sweets.

Gopu's idyllic young life, walking through the jungle with the cloud coloured Kittanna, leading school prayers, and working at his studies, thus went on. There came an occasion when the birthday of the Headmaster's only son was to be celebrated. The whole school was planning to celebrate it as a grand occasion, with presents for the child, and a feast for all the people in the locality. Every pupil was bringing a present for the child but Gopu did not know what to do, for his mother was poor, and she could not afford a present to be given to the child. He, therefore, just let the matter rest there.

Yet, going to school on the birthday, he felt a tinge of disappointment, for everyone would bring a present, everyone except Gopu. And then what should happen but that Kittanna should come before him! Seeing Gopu's clouded face, Kittanna

## A NEW FEATURE

**India is now faced with an unprecedented crisis both from outside and inside. At this juncture our people, particularly of the younger generation, have to be reminded of their glorious heritage; their sense of nationalism has to be set aflame that we may come out victoriously from the emergency.**

**Nothing can do it better than making them, in the first instance, recapture the spirit of India's great heroes and martyrs, sages and saints who, by their feats of arms, love of humanity, devotion to truth, steadfast idealism and splendid self-sacrifice are beacon-lights unto the world.**

**"Triumph of Truth" will be the first instalment in this series and it will appear in the next issue.**—*Ed.*

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asked him what the matter was. And when Gopu explained the position, Kittanna smiled away Gopu's worry. "I will give you a present to be given to the child, such as no one ever gave before; and you will find that that strange present will be the most valued one at the festivities to-day", said Kittanna, and gave Gopu a small earthen pot of curds.

Gopu took the pot of curds with him and left it among the other presents. By and by there came the time for the feast, leaves were laid, and then it was found that the curds had not arrived. There were hurried consultations and some people went away to buy the curds. Meanwhile, it was getting late; and one boy who had noticed the pot of curds Gopu had brought, suggested that his curds could be used to start the feast. This was immediately acted upon, and someone fetched the earthen pot brought by Gopu. The cook poured out the curds into the vessels meant for the purpose. And then the miracle happened. Vessel after vessel was filled with curds from Gopu's midget-sized pot, but still the pot was full of curds, curds most deliciously sweet, curds such as no man or woman had ever tasted before. Wherefrom such curds came, no one could say, but the pot was always full, however much it might be drawn upon.

After the feast the boys gathered round Gopu and asked him where he got the marvellous pot; the Headmaster too asked him and Gopu truthfully said that it was given to him by his elder brother as he came through the jungle. But everyone knew that Gopu was the only child of the family, so they decided to trace the miracle-making elder brother, and Gopu offered to show them his elder brother on the jungle path where he used to meet Gopu.

So the crowd, Headmaster and teachers and boys and villagers, all went to the jungle. Meanwhile Gopu's mother, hearing of the miracle also came there.

Gopu called for his brother, but at the first call Kittanna did not turn up, nor at the second, and his companions began to tease Gopu for inventing an elder brother. And Gopu wept and asked Kittanna why he was being let down in the presence of so many people.

And then, out of the blue there

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(Continued on page 80

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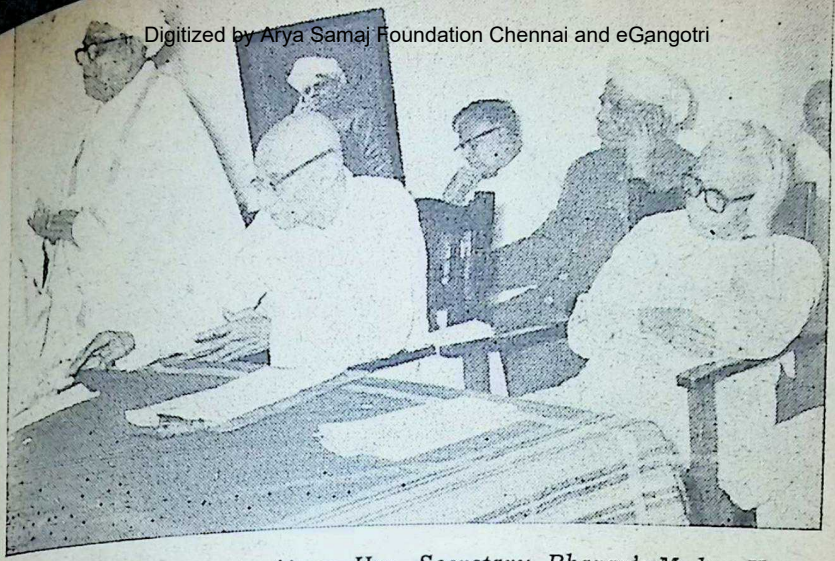
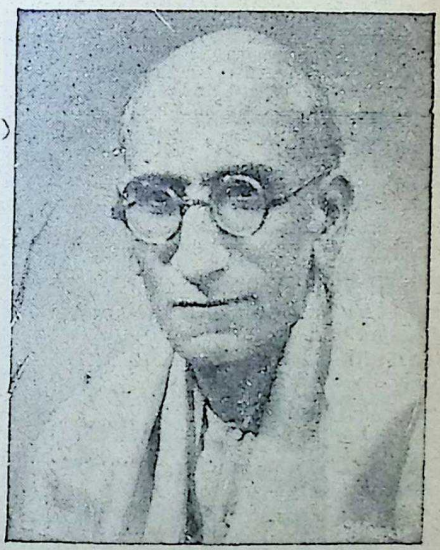


*Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyer, Hon. Secretary, Bhavan's Madras Kendra, replying to felicitations on his 71st birthday (see last issue, Notes & News). Besides Sri Rajaji who presided over the meeting, Minister M. Bhaktavatsalam, Vice-Chancellor Dr. A. L. Mudaliar and others are seen in the picture.*

# NOTES & NEWS

## *NEW HON. MEMBERS OF THE BHAVAN*

HON. MEMBERSHIP of the Bhavan was conferred on two distinguished sons of Bharat last month. They are Acharya Jina Vijayaji Muni, the great Orientalist and Dr. R.C. Majumdar doyen of Indian historians. The citation for the former makes reference *inter alia* that Acharya Muniji was a Founder Member and Hon. Director of the Bhavan from 1943 to 1954; he is the General Editor of the Bhavan's Singhi Jain Series of research publications of which 53 volumes have come out; that he is a Member of the German Oriental Society and awarded Padma Shri in 1961.



The citation for Dr. Majumdar recalls his association with the Bhavan as the General Editor of Bhavan's *magnum opus* "The History and Culture of the Indian People", his services to

*Acharya Jina Vijayaji Muni*

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*Dr. R. C. Majumdar.*

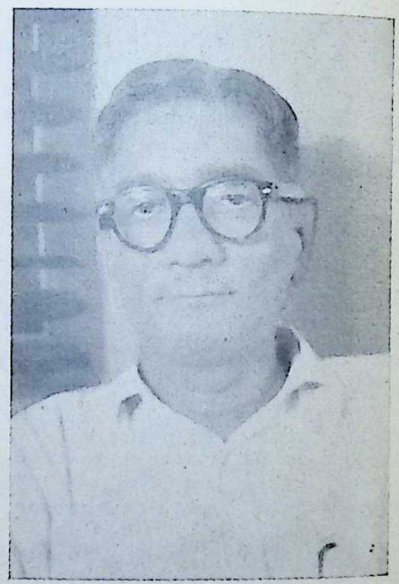
the cause of education as former Vice-Chancellor of Dacca University, as former Principal of the College of Indology of Banaras Hindu University and currently as Vice-President of UNESCO International Commission for History.

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, President of India, Sri C. Rajagopalachari, Dr. P. V. Kane, Sri S. K. Patil, Sri Sri Prakasa and Sri G. D. Birla, among the living and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Sir Chimanlal Setalwad and Sri Megji Mathradas among the deceased had received this honour in the past.

*LATE SRI B. H. RAU*

THE world of Indian journalism has lost a veteran worker in the sad demise of Sri B. Hanumantha Rau. He passed away in Bombay last month at the age of 65 after a brief illness. Unassuming, amiable and lovable, Sri Rau was extremely popular among his friends and colleagues. He had a rich and varied experience and achievements that are given to few, but he made light of them all. After a brief innings in Madras, Sri Rau migrated in his twenties to Bombay in the flood-tide of the Sadanand era but soon drifted from the "Free Press" to other waters *via* the "Chronicle" to the "Times of India" where he had consummated as its Chief Reporter by the time of parting from it in 1946. Sri Rau had been for a while Special Correspondent of the P.T.I. In the course of his work, he had won the confidence both of the official hierarchy and the great political leaders of India like Gandhiji. Later on Sri Rau was attached to the "Express", "The Bharat" and other Journals too. Lately the Bhavan's College of Journalism had the good fortune to have him on its lecturing staff in his last years. May we hope that the memory of such a veteran as Sri B. H. Rau will be honoured in a fitting manner by his many friends or even the institutions he sought to serve with such distinction?

May his soul rest in peace.



*Late Sri B. H. Rau*

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## A NEW CONCEPT OF THE THEATRE

WHAT a man thinks and what he is, must inevitably permeate all he writes and paints. What nations think and what they live for is mirrored in their films, drama, art and writing. They can inspire nations to greatness.

Recently Mrs. Anthony Quinn, wife of the actor Anthony Quinn, expressed a new concept of the theatre in interviews in Detroit.

"The theatre's basic purpose should be to challenge every member of the audience. Movies, plays, television, all have a moral responsibility, since whether we like it or not, they are definitely moulders of opinion," she said.

"There is the necessity for entertainment media to entertain, to grip the interest and fire the imagination."

"I move in a very sophisticated world, in which almost anything goes if it is amusing enough," she commented. "This is all very gay, but there is a dark side to this decadence." There are the rising number of suicides, mental breakdowns, alcoholics, drug addicts, the defeatist attitude of the beatnik generation.

"There is almost a revolt by audiences demanding bigger and better things from plays. The 'average' theatre leans toward decadent realism. It has dramatized problems, desperate situations and 'mud wading', until the playgoer wonders why he is alive!

"The 'will to win' seems to have gone from the theatre. It needs to be fired by a passion, and an ideology."

She said "the theatre can help us walk proudly and give the answers to why we are here."

*Sow. Sarada, daughter of Shri K. Natarajan, State Bank of India, Central Office, Bombay, was married to Shri S. Santhanam at Tirumangalam (Madurai Dist.), on February 6, 1963.*

## MODEL STUDENT AT 70

SRI VINAYAK BHIDE, a B. Com. of 1916, joined the Bhavan's Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya as a regular student in 1954 at the age of 62. During the nine years that he has been here, he has had a number of Degrees to his credit, viz. Gita-Vid, Kavyatirth, Sahitya Sastri and Vedanta Sastri, with a First Prize in Sahitya Sastri and another in Gita. He appeared for *Sahityacharya* last month and proposes next to appear for Gita-Visarad. His *Mahimnah Stotra-Anuvada* in Sanskrit and Marathi verse, published in 1958, is much appreciated. His Principal, Panditraja Dikshitar, highly commends him for his regularity and application and cites him as a "model student".

A lover of Yogasanas and walking exercise, he still retains the vigour of youth, even after crossing his 70th year on 2nd October last. Though him-

(Continued on page 80)

*Sri Vinayak Bhide*

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*STUDIES IN BENGALI POETRY.* By Humayun Kabir. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7. Price: Rs. 2.

MANY diverse influences have left their impact on the thoughts and emotions of the people of Bengal. A frontier province, it has had to face invasions, political upheavals, revolutions and dynamic social changes. Protestantism has been a characteristic of the Bengali people. Much of the earlier poets have been influenced by religious reform movements with a revolutionary social content. In this connection, Kabir analyses with great penetration the influence of the Buddhist *Dohas* and Persian religious and secular poetry on the earliest Bengali poets. After Buddhism, the impact of Islam was strongly felt. There developed an inter-mingling of Hindu and Islamic thought. Kabir rightly emphasises the impact of both Buddhism and Islam on the *Vaishnava* cult. This gave birth to the rich period of *Vaishnava* lyrics, expressing a love of mysticism like the *Bhakti* cult.

Alongside the sophisticated literature grew a folk literature, throbbing with life, expressing the joys and sorrows of the common people, their daily struggle for existence, and their dreams. They give a clear picture of society as a whole. It is interesting to note how even the gods and goddesses were humanised by the folk poets. Both Hindus and Muslims contributed in equal measure to create Bengal's rich treasure-house of folk poetry.

Kabir also shows how it ultimately degenerated into court poetry for the leisured classes.

The first half of the book provides interesting glimpses into the history of the growth and the variegated pattern of early Bengali poetry. It provides sufficient background material for readers not acquainted with Bengali poetry. The second half, covering the impact of the British conquest, is rather unsatisfactory. The politician and the social historian in Kabir triumphs over the professor of literature, as the survey of poetry seems to get lost in the presentation of the historical background. The ferment in the thinking of the Bengali intellectuals in the 19th century does not seem to have been presented with its full and dramatic impact. Nevertheless Kabir does note the significance of the birth of a revolutionary middle class in Bengal. He rightly characterises Michael Madhusudan as the first voice of this new class, and Rabindranath as the culmination of its development.

Kabir next analyses the disintegration that has taken place after Tagore. He points out clearly that it is the inevitable result of arrested development of years of alien rule. He explains the still persisting influence of feudalism and religious bigotry as factors hindering the growth of Bengali poetry in new directions. Kabir, however, fails to note the significant advance made in the remoulding of the Bengali language to meet the requirements of present-day emotional expression. This new path of development was really opened up by Rabindranath, but it has been developed further by the poets of today.

This weakness is clearly evident in the chapter on "Contemporary Bengali Poetry". The name of this chapter is misleading as it does not cover the present-day poets with whom Kabir himself has been closely associated in the recent past. Surely it could have been possible to add a new chapter incorporating his views on his contemporaries. Such a chapter would have added considerably to the value of the publication.

*Subrata Banerjee*

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*FAITH AND FRIVOLITY*. By Krishna Kripalani. Published by Malancha, 7, Allenby Road, New Delhi-1. pp. 218. Price: Rs. 6.

THIS miscellaneous collection of writings by Sri Krishna Kripalani covers a period, from 1932 to 1962, years packed with events of tremendous significance for India. The book includes an assortment of tributes, interviews, reviews, notes, pronouncements, musings, surveys and, inevitably, summings-up. They are not arranged in chronological order, but they hold together: they have been grouped under three heads: 1. Personalities; 2. Trivialities; 3. Frivolities. A graphic picture of India emerges out of these cameos of people and places. It is a neat little book of 218 pages, with no loose ends.

In the first section, "Personalities", we have, among others, two fine comparative studies: Tagore and Gandhi and, Nehru and Gandhi. His study of Gurudev and Mahatmaji, who have been mainly instrumental in our national renaissance and the struggle for independence, succeeds in being considerably more than a biographical essay in contrasting leadership. After effectively sketching the Indian background of the two leaders, Sri Kripalani probes into the roots of their temperamental and intellectual differences and finds "beneath their many differences... an affinity of spirit". "Both understood by Swaraj something far more positive than mere freedom from foreign domination. Both were jealous guardians of moral values", says the author. The respective viewpoints of Gurudev and Gandhiji are clearly contrasted with telling quotations. This article is a mature piece of writing. "Nehru and Gandhi" is certainly as thorough and fair a comparison as could be wished for. The author rightly refers to the fact that "Nehru has approached India via the West, Gandhi looks at the West with Indian eyes. The one influences India from without, the other changes her from within". It is a scholarly study with abundant new material. "Across the Oceans", a study of the famous Brazilian poetess, Cecilia Meireles, is a little gem. There is also a short and interesting study of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan in which the author speaks of his subject as being "a great reconciler of modern age."

In the second section, strikingly entitled, "Trivialities", we have the author's reflections on a variety of themes. Many of the articles in this section were first published in different magazines. The writing is excellent and the observation acute. Sri Kripalani's piece on "Civilization and Happiness" is one of the best on that elusive subject. On the Intellectual, on Democracy and Non-violence, on a Gandhi-ite and Santiniketan, the author's comments are intellectually exciting.

There is considerable earnest criticism in the third section, "Frivolities", a weekly review of current events during the year 1950-1951; there is also a generous measure of delightful scoffing and joyous spoof. This section should be read not at one sitting but intermittently as the fancy dictates. Sri Kripalani has the wonderful gift of laughing at the foibles of his fellowmen.

When Sri Krishna Kripalani criticises, he creates. *Faith and Frivolity* is everybody's meat. —*Prof. M. Y. Khan*

*THE GOOD DAY GIFT* (An Ideal Gift-book for all ages and Occasions). Published by Little Flower Co., Madras-17. pp. 456 plus xx. Price: Rs. 7.

BY means of this book the publishers are out to make *sthithaprajnas* for a nuclear age, out of us. Within the compass of 8 chapters and 16 appendices they have packed the cream of proven thoughts of a whole civilization that has withstood millennia. Here are some chapter headings: Piety and Selflessness; Health; Marriage; Family; Upbringing and Care of Child; Birth Control; Income and Expenditure and Ways of making life Fuller and Happier. The appendices cover *inter alia* social manners, spiritual enrichment, and practical hints for daily life. These

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are subjects—from the cradle to grave—which are not taught in schools and colleges these days but which nevertheless constitute the essence of successful living. Their treatment is by no means dull. Enriched by thousands of quotations and illustrations, the volume is a perennial source of delight and, of course, capable of ready encashment. Be he a businessman or bus conductor, bachelor or married man, administrator or agriculturist, lawyer or layman—each reader is bound to find plenty of material here to benefit by. The artistic get-up qualifies it for an admirable gift for all occasions.

—*Sri Ram*

## SANSKRIT

*SRĪ JNĀNEŚVARA CARITAM.* A Sanskrit Kāvya in 8 cantos. By Pandita Kshama Row, with an English translation by her daughter, Leela Row Dayal. Published by N.M. Tripathi Ltd., Princess St., Bombay-2. Price: Rs. 4.50.

THIS posthumous publication of Pandita Kshama Row's Life of Jñānadev is a beautiful biographical sketch or "Vijaya" in Sanskrit, of the famous poet-philosopher of Maharashtra. The authoress is too well-known to all lovers of Sanskrit, in India and abroad, through her published works of established merit such as the *Satyāgraha-Gīta,* Lives of Tukārām and Rāmdās short stories, plays, essays, letters, etc.

*Jñāneśvaricaritam* from the pen of so distinguished an authoress, born in the family of a renowned Sanskritist, is the crowning point of her literary career, which came to a close in her sixty-fourth year in 1954. Through this excellent biographical Kāvya on Jñānadeva, this daughter of Maharashtra has revealed the inspired and inspiring personality, life and achievements of the greatest Saint-poet and philosopher of Maharashtra to all Bhāratīyas. The chief merits of the Kāvya are its elegant diction, deep emotional fervour and fine poetic appeal. The


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narrative is faithful to the sources, and the characters are vividly and sympathetically portrayed. The pathos and poignancy of certain situations are very impressively brought out. The language is chaste and the presentation quite uplifting. The work is a fitting tribute to the illustrious Saint from a sincere and accomplished devotee of remarkable literary abilities within living memory. Some slight emendation of the text seems to be called for in a couple of instances (i, 2d; and viii, 12 c). The English translation has been carefully done.

*— Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

## KANNADA

*DAITYA BAALAKA PRAHLAADA.* By Sri R. S. Panchamukhi, Retired Director, Bombay Government Kannada Research Institute, Dharwar. Published by Parimala Research and Publishing House, Nanjangud. Price: Rs. 2.

SRI R. S. PANCHAMUKHI, the veteran Kannada research scholar, is one of the foremost exponents of Madhva Philosophy. His published works include an exposition of the Daasa Saahitya dealing with the saints who have enriched Kannada literature and music by their transcendental devotional songs. Here the author has focussed our attention on the lovely story of Prahlaada as narrated in that exquisite Purana bristling with devotion, the Srimad Bhagavata VII Skandha. He has narrated the stories in simple and chaste Kannada. The story happens also to be narrated with minor changes in the *Garuda Purana, Vishnu Purana, Vayu Purana, Matsya Purana* and the *Mahabharata* and our learned author has summarised them for the benefit of the Madhvas in particular and the Kannada-knowing public in general. The Parimala Research and Publishing House deserves the thanks of the Madhva public for having brought out this brochure. The printing is good.

*—Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*


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Any amount of thanksgiving to our several patrons who have helped us all these years will be but a poor expression of our feelings.

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## TAMIL

*JAYA JAYA SHANKARA.* By R. Ganapati. Published by Kalaimagal Office, Mylapore, Madras, 4. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS is a delightful biography of Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada written from the popular angle. It claims to no originality, nor research. Almost all popular legends are woven together and presented in the manner of an oration with zest and emotion. The great Acharya's philosophy too is sought to interwoven into the body of the story. While to scholars who have had access to the different versions of the *Sankara-Vijaya* the present work may strike as a youthful effort, it cannot fail to interest the uninitiated enormously. At all events it is a commendable effort.

—*Krishnananda*

## BOOKS RECEIVED

*ASIAN STUDIES:* (Special Number, Annual 1963). Edited by M. R. Sinha and published by him at Dhun Villa, Jaiprakash Road, Andheri, Bombay-58. Price: Rs. 8/-.

*CENTRAL RAILWAY ANNUAL 1961-62:* Edited and Published by B. Natarajan, Public Relations Officer, Central Railway, Bombay-V.T. Price: Re. 1.50 nP.

*THE STORY OF THE TESTS:* (Vol II) by S. K. Gurunathan. Published by Sport & Pastime, Mount Road, Madras-2. Price: Rs. 5/-.

*GANDHI FACES THE STORM:* By Gene Sharp. Published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad-14. Re. 1/-.

*THE KENA UPANISHAD:* Introduction and Translation by M. R. Desai, Gokhale College, Kolhapur. Re. 1.

## NOTES & NEWS—*Contd.*

self a member of the Reception Committee of the last session of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, he still worked as a volunteer, which speaks for his love of work.

We wish him a long career of usefulness to society and pray that his example be a source of inspiration to others.

*BANGALORE KENDRA*

THE Bangalore Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will celebrate Bhavan's Silver Jubilee on June 8th and 9th this year with a public meeting. H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri, Sri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar, Governor of Mysore and Chairman of our Bangalore Kendra, Sri S. Nijalingappa, Chief Minister of Mysore, Sri Nittoor Srinivasa Rau, Chief Justice of Mysore and others will participate in the celebration.

The high-lights of the programme are symposium on 'Re-integration of the Indian Culture' and a Sanskrit Drama.

## GOPU, THE SIMPLE—*Contd.*

stepped out Kittanna, cloud-coloured, wearing yellow silks and a garland of many flowers and with peacock feathers in his hair and a flute at his lips, and dancing on the hood of a serpent.

And everyone prostrated before the Lord. He blessed them. He also explained that it was because of the purity and devotion of Gopu and his mother that He had manifested Himself before them. He had not responded at first because the others present were not pure and devoted enough to have *darshan,* but when his young *bhakta* again appealed to Him, He had to come.

And so saying, the Divine Lord smiled at them and melted back into the sky.

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Advs. & Prs., Bombay-34. Mg. Ed.: J. H. Dave; Associate Ed.: V. A. K. Ayer.
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# HAVAN'S OURNAL

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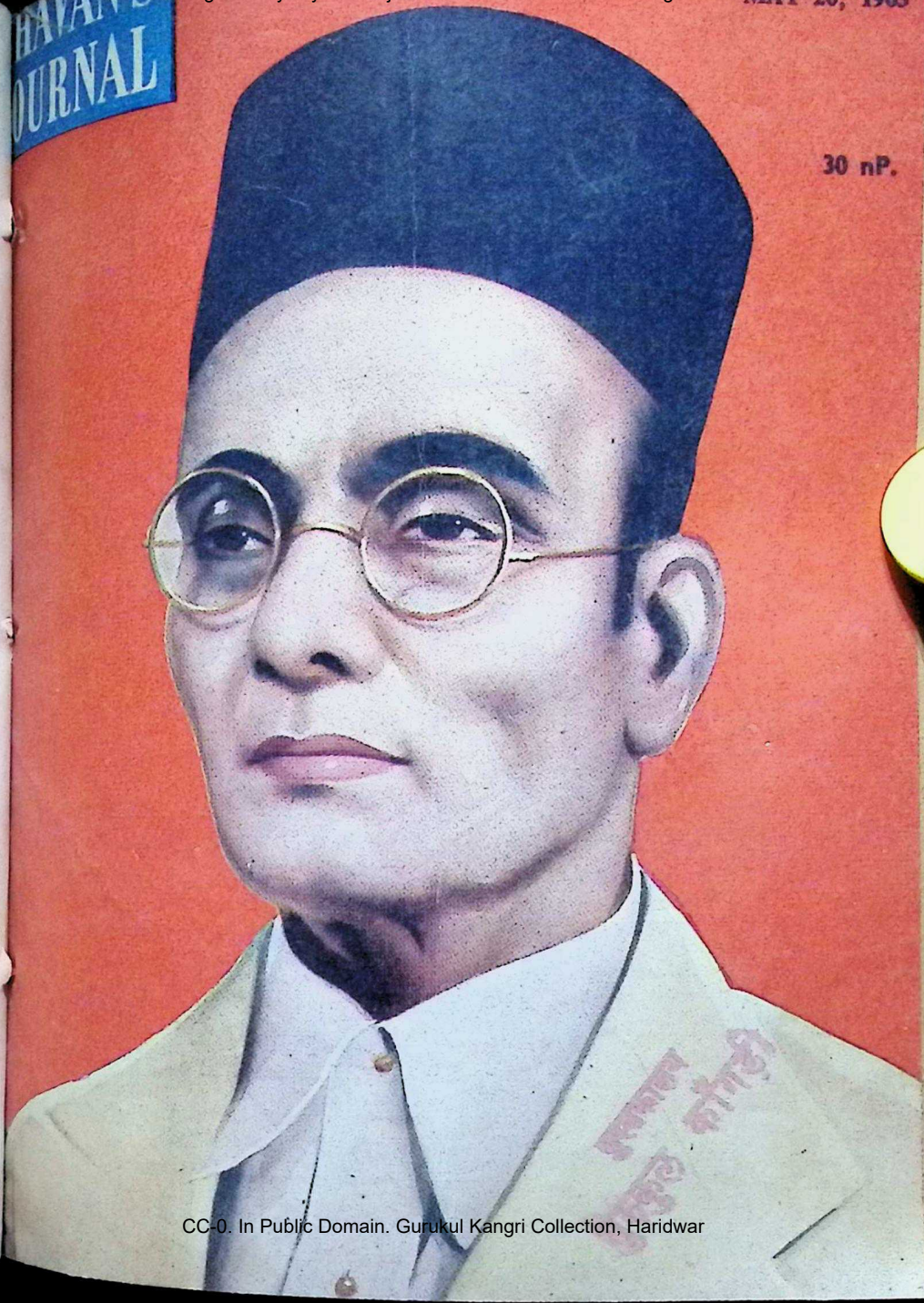

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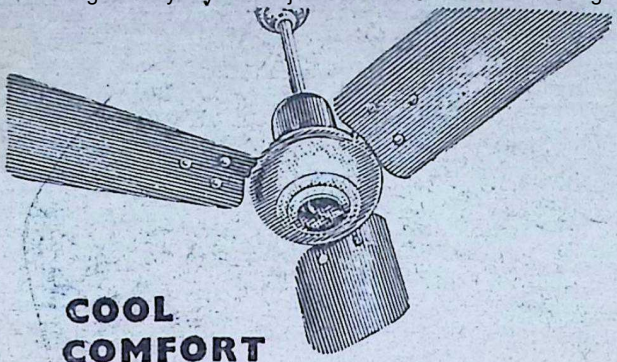

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MAY 26, 1963

FORTNIGHTLY

# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

*Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture*

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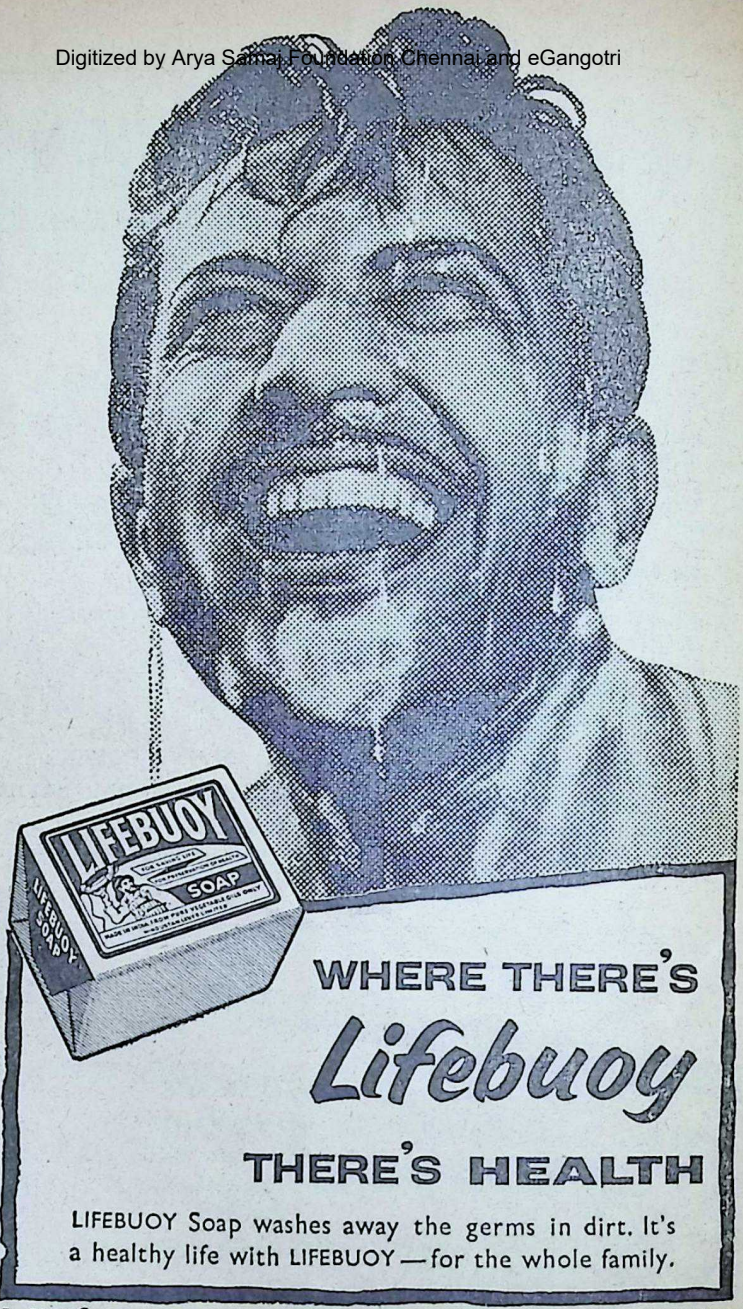


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# Stand firm beside our Jawans . . .

. . . for it is their action, their courage, their sacrifice which protects our way of life. Let us be firm in our resolve to keep our personal effort and contribution to the national cause vigorously alive and active. Vigilant discipline is the need of the hour—not only in the greater things but in the everyday controls which lift us from laxity and carelessness.

*Determinedly avoid unnecessary expenditure and extravagance; forego luxuries which we know are superfluous • Ceaselessly wage our war on waste in all and any form—in the office, in the home, at all times. • Support the appeal for Defence Funds to the fullest extent continuously. • Give our gold in the country's Service—for gold is a vital sinew of our national strength and stability*

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

## OUR RELIGION

सत्यं बृहद् ऋतम् उग्रं
दीक्षा तपो ब्रह्म यज्ञः पृथिवीं धारयन्ति।
सा नो भूतस्य भव्यस्य पत्न्युरुं लोकं
पृथिवी नः कृणोतु॥

Truth, great Law that is stern, consecration, austerity, prayer and sacrifice (ritual), these uphold the Earth.

May that Earth, the mistress of our past and future, make a wide world for us.

—*Atharva Veda*, XII 1-1.

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 284

# EMERGENCY AND THE SENSE OF PARTICIPATION BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND THE LEADERSHIP

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
MAY 26, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

WE cannot successfully meet a National Emergency like the present one without large sections of our people developing a sense of participation in the sacred task of vacating the Chinese aggression.

In my last Letter, I drew attention to the fatal drawback of the Great Revolt of 1857. The revolt collapsed because there was no sense of identity between the leadership and the people.

Even after 100 years spent in developing a national attitude and winning a great national struggle, we have not learnt to be fully responsive to a national emergency.

Within a few months of the Chinese aggression, the emergency consciousness in the country has become dim. Even the old disintegrative tendencies have been resurrected.

The recent attempt of the taxi drivers in Bombay to foment civic and industrial unrest was reminiscent of the old days when Bombay was the cockpit of Communism.

On the Krishna-Godavari river dispute, members of some Legislatures and even of Parliament angrily attacked the Centre as if it was an alien government. Some others, not to be left behind, sometimes spoke about neighbouring States as if they were hostile countries.

The calculated discourtesy shown by some Members of Parliament to the Head of our State; the deliberate defiance of the rulings of the Speaker; the gleeful attempts to burn the Official Languages Bill in the precincts of the Parliament; open threats in Parliament of whipping up coercive agitation if the Languages Bill was not amended to one's likings—these are dangerous portents.

Those who indulge in such reprehensible behaviour do not seem to realise that they are endangering de- in the country.

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Let there be no mistake about it; such action will lead to a loss of both.

The fall of democracy and the rise of dictatorship in many parts of the world in recent years was the direct outcome of the irresponsible behaviour of the parliamentarians.

On the Hindi-English controversy, some extremist groups express themselves as if national unity was of no account and a parliamentary decision was the fiat of autocratic alien power.

In 1950, the Founding Fathers, after long deliberations, decided that Hindi and English should be associate languages of the Centre, till English is no more needed. The date 1965 was the expression of a hope, not an unalterable bar. Now the Hindi extremists want to impose Hindi on the whole country immediately and exclusively by legislative coercion. The protagonists of the anti-Hindi movement demand that the Part of the Constitution dealing with Hindi should be deleted. Both sides are threatening coercive demonstrations.

What a pity! Learning, teaching and spreading of Hindi was one of the 13 points of Gandhiji's famous constructive programme. Beginning from the 'thirties, several hundred thousands in non-Hindi areas, particularly in the South, took to the study of Hindi as an essential patriotic duty. Hindi was then a badge of one's love for the motherland.

The extreme Hindi protagonist is blind to the impracticability of imposing Hindi as the sole Official Language. The anti-Hindi-ite cannot shake off the delusion that English can remain an Official language for all time to come. Both want to promote disruption.

The Bill as it has emerged from the Parliament is the only wholesome compromise suited to the situation. The clamour against it only indicates that certain sections of our people have no sense of accommodation on which alone national unity is based.

●●●

It is equally imperative that the leadership should make every intelligent citizen feel that he is taking part in the national endeavour at some level or the other. And yet there is a strong feeling in the country that the people have no place in the structure of power in the country.

It was easy in the old days to create such a sense of participation when there was religious identity or feudal kinship between the ruler and the ruled. Our own times, however, are different. Now, the organisation of the society has become complex. Governmental control has necessarily to be exercised by vesting considerable power in relatively few people. This creates the problem of participation more difficult.

A government in a country of the size of India, cannot be run without large-scale bureaucratic apparatus, but its functions are ordinarily unintelligible to the average citizen.

Our planners, who take decisions without consulting the sections of the people affected, remain to the ordinary citizens an esoteric body, whose discussions are understood only by specialists.

All important decisions in matters relating to defence, foreign affairs or

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budget, are made by experts guided by two or three ministers who dominate the Cabinet.

These difficulties must be faced. It must be realised that arbitrary power cannot be exercised by the leadership, however well-entrenched or omnipotent, in terms of what *it thinks* as the common good. Such exercise does not evoke a sense of identification. It leaves the people cold and sullen.

In normal times when there is no serious threat to national existence, economic development may become, if properly planned and imaginatively implemented, a factor for creating a sense of identity. Popular response can be evoked, among other things *firstly,* by extending the base of political discussion; *secondly,* by expanding consumption and thereby creating a sense of sharing in the development; and *lastly,* by increasing educational opportunities enabling rising generations to participate in the wider life of the community.

Things, however, are different when there is a national emergency, as at present. Such a situation requires that political power be firmly held by the central leadership; that consumption be restricted so as to concentrate economic resources on defence preparations; that even education be re-oriented to the needs of the moment. The ordinary avenues for establishing identity consequently remain more or less closed.

At the same time, relying upon these exigencies of the moment, the leadership cannot abdicate its primary duty to foster a sense of participation in the public mind.

The need of the hour is that the Government and the governed should feel and act as one. Unfortunately, there exists a gulf between the two. What is worse, it is widening.

The attitude of the Congress leadership is mainly responsible for this unfortunate situation. Its attitude towards the people is paternalistic, invariably contemptuous of criticism. In this respect it is not much different from the colonial power which ruled over us in the pre-freedom era.

Yet, there is a difference. The British power was afraid of popular resentment. Our present leadership, supported by regimented groups in the Parliament, becomes responsive to popular public opinion only when it is faced by coercive demonstration.

The leadership has not been able to establish an ideological identity with the people. The reason is simple. Many of the ideological formulas which are enforced on the behavioural and psychological pattern of life do not evoke the sub-conscious urges of the people. The national genius does not find them intrinsically acceptable.

Even the so-called 'autonomy' in the Congress is a myth. It operates on the lines of the 'democratic centralisation' known to Communist organisations.

Take the Congressmen themselves. How many of them honestly believe in Socialism? How many of them would support it, if they were not under the inescapable necessity of playing to the tune of Panditji in order to retain their position and power?

If one reads the debates of the last

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A.I.C.C. meeting, one would think that it conducts a war not against the Chinese, but against the Opposition parties. People who swear by co-existence in the international sphere are intolerant of co-existence of different views in the country itself.

It is this claim of monopoly of patriotism and wisdom which bars the way to mutual understanding.

Intolerance breeds intolerance. It broadens differences. It introduces bitterness, making people feel that the emergency is the concern of the leadership and no one else's in this country.

○○○

Even the elections do not establish a common political climate between the leaders of the contesting parties and the electorate. In fact, caste and other traditional loyalties dominate the voting pattern. Inter-caste rivalries are pursued under pseudo-political labels. Peasant-proprietors and even landed aristocrats vote for Communists for caste reasons. Landless labour vote for ex-rulers out of traditional loyalty. And still, a fairly large section of the rural India—and womenfolk in particular—vote for the Congress under the belief that it is Gandhian—a cruel myth with which the Congress leaders assiduously propagate for the benefit of the illiterate and the credulous.

A sense of identity would have been created between the people and the leadership—

If it had taken them into confidence when the first Chinese intrusion took place in 1954;

If, instead of 'bhai-bhai-ism,' which everybody laughed at, it had prepared the country to face the Chinese aggression;

If the spontaneous patriotic fervour stirred up by the Chinese aggression had not been thwarted by studied attempts at preaching a supra-national point of view.

This sense of participation is not created by logic, for there can be always more than one logical point of view.

It can only be created if the urge to vacate the Chinese aggression is kept undimmed. But unfortunately, it is blunted by rebuking or pouring scorn on people who want the leadership to take a firmer attitude towards the aggressor.

The sense of participation will burn bright if the dangers of Communism as a way of life are presented to the people in its true colours. In fact Communism is a negation of all that India stands for—its tolerant traditions, its democratic instincts, its social habits, its religious and spiritual values. But care is taken by the Congress leadership to see that the Communist way of life is left uncriticised. Nay, more. Efforts are made to impress the people that it is not disruptive of our way of life.

Above all, a strong sense of identity can be created by evoking the

**The decline of military skill in Rome dates from the time when science and talent were despised, and only those gained distinction, who knew how to please the authorities.**

**—Machiavelli in 'Art of War'.**

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**Men may be inexact or even untruthful in their everyday matters of life; and suffer as a consequence only the disesteem of their associates, or the inconveniences of unfavourable litigation, but an untruthful soldier toys with the lives of his fellowmen. So it is not a matter of pride but one of stern disciplinary necessity that makes 'West Point' require of her students a character of trustworthiness that knows no evasions.**

—D. Baker in 'West Point.'

mystic of nationalism with all the means at the command of the government. If this is done, it will generate integrating and cohesive forces, ensuring intensive support to the government. It would encourage sacrifices.

But our leadership is shy of appealing to nationalism. Its eye is still fixed on building up an illusory Afro-Asian bloc. The leadership has not learnt a lesson. It looks as if it does not want to learn it.

A sense of participation will grow only if common dangers and common loyalties are made the basis of a common understanding between the political parties and different groups. This consummation, however, can only be achieved if the policies of the leadership touch the chords in the people's heart, transcending politics.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

---

*Great is the fight! Thou art fighting for thy liberty, for thy peace. Remember God: call upon him to help thee. He is beside thee in the fight.*

—Epictetus

## MY DOCTRINE OF LEADERSHIP

A Cabinet is not a debating society. It is an instrument of decision. And this is where I think the job of a prime minister comes in particularly. He has got to collect the voices of his Cabinet.

He's also got to some extent to reflect the views of his party. He's also got to some extent to reflect the views of the country as a whole. That does not mean he does not lead, but he leads in such a way, if he's wise, that he carries either his party, or his country, or his colleagues with him.

—Earl Attlee

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# GOD SPEAKS

MY child, it is not necessary to know much to please me; it is sufficient to love much. Speak to me as thou wouldst to a father if he drew near.

Are there any for whom thou wouldst pray to me? Repeat to me the names of thy relations, thy friends; after each name add what thou wouldst have me do for them. Ask much, ask much; I love generous souls who forget themselves for others.

Tell me of the poor thou wouldst relieve, the sick whom thou hast seen suffer, the sinners thou wouldst have converted, those who are alienated from thee, whose affection thou wouldst regain.

Are there graces thou wouldst ask for thyself? Write, if thou wilt, a long list of what thou desirest, of all the needs of thy soul, and come and read it to me.

Tell me simply how proud thou art, how sensitive, egotistical, mean and indolent. Poor child, do not blush; there are in heaven many saints who had their faults; they prayed to me, and little by little their faults were corrected.

Do not hesitate to ask me for blessings for the body and mind; for health, memory and success. I can give you all things, and I always give, when my blessings are needed to render souls more holy.

Today what wilt thou have, my child? If thou knowest how I long to do thee good! Hast thou plans that occupy thee? Lay them all before me. Dost thou wish to give pleasure to thy mother, to thy family, to those on whom thou dost depend? What wouldst thou do for them?

And for me? Hast thou no zealous thought for me? Dost thou not wish to do a little good to the souls of thy friends who have perhaps forgotten me?

Bring me all thy failures, and I will show thee the cause of them. Hast thou not troubles? Who has caused thee pain? Tell me all. And wilt thou not end by adding that thou wilt pardon and forget?—and I will bless thee.

Wilt thou go at once to do a kindness to the companion who has hurt thee?

Dost thou dread something painful? Is there in thy heart a vain fear which is not reasonable, but which is tormenting thee? Trust thyself wholly to my care. I am here. I see everything. I will not leave thee.

Hast thou not joys to be made known to me? Why dost thou not let me share thy happiness? Tell me what has happened since yesterday to cheer and console thee. An unexpected visit which did thee good; a fear suddenly dissipated; a success that thou thoughtest thou wouldst not reach; a mark of affection, a letter, a gift which thou hast received? I have prepared it all for thee. Thou canst show thy gratitude and give me thanks.

Well, my child, go now; take up thy work; be silent, humble, submissive and kind; and come back tomorrow, and bring me a heart still more devout and loving. To-morrow I shall have more blessings for thee.

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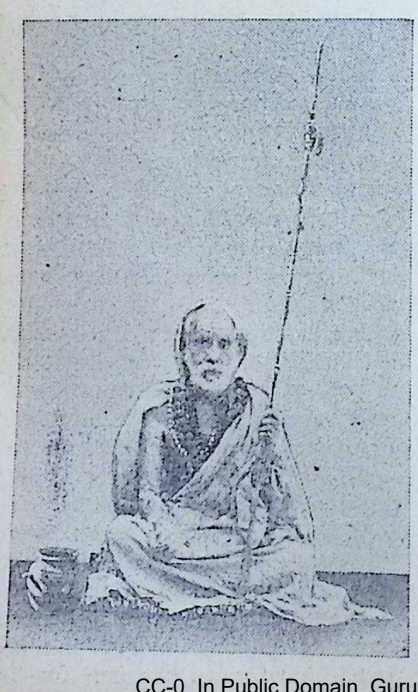
*...Everyone should ponder seriously and analyse the root-cause for the widespread corruption, deceit and falsehood...*

# how to eliminate corruption

**H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi**



THE glorious land of Bharata Bhoomi was famous for the virtuous life its people had practised from the distant past.

Megasthenes, who accompanied Alexander the Great has paid high encomiums to the exemplary life of Indians.

He reports that they practised honesty in business dealings and truthfulness in every walk of life. There was no corruption, bribery or fear of thieves.

Just as there has been a gradual deterioration in the artistic excellence of our artisans, there has also been deterioration in the morals and character of our people.

Everyone should ponder seriously and analyse the root-cause for the widespread corruption, deceit and falsehood, which have become pronounced in our country particularly in recent times, say within the last 10 or 15 years.

Periodical elections have a corrosive influence on the morals of the people. Even honest men are forced to resort to malpractices. If these are necessary evils of democracy in our country, long before the advent of foreign rule, there was an ideal democratic system of Government based on some kind of elections. Lichavi where the Buddha was born had such a form of Government. Even in Tamilnad in the days of the Cholas and the later Nayaks, we had Grama Sabhas, popularly elected bodies, which looked after most of the needs of the villages leaving only major functions to the

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*...Indiscriminate multiplication of wants is not at all necessary to lead a happy and contented life...*

central authority. There was thus an ideal form of decentralised administration prevalent in the country.

To elect members of the Grama Sabhas, they had a system of drawing lots, under which everyone of the villagers would write down the names of those who he thought were men of character and knowledge, best-fitted for the office. By drawing the lots before a deity in a temple, the persons were elected.

All the vices and corrupt practices which mark present-day elections are due to the fact that votes are canvassed for a particular candidate set up by a political party. To win at the polls at any cost, all kinds of deceit and fraud are being practised. The men at the helm of affairs are easily the best but even they have to resort to many questionable tactics to prevent power getting into the hands of others which they do not consider to be in the interests of the country.

It is surprising that our present-day rulers do not bestow sufficient thought to the rise of these evils in our society as a result of the present system of elections.

Our Government makes all-out efforts to raise the standard of living; this only increases the people's wants and causes rise in the cost of living. Indiscriminate multiplication of wants is not at all necessary to lead a happy and contented life. I would very much like the Government to take steps that would make the people revert to their old, simple and economic living, giving up many of the luxuries that have made their way into their daily lives in recent years.

**The fate of a nation is doomed if corruption poisons its life in every sphere. . . .**

**We must elevate the simple life to the status it has enjoyed in Gandhian and pre-Independence days. It is the 'standard of life' that has corrupted and is corrupting our souls. . . .**

**There is hope if the young men and women of our country vow to live simply, and to be honest under any circumstances, and in any employment. Education is of no use if this dedicated spirit does not crown the acquisition of useful knowledge. Rectitude and rectitude only can save us. Hope thus rests on the restoration of faith in God, and even this must be given by Him. May He give us that faith in His mercy and enable us to save our dear motherland, which does not deserve the fate that overhangs it.**

—C. Rajagopalachari

If one has faith in our religion he must believe in the existence of God everywhere. He must be aware of the fact that the all-pervading God is watching him always. This constant thought will deter him from the evil path.

The basic tenet of Hinduism is the prayer for universal welfare: *Lokah samasta sukhino bhavantu*:

Let the all-knowing and all-merciful God bless everyone of us to lead honest and truthful lives.

[From his valedictory speech at Tanjore]

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# The First Instalment

*PLEASE be Thou, Mother! to acknowledge this little Service of Thy children.*

*Boundless is our indebtedness to Thee! Thou chose us to bless and suckle us at Thy breast!*

*Behold! We enter the flames of this consecrated Fire today. The first instalment of that debt of Love we pay.*

*And totally a new birth there and then will we immolate ourselves over and over again till the hungry God of Sacrifice be full and crown Thee with glory.*

*With Shree Krishna for Thy redoubtable Charioteer, and Shree Ram to lead, and thirty crores of soldiers to fight under Thy banner.*

*Thy army stops not though we fall!*

*But pressing on shall utterly rout the forces of Evil and Thy right hand, Oh Mother, shall plant the golden Banner of Righteousness on the triumphant tops of the Himalayas.*

—Sri Veer Savarkar

[From the author's *An Echo from Andamans*

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**S. Ramachandra Aiyar**
*[Chief Justice, Madras]*

# a challenge to our culture

IT has been said that the tendency of an Indian is to glorify the past. The criticism to my mind is more cynical than appropriate or realistic.

A nation like ours which has given to itself and switched on overnight to a constitution unique in several respects, with a guarantee of certain fundamental rights to its citizens, establishing a sovereign democratic Republic with adult suffrage which many countries were hesitant for a very long time to experiment with, its bold programme of planned economy and its equally bold attempt to establish a socialistic pattern of society in a vast country, can hardly be said to be one which is content with glorifying the past.

The dynamism of our people is such that even an emergency does not suspend our efforts towards their ideal and in that direction. Political idealism, economic improvement and advancement in scientific and technological fields do not render it necessary to forswear traditionalism and religion.

On the other hand, a happy blend among them could undoubtedly make the world much better than what it is.

Religion purports to lead us to the truth of Reality. The goal of science is the same but it is more mundane. Religion cleanses the mind and thoughts of man; modern science has demonstrably failed in this.

On the other hand, its advancement in a particular direction threatens to bring about a nervous collapse of humanity; it even threatens its extinction.

Scientific thoughts have undoubtedly made phenomenal progress during the past few years in almost every direction. In medicine, in the art of healing, in the technological field as much as in the attempt to rip open the mysteries of outer space, the advancement has been remarkable.

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Side by side with them, and some time even in preference to them, it has advanced in the forging of weapons of mass destruction. The progress and the easy talk in this direction is frightful.

Some years ago a Tamil journal published a cartoon where a dog was portrayed as taking its young one to a museum. Both of them came up before an encased skeleton of man which was unfamiliar to the younger one. On being asked, its parent described it as a two-ledgged animal which once wielded power by sheer intelligence and which by that very intelligence annihilated each other and became extinct!

You have got legends to the same effect teaching the moral in our *puranas*. What is it that can save humanity from such a crisis? Only a bold attempt to canalise the path of man. Religion fulfilled that purpose in all countries and in all ages till now. There is no reason why we should neglect it as mere traditionalism.

Our ancients have left us a priceless legacy of culture and of civilisation and we would be doing a great deal if we only preserve them.

But before we can talk of these higher things, we should attend first to what stands at our doorstep. Years of foreign rule and exploitation have left us an undernourished, underdeveloped and emasculated nation. Dirt, disease and poverty and unemployment were rampant in the country. The policy of divide and rule by our erstwhile rulers have left a legacy of linguistic, regional and communal controversies. They were unknown to this country before and indeed antagonistic to its culture. These were indeed a challenge to our leaders and they have faced them with a courage and determination, the result of which we see in the all-round progress made during the comparatively short period of about 15 years.

Before that good work could be completed, our country has had to face a danger from a rapacious neighbour whose very ideology is a threat to all that we hold sacred and for ages we have been holding as sacred. The transgressions committed by the Chinese threaten our very existence, our ideals and the pattern of life to which we are wedded. The threat is more insidious than a mere domination; it is the threat of tyranny by a closed society to individual freedom and indeed one that will result in the suppression of human thought and personality.

There can be no doubt about our answer to it as indeed there can be no doubt as to the outcome of the struggle. Justly and naturally enough, the entire nation consisting as it does of men of diverse language and religion have exhibited an upsurge of emotional unity unparalleled in our history.

That ultimate victory will be ours is certain. We have the necessary mettle. Recent events have shown that we have the united will for the purpose. In the Ayodhya Kanda of *Srimad Ramayana*, Sri Rama puts certain questions to Bharata relevant to an ideal government. He asks:

**कच्चित्सर्वेऽनुरक्तास्त्वां कुलपुत्राः प्रधानतः ।**
**कच्चित्प्राणांस्तवार्थेषु संत्यजन्ति समाहिताः ॥**

(*Ayodhya*, 100-34)

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"Are the people attached to you, the king, the State absolutely? Are they attached to your work? Are they prepared to lay down their lives for them?"

That question is a universal one and translated in the context of modern events, I have no doubt that the answer of one and all of us will be in the affirmative.

That shows that first and foremost our loyalty should be to our State, i.e. Bharat, loyalty to our constitution.

You should give your earnest support for all that our Government is doing in the establishment of a welfare state, where every one is expected to fulfil the high destiny of man and you should even be prepared to lay down your lives for the cause that our country stands for and for that which it is now engaged to preserve and protect.

Times of crisis test the worth of man.

## TO STUDENTS

It cannot be denied that the very purpose for which young men come to the university is for obtaining a training for getting into a favoured and honoured class of graduates of the university, the intelligentsia of the country. You must maintain standards and observe rules of conduct and cultivate habits so as to be worthy of the recognition that you are shortly to obtain. I would like you first and foremost to abjure flippancy and frivolity. You should respect our age-long institutions; you should realise that our society is built on a code prescribed by men of experience, by seers and sages who overflowed with love for mankind. You should also take full advantage of what a college affords for your mental and moral improvement.

There exists an impression in many that modern system of education results in superficial knowledge in many subjects and depth in few. Perhaps there is some justification for the criticism. But whatever the faults of the system may be, it should be the endeavour of the teacher and the taught that memory, the power to retain what is taught or studied, the capacity to concentrate, should be developed. One expert on education told me that learning the classics by rote between the ages of seven and twelve develops memory power. You should cultivate the power of expression and of well-informed conversation.

One of the essential needs of the educational career is discipline. Unfortunately things are not as good as they should be. It is difficult to understand why students should adopt trade union methods; why in our country where the student sought his teacher as an embodiment of divinity, where we have stories like of Ekalavyan, they should show disrespect to a teacher. Indiscipline among students is a menace to the community and it requires to be tackled as such. Causes for such indiscipline are said to be many. But it is agreed that the cure for it lies in greater emphasis being laid on instruction in ethics and morals.

It is said that the wider facilities for education now given makes the student take things easy and the diver-

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sions accessible to students have a corrupting influence. But these tendencies can be checked as there are two potent influences to afford the necessary corrective. The first is the teacher whom the student by instinct respects and if he is a man of worth, idolises. The second is the strong family ties in the student. But it is a matter for regret that reports are not infrequent that some teachers themselves are at the bottom of the mischief. When I say this I do not have in mind any particular institution or teacher. In such cases the root cause should be removed. Equally important is the need to prevent influences outside the academic sphere interfering with students. The teachers should be experts on the subjects they deal with; they should show an enthusiasm and not indifference. Secondly the spread of education has brought into the student world occasionally some with a parentage not comparable to others in the moral plane. Their progress should be particularly watched and greater attention should be devoted to them. But a large part of the responsibility naturally lies on the students themselves and I have no doubt that they who should be aware of it will curb all evil and fissiparous tendencies.

[From his speech at Madurai on February 25, 1963]

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*In temptations and tribulations a man is proved how much he hath profited; and therein is his merit the greater.*

—Thomas a'Kempis


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# Individuals

H. H. Po

(Continued fr issue)

HUMAN society can be neither well-ordered nor prosperous unless it has some people invested with legitimate authority to preserve its institutions and to devote themselves as far as is necessary to work and care for the good of all. These, however, derive their authority from God, as St. Paul teaches in the words, "Authority comes from God alone." These words of St. Paul are explained thus by St. John Chrysostom: What are you saying? Is every ruler appointed by God? I do not say that, he replies, for I am not dealing now with individual rulers, but with authority itself. What I say is, that it is the divine wisdom and not mere chance that has ordained that there should be government, that some should command and others obey. Moreover, since God made men social by nature, and since no society can hold together unless some one be over all, directing all to strive earnestly for the common good, every civilized community must have a ruling authority, and this authority, no less than society itself, has its source in nature, and has, consequently, God for its authority.

But authority is not to be thought of as a force lacking all control. Indeed, since it is the power to command according to right reason, authority must derive its obligatory force from the moral order, which in turn has God for its first source and final end. Wherefore our predecessor of happy memory, Pius XII, said: "That same absolute order of beings and their ends which presents man as an autonomous person, that is, as the subject of inviolable duties and rights, and as at once the basis of society and the purpose for which it exists, also includes the state as necessary society invested with the authority without which it could not come into being or live.... And since this absolute order, as we learn from sound reason, especially from the Christian faith, can have no origin save in a personal God who is our Creator, it follows that the dignity of the state's authority is due to its sharing to some extent in the authority of God himself."

Where the civil authority uses as its only or its chief means either threats and fear of punishment or promises of rewards, it cannot effectively move men to promote the common good of all. Even if it did so move them, this would be altogether opposed to their dignity as men, endowed with reason and free will. As authority is chiefly concerned with moral force, it follows that civil authority must appeal primarily to the conscience of individual citizens, that is, to each one's duty to collaborate readily for the common good of all. Since by nature all men are equal in human dignity, it follows that no one may be coerced to perform inferior acts. That is in the power of God alone, who sees and judges the hidden designs of men's hearts. Those

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# Public Authorities

XXIII

therefore who have authority in the state may oblige men in conscience only if their authority is intrinsically related with the authority of God and shares in it.

By this principle the dignity of the citizens is protected. When, in fact, men obey their rulers, it is not all as men that they obey them, but through their obedience it is God, the Provident Creator of all things, whom they reverence, since He has decreed that men's dealings with one another should be regulated by an order which He himself has established. Moreover, in showing this due reverence to God, men not only do not debase themselves but rather perfect and ennoble themselves. For to serve God is to rule.

Since the right to command is required by the moral order and has its source in God, it follows that, if civil authorities legislate for or allow anything that is contrary to that order and therefore contrary to the will of God, neither the laws made nor the authorizations granted can be binding on the consciences of the citizens, since God has more right to be obeyed than men. Otherwise, authority breaks down completely and results in shameful abuse. As St. Thomas Aquinas teaches: Human law has the true nature of law only in so far as it corresponds to reason, and therefore is derived from the eternal law. Insofar as it falls short of right reason, a law is said to be a wicked law. And so, lacking the true nature of law, it is rather a kind of violence.

It must not be concluded, however, because authority comes from God, that therefore men have no right to choose those who are to rule the state, to decide the form of government and to determine both the way in which authority is to be exercised and its limits. It is thus clear that the doctrine which we have set forth is fully consonant with any truly democratic regime.

*Purposes of the public authority*

Individual citizens and intermediate groups are obliged to make their specific contributions to the common welfare. One of the chief consequences of this is that they must bring their own interests into harmony with the needs of the community, and must dispose of their goods and their services as civil authorities have prescribed, in accord with the norms of justice, in due form and within the limits of their competence. This they must do by means of formally perfect actions, the content of which must be morally good, or at least capable of being directed towards good.

Indeed, since the whole reason for the existence of civil authorities is the realization of the common good, it is clearly necessary that, in pursuing this objective, they should respect its essential elements, and at the same time,

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*...authority comes from God alone...*

conform their laws to the needs of a given historical situation.

Assuredly, the ethnic characteristics of the various human groups are to be respected as constituent elements of the common good, but these values and characteristics by no means exhaust the content of the common good. For the common good is intimately bound up with human nature. It can never exist fully and completely unless, its intimate nature and realization being what they are, the human person is taken into account.

In the second place, the very nature of the common good requires that all members of the political community be entitled to share in it, although in different ways according to each one's tasks, merits and circumstances. For this reason, every civil authority must take pains to promote the common good of all, without preference for any single citizen or civil group. As our predecessor of immortal memory, Leo XIII, has said: The civil power must not serve the advantage of any one individual or of some few persons, inasmuch as it was established for the common good of all. Considerations of justice and equity, however, can at times demand that those involved in civil government give more attention to the less fortunate members of the community, since they are less able to defend their rights and to assert their legitimate claims.

In this context, we judge that attention should be called to the fact that the common good touches the whole man, the needs both of his body and of his soul. Hence it follows that the civil authorities must undertake to effect the common good by ways and means that are proper to them. That is, while respecting the hierarchy of values, they should promote simultaneously both the material and the spiritual welfare of the citizens.

These principles are clearly contained in the doctrine stated in our encyclical, "mater et Magistra," where we emphasized that the common good of all embraces the sum total of those conditions of social living whereby men are enabled to achieve their own integral perfection more fully and more easily.

Men, however, composed as they are of bodies and immortal souls, can never in this mortal life succeed in satisfying all their needs or in attaining perfect happiness. Therefore, all efforts made to promote the common good, far from endangering the eternal salvation of men, ought rather to serve to promote it.

*Public authority and individuals*

It is agreed that in our time the common good is chiefly guaranteed when personal right and duties are maintained. The chief concern of civil authorities must therefore be to insure that these rights are acknowledged, respected, co-ordinated with other rights, defended and promoted, so that in this way each one may more easily carry out his duties. For to safeguard the inviolable rights of the human person, and to facilitate the fulfilment of its duties, should be the

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*...common good is the sum total of living conditions making for integral perfection...*

essential office of every public authority.

This means that, if any government does not acknowledge the rights of man or violates them, it not only fails its duty, but its orders completely lack juridical force.

*Reconciliation*

One of the fundamental duties of civil authorities, therefore, is to co-ordinate social relations in such fashion that the exercise of one man's rights does not threaten others in the exercise of their own rights nor hinder them in the fulfilment of their duties. Finally, the rights of all should be effectively safeguarded and, if they have been violated, completely restored.

*A Duty*

It is also demanded by the common good that civil authorities should make earnest efforts to bring about a situation in which individual citizens can easily exercise their rights and fulfil their duties as well. For experience has taught us that, unless these authorities take suitable action with regard to economic, political and cultural matters, inequalities between the citizens tend to become more and more widespread, especially in the modern world, and as a result human rights are rendered totally ineffective, and the fulfilment of duties is compromised.

It is therefore necessary that the Administration give wholehearted and careful attention to the social as well as to the economic progress of the citizens, and to the development, in keeping with the development of the productive system, of such essential services as the building of roads, transportation, communications, water supply, housing, public health, education, facilitation of the practice of religion and recreational facilities. It is necessary also that governments make efforts to see that insurance systems are made available to the citizens, so that, in case of misfortune or increased family responsibilities, no person will be without the necessary means to maintain a decent standard of living. The government should make similarly effective efforts to see that those who are able to work can find employment in keeping with their aptitudes, and that each worker receives a wage in keeping with the laws of justice and equity. It should be equally the concern of civil authorities to insure that workers be allowed their proper responsibility in the work undertaken in industrial organisation, and to facilitate the establishment of intermediate groups which will make social life richer and more effective. Finally, it should be possible for all the citizens to share as far as they are able in their country's cultural advantages.

*Harmonious Relation*

The common good requires that civil authorities maintain a careful balance between co-ordinating and protecting the rights of the citizens, on the one hand, and promoting them,

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*...state should take a form in keeping with the innate demands of human nature...*

on the other. It should not happen that certain individuals or social groups derive special advantage from the fact that their rights have received preferential protection. Nor should it happen that governments, in seeking to protect these rights, become obstacles to their full expression and free use. For this principle must always be retained: that state activity in the economic field, no matter what its breadth or depth may be, ought not to be exercised in such a way as to curtail an individual's freedom of personal initiative. Rather it should work to expand that freedom as much as possible by the effective protection of the essential personal rights of each and every individual.

The same principle should inspire the various steps which governments take in order to make it possible for the citizens more easily to exercise their rights and fulfil their duties in every sector of social life.

*Structure and Operation*

It is impossible to determine, once and for all, what is the most suitable form of government, or how civil authorities can most effectively fulfil their respective functions, i.e., the legislative, judicial and executive functions of the state. In determining the structure and operation of government which a state is to have, great weight has to be given to the historical background and circumstances of given political communities, circumstances which will vary at different times and in different places. We consider, however, that it is in keeping with the innate demands of human nature that the state should take a form which embodies the three-fold division of powers corresponding to the three principal functions of public authority. In that type of state, not only the official functions of government but also the mutual relations between citizens and public officials are set down according to law, which in itself affords protection to the citizens both in the enjoyment of their rights and in the fulfilment of their duties.

If, however, this political and juridical structure is to produce the advantages which may be expected of it, public officials must strive to meet the problems which arise in a way that conforms both to the complexities of the situation and the proper exercise of their function. This requires that in constantly changing conditions, legislators never forget the norms of morality, or constitutional provisions, or the objective requirements of the common good. Moreover, executive authorities must coordinate the activities of society with discretion, with a full knowledge of the law and after a careful consideration of circumstances, and the courts must administer justice impartially and without being influenced by favouritism or pressure. The good order of society also demands that individual citizens and intermediate organizations should be effectively protected by law whenever they have rights to be exercised or obligations

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*...the legal structure must conform to moral order and correspond to the level of development of the political community...*

to be fulfilled. This protection should be granted to citizens both in their dealings with each other and in their relations with government agencies.

*Law and Conscience*

It is unquestionable that a legal structure in conformity with the moral order and corresponding to the level of development of the political community is of great advantage to achievement of the common good.

And yet, social life in the modern world is so varied, complex and dynamic that even a juridical structure which has been prudently and thoughtfully established is always inadequate for the needs of society.

It is also true that the relations of the citizens with each other, of citizens and intermediate groups with public authorities, and finally of the public authorities with one another are often so complex and so sensitive that they cannot be regulated by inflexible legal provisions. Such a situation therefore demands that the civil authorities have clear ideas about the nature and extent of their official duties if they wish to maintain the existing juridical structure in its basic elements and principles, and at the same time meet the exigencies of social life, adapting their legislation to the changing social scene and solving new problems. They must be men of great equilibrium and integrity, competent and courageous enough to see at once what the situation requires and to take necessary action quickly and effectively.

*Participation in Public Life*

It is in keeping with their dignity as persons that human beings should take an active part in government, although the manner in which they share in it will depend on the level of development of the political community to which they belong.

Men will find new and extensive advantages in the fact that they are allowed to participate in government. In this situation, those who administer the government come into frequent contact with the citizens, and it is thus easier for them to learn what is really needed for the common good. The fact, too, that ministers of government hold office only for a limited time keeps them from growing stale and allows for their replacement in accordance with the demands of social progress.

*Characteristics of the Present Day*

In modern times, where there is question of organizing political communities juridically, there is observable first of all the tendency to write in concise and limpid phraseology a charter of fundamental human rights, which is, as often as not, inserted in the state constitutions, or is an integral part of them.

Secondly, there is also an inclination to determine, by the compilation of a document called the constitution, the procedures through which the gov-

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*...cannot accept the theory that civil authority derives from the will of human beings...*

erning powers are to be created, along with their mutual relations, the spheres of their competence, the forms and systems they are obliged to follow in the performance of their office.

The relations between the government and the governed are then set forth in terms of rights and duties, and it is clearly laid down that the paramount task assigned to government officials is that of recognizing, respecting, reconciling, protecting and promoting the rights and duties of citizens.

It is of course impossible to accept the theory which professes to find the original and single source of civic rights and duties, of the binding force of the constitution, and of a government's right to command in the mere will of human beings, individually or collectively.

The tendencies to which we have referred, however, do clearly show that the men of our time have become increasingly conscious of their dignity as human persons. This awareness prompts them to claim a share in the public administration of their country, while it also accounts for the demand that their own inalienable and inviolable rights be protected by law. It also requires that government officials be chosen in conformity with constitutional procedures, and perform their specific functions within the limits of law.

[*To be continued*]

[*In the next issue*: Relations Between States]


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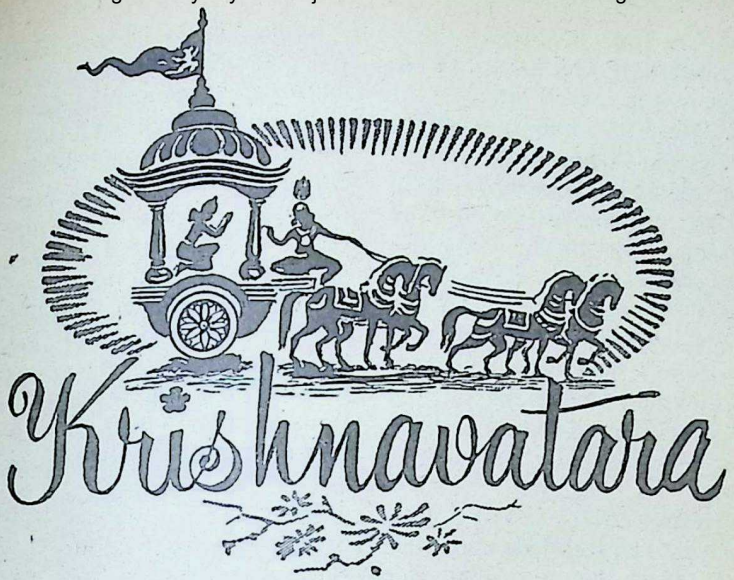


PART III

CHAPTER XXI

# King Vrikodara Makes a Decision

BHEEMA and Uddhava slowly made their way through the dense forest. Ultimately they came to a large opening in the forest surrounded by trees, on every one of which was built a hut of grass and bamboos.

'What are these nests for?' asked Uddhava, surprised at these huts built on the top of trees.

'Oh, that is where my Rakshasas live. Every night, each family goes up its tree and sleeps in its hut. You know, they dare not sleep on the ground, lest they might provide a feast to some enemy,' said Bheema.

At one end of the opening, there was a grove of big trees, on each of which was a bamboo hut. Bheema proudly pointed them out. 'These are our palaces where Mother Kunti and the Brothers live. They rarely come down. I have told them not to come down when I am not present, for I cannot say when my Rakshasas might develop a craving for their delicious flesh. At times I have seen some of them looking at Mother's soft body with evident relish.' Then he pointed out a very big tree a little away, with sweeping branches, on which there was a spacious hut. 'That is my royal palace,' said Bheema proudly.

Standing in front of the huts, Bheema roared in his leonine way, this time not in anger, but in playfulness. Out of the opening of the hut appeared the familiar faces of Aunt

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Kunti and the four Brothers.

'Mother, here is Uddhava,' shouted Bheema in the sacred language of the gods. 'He has come to keep us company. Come down, all of you.'

Hearing his roar, Hidamb*aa*, from the royal hut, welcomed her husband with a loving croon. Bheema waved a huge hand at her with a hearty laugh. 'Hidamb*aa*,' he said in his broken Rakshasi. 'Come down. We were five brothers so far; now we are six.'

Uddhava could not shake off the feeling that he was still having a nightmare.

●●●

The afternoon meal of the community was over. The Rakshasas as usual took their meals before sunset and climbed up their tree-top homes before it was dark.

Mother Kunti insisted that all talks should be postponed for the next day, as Uddhava needed a good night's rest. It was just like Aunt Kunti, thought Uddhava. She had seen that he was very weak and sleepy, and it was just as well that she did not allow the Five Brothers to ask him any questions.

Yudhishthira lived in a tree-top hut with Mother Kunti. The twins, Nakula and Sahadeva, had a hut between themselves. Uddhava, therefore, paired off with Arjuna who had a hut to himself.

Each hut had a ladder of rope made out of fibres for the inmates to go up or come down. Mother Kunti was the only one who was carried to her hut on the shoulders of one or the other of her sons.

Uddhava found the Five Brothers living in an unnatural world. The Brothers, other than Bheema, and Aunt Kunti lived in an isolated community by themselves, having practically no contact with the Rakshasa world except through Bheema. Yudhishthira had become grave, almost taciturn. Arjuna went about with his bow and flint-tipped arrows, concerned only with the security of his brothers and mother. Nakula served Mother Kunti, kept her company and looked after her wants. Sahadeva, when he did not serve his elder brothers, was lost in thought during the day and gazing at the stars at night.

They talked among themselves; they did not care to learn the language of the Rakshasas, nor establish contacts with them. They could never outgrow their repugnance of their habits.

Bheema was the only exception. He tried to keep his brothers and mother happy, looked after them with care, played husband to Hidamb*aa*, ate and drank, shouted at his chiefs, dominated the community, led them on expeditions and took part in their sports. His vital spirits overflowed the bounds of race, language and culture. He knew that his people considered the Rakshasas as aliens and the Rakshasas returned the feeling. But his zealous affection for his family and the reverence which he showed to Mother Kunti and Yudhishthira compelled the Rakshasas to treat his family with distant, unquestioned respect.

That night Uddhava slept like a log and got up only when the rays of the sun penetrated into his hut. Arjuna had already climbed down the hut.

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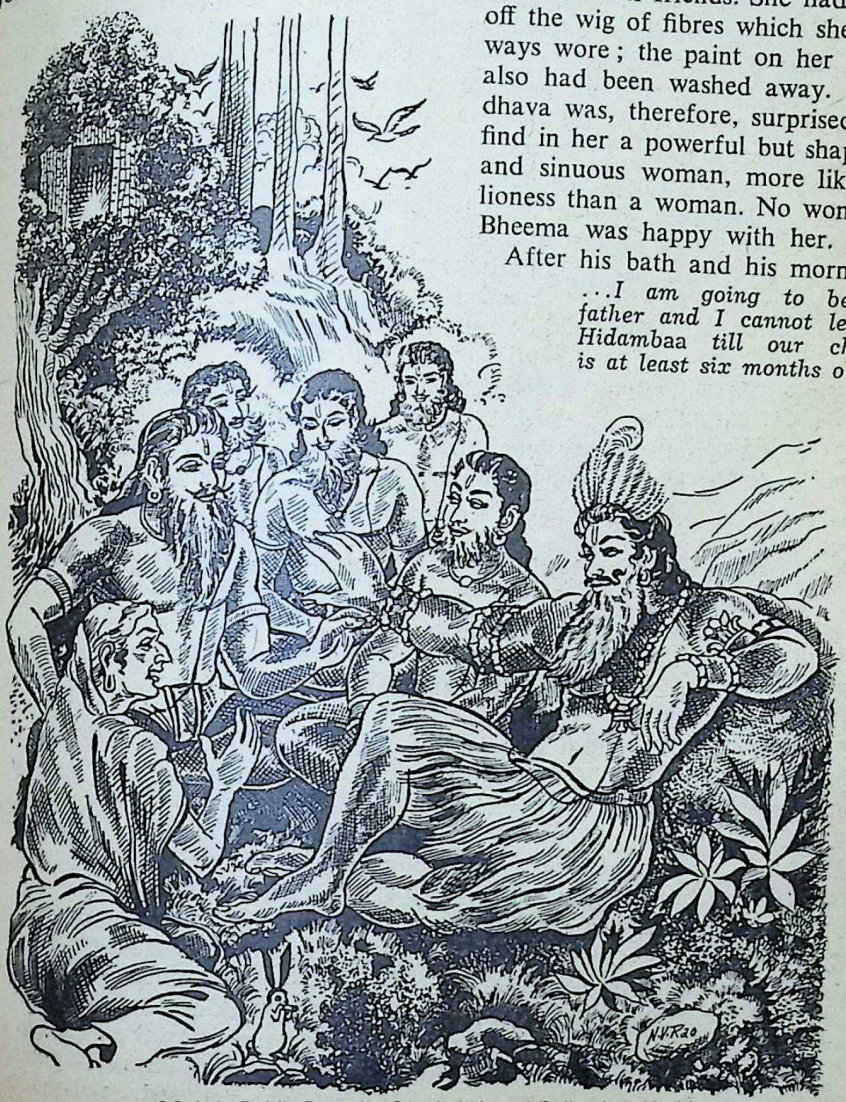
Uddhava slipped down the rope ladder on to the ground when he found his cousin waiting for him.

'Brother Uddhava, hurry up. Take your bath in the river. We are all dying to hear the news which you have brought.'

When Uddhava went for his bath, he saw Hidamb*aa* having her bath in the same river a little away with a few Rakshasi friends. She had put off the wig of fibres which she always wore; the paint on her face also had been washed away. Uddhava was, therefore, surprised to find in her a powerful but shapely and sinuous woman, more like a lioness than a woman. No wonder Bheema was happy with her.

After his bath and his morning

*...I am going to be a father and I cannot leave Hidambaa till our child is at least six months old...*

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*sandhya*,[1] Uddhava joined the Five Brothers, who, accompanied by Kunti, led him to a knoll a little away from the settlement. Bheema, who had taken kindly to Nikumbh, set him to watch the forest path, with instructions to give a warning if anyone was found approaching them.

They all sat down in the generous shade of a clump of trees. Bheema, as was his wont, lay down on the grass sideways, leisurely listening to the talk, sometimes smiling to himself as some funny idea struck him.

'Now, Uddhava, tell us all about what happened after we left Hastinapur,' said Yudhishthira in his quiet voice.

'But before that, tell us how Krishna is doing,' said Mother Kunti. 'And how are Grandfather Bheeshma, the most venerable Mother and Vidura, and of course, the Eldest?[2] Are they doing well?'

'Yes, tell her that first,' said Bheema, laughing at his mother's eager questions. 'Mother is more concerned with the health of her "Eldest" and his beloved sons than with all of us put together.'

'My son, don't wish ill even to your enemy,' said Kunti, mildly rebuking him. 'Some day the Great God will melt their hearts.'

'I wish them dead every moment of my life,' retorted Bheema, winking at Yudhishthira to convey that he was only teasing the mother.

'Now, Bheema, will you listen to Uddhava?' said Yudhishthira, smiling indulgently. 'We must hear everything from him. He must also tell us how our elders are doing.'

It was a wonderful family knit in close affection—the mother, benign and kindly; Yudhishthira, sincere and dignified; Bheema, a huge naughty boy, in spite of his years, lying on the ground lazily; Arjuna, sitting straight as a rod, all attention, his brilliant eyes, turning from one speaker to another. Nakula sat next to him. Sahadeva sat a little away, with eyes fixed on the ground, listening to every word, but cool, collected, impassive. Uddhava could not help admiring Arjuna: he was so handsome, intelligent and alert.

Uddhava narrated all that had happened and all that he knew about Krishna. He also told them about Krishna's meeting the Most Venerable Mother, Satyavati, and her concern about the Five Brothers; of Krishna meeting the Master; of how he himself happened to come to the Land of the Demons and how he would have been roasted alive but for the timely arrival of Bheema. 'Krishna will soon be coming to Nagakoota from Kampilya,' he concluded. 'The Yadava chiefs will also soon arrive from Hastinapur. Krishna wants all of you to come with me and accompany us to Dwarka. You must get out of this hell.'

Arjuna, fastidious as ever in spite of his long hair, untrimmed beard and fox's skin suspenders, flushed with joy. 'Oh, Uddhava, you are a messenger come from the gods,' he said, unable to keep back his excitement from his well-modulated voice. 'I hope we will soon get out

1. Worship in which water is offered to the Sun God.

2. Her "Eldest" would be her husband's elder brother, Dhritaraashtra.

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of this infernal hole.' And he looked hopefully at Yudhishthira.

Yudhishthira, his eyes unsmiling, was lost in thought. All the others waited for him to speak, for the Brothers, in spite of their temperamental differences, were united in their respectful loyalty to the head of the family.

After a while Yudhishthira spoke, his voice low but clear. 'We accepted banishment because it was our duty. Grandfather and Uncle Vidura thought that it was in the interest of the Kurus and in our interest too.'

'It was in the interest of the Kurus all right, if by Kurus you mean only the sons of our uncle,' interjected Arjuna.

Yudhishthira, ignoring Arjuna's interruption, continued: 'We left Varnaavat because Uncle Vidura, who concerned himself with our welfare most, thought it advisable that we should be taken for dead.'

'We are worse than dead,' commented Arjuna with a touch of bitterness.

'How can you be worse than dead when I am ruling over this land and my people have not yet eaten you up?' asked Bheema with an air of offended dignity, and dissolved into a broad smile.

'If Krishna thinks that we should come to Dwarka and proclaim to the world that we are alive, we should do so,' said Yudhishthira slowly. 'But we must first secure the approval of the Master, the Best of Munis, and Uncle Vidura.'

'We cannot always be guided by what Hastinapur thinks we should do,' said Arjuna, betraying impatience at the way his eldest brother looked at the situation. 'We cannot go on rotting in this wilderness till Duryodhana is pleased to suffer us to be 'alive'.'

'Eldest, I would sooner train horses in Dwarka than sit here training rabbits, who generally find their way into the mouth of these subjects of Bheema,' said Nakula in disgust.

'Then why not train a Rakshasi as I do?' interjected Bheema and chuckled as if he had cracked a mighty joke. At this characteristic remark, Mother Kunti looked at Bheema in indulgent disapproval.

Self-consciously Nakula glanced at his ugly fox-skin suspenders, mentally comparing them with the fine silk which he always wore at Hastinapur and said with a sneer: 'Not even the Great God, Shankar, can train your Rakshasis!' he exclaimed. 'Oh gods! What creatures!' He looked up to the sky to invoke divine help and heaved a deep sigh.

Arjuna resumed his plea. 'I have made up my mind to go to Dwarka and, in Krishna's company, perform deeds at which even the gods will tremble.' He paused a little and then said: 'I am sick of spending my days trying to shoot down flying birds with little bamboo sticks and be laughed at by the Rakshasas for being a nincompoop who cannot decoy them by imitating their speech.'

'What more do you want?' asked Bheema.

'Oh, I know what I want. Every night I dream of my splendid bow, my shining silvery arrow-heads, my magic strings which twang so musi-

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cally,' said Arjuna reminiscently and lapsed into sullen silence.

Yudhishthira intervened in his quiet, decisive way. 'We should not go on lamenting over our present plight. The Great God is only testing our powers of endurance. We must stand the trial,' he said and continued: 'What we have to decide is: should we go to Dwarka as Krishna wants, or wait till we hear from Uncle Vidura?'

'Uncle Vidura is going to be tied up to the moods of King Dhritaraashtra, I tell you,' said Arjuna impatiently. 'And the King's moods are not going to change, for he will never dare to do anything which his son, Duryodhana, disapproves of. He will never give us our due. We must accept Krishna's suggestion, go with him to Dwarka or anywhere in the wide world and carve out our future for ourselves.'

Yudhishthira glanced at Arjuna's irritation in a mild, silent reproof.

'Imagine, Brother, the best bowman in Aryavarta spending his time in shooting down birds,' said Arjuna now in a chastened mood and pleaded almost piteously. 'Let us go, Brother. The gods will help us and we will carve out an empire for ourselves.'

'I have already won a kingdom for you. Why do you want more?' asked Bheema.

'Yes, a kingdom in which every time your back is turned, we are afraid of being eaten up,' said Arjuna in contempt.

Yudhishthira raised a hand to stop this banter. 'We should not do what we want to, but what is right,' he said. 'I wish we could find out from the Master as to the proper thing to do in the situation.'

'When I met the Master, Krishna only wanted me to find out whether you were alive and safe,' said Uddhava.

'I agree that the Master loves us,' interrupted Arjuna, who had again worked himself into excitement. 'So does Uncle Vidura; so does Grandfather Bheeshma. But their only concern is to maintain the glory of the Kurus; we are only fuel to keep its flame burning bright. It matters not to them if we are reduced to ashes.'

'You are very unfair to them. I cannot imagine that the Master has forgotten us,' said Yudhishthira.

'Am I unfair?' asked Arjuna with a touch of vehemence. 'Here are five of the best Aryas who ever wielded arms. Here is the noblest of women who ever bore a son. We are not to be happy; we are not to win fame. We must rot, rot, rot in this wretched jungle.' Arjuna, carried away by indignation, permitted himself to speak a little defiantly.

Nakula nodded assent vigorously. Bheema patted Arjuna on the back with a laugh as if he had cracked a joke. Sahadeva alone sat silent, his face inexpressive.

Yudhishthira smiled indulgently in the manner of a wise parent. 'Arjuna, we cannot think of our own inclinations. We have to think what our *dharma* is,' he said in his quiet, persuasive way.

'Is it not our duty to accept Krishna's advice, than whom there is no better champion of *dharma?* Should we not stand by his side in esta-

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blishing righteousness in the world?' asked Arjuna.

'Let us think of it a little patiently,' said Yudhishthira. 'Which is the higher *dharma*—to take a decision ourselves, or to wait for the decision of the elders—the Master, the Grandfather and Uncle Vidura?'

'———who have completely forgotten us, I am sure,' interrupted Nakula.

'It is not right to say so, Nakula,' said Yudhishthira. 'It is the Most Venerable Mother (Satyavati) who charged Krishna with the mission of finding us out, and I am sure Grandfather and uncle Vidura would be in the know of it.'

'But we must also try to help them by thinking ourselves,' said Arjuna. 'Let us be the masters of our own lives.'

'I am willing to agree with you, Arjuna, if I can convince myself that to take a decision ourselves at this moment is our duty,' said Yudhishthira, and then turned to Sahadeva. 'Sahadeva, why don't you give out your mind? What would you advise?'

Sahadeva, the younger of the twins, who was listening intently with eyes half closed, opened them wide and let a faint smile play upon his lips. Then he spoke slowly, precisely, weighing every word, and everybody listened to him intently, for he had the oracular gift of never speaking unless solicited. 'I have been watching the stars for a long time and I am sure relief will come to us from a person born under the constellation of Rohini. The only person associated with us who was born under those auspices is our cousin, Krishna Vaasudeva.'

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'That is why Uddhava has come from Krishna,' interjected Arjuna.

'Why didn't you tell us this before, you sly fellow?' asked Bheema.

'Did you ever ask me about it?' replied Sahadeva with a smile.

'Now I understand why every night you were peeping out of our hut and gazing at the stars,' said Nakula.

'———and losing your good sleep and growing thin,' commented Bheema.

'What do you advise us to do, Sahadeva?' asked Yudhishthira, who had the highest regard for his wisdom.

In a quiet, even voice, Sahadeva replied: 'Let Brother Uddhava go back to Krishna Vaasudeva. We should accept whatever he advises. If he and Krishna decide to go with him, we

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should. The planets will then be auspicious.'

'Thank you, Sahadeva. As usual, you have rightly divined what the gods want us to do,' said Yudhishthira.

'Then it is a matter of days,' said Arjuna, transported with joy. 'Uddhava can go tomorrow and come back within a fortnight, at the latest within a month.'

'Yes, then Uddhava must go back immediately,' said Mother Kunti.

Suddenly a crooning voice was heard coming from a distance. Bheema sat up, listened to the voice with a fond smile and let off a purring roar in reply.

The others were shocked at being interrupted by this animal love-making. Mother Kunti placed her hands on her ears; she had not yet been able to escape a shudder every time his son's wife crooned. Yudhishthira, as usual, smiled indulgently at the message which his brother exchanged with his wife Hidamb*aa* in the manner of a Rakshasa. There was a sneer on Arjuna's lips; undisguised disgust on Nakula's. Sahadeva had lapsed into impassivity.

Bheema brightened up, looked at his mother and brothers with a naughty, defiant smile, and spoke to Uddhava: 'Brother, it is all easy for you to talk about your going back. But there is one unalterable law of King Virochana in my land. No human being who crosses into Rakshasavrat can ever go out.'

'Oh, Bheema, please don't talk like this,' said Kunti.

'I will have to invoke the spirit of Virochana and get the edict changed for my beloved Uddhava's sake,' said Bheema with a laugh. 'But it would not be an easy matter.'

'Oh, I am sure you can do it, if you set about it,' said Yudhishthira.

'Yes. But one thing I tell you. Krishna or no Krishna, Master or no Master, we are not going to go out for about a year,' said Bheema.

'For about a year? What is wrong with you, Bheema?' shouted Arjuna almost in anger.

'Don't get excited, Brother. Everything is all right. Within five months, I am going to be a father and I cannot leave Hidamb*aa* till our child is at least six months old. Every one of us will have to wait till then.'

'Bheema, you are having a son!' said Kunti, suddenly forgetting her dislike of Hidamb*aa* and transported with joy. 'He would be the eldest Kuru in his generation—heir to Chakravarti Bharata's throne.'

'Of course, mother,' said Bheema with a chuckle, 'unless your daughter-in-law plays a trick and gives birth to a daughter.'

'Don't talk such inauspicious things,' retorted Mother Kunti.

[*To be continued*]

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*Sincerity is the only virtue that binds Divinity and man in one.*—Shinto

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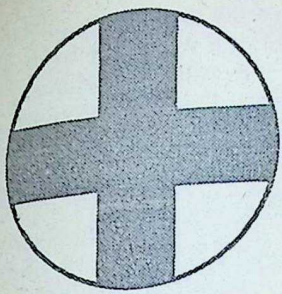

# Henri Dunant and the Red Cross Movement

*Today our minds stagger to think of the day when the angelic hands of the Red Cross Movement were not yet available during wars. In this centenary year of the Red Cross Movement, let us pay our homage to its Founder Henri Dunant but for whose vision and indefatigable work at great cost to himself, humanity would verily have lost it anchor.*

*Started one hundred years ago at Geneva, the organisation has today 157,000,000 members from 100 nations.*

—Ed.

BORN in Geneva on 8th May 1828, Henri Dunant, the founder of International Red Cross movement came of an ancient and well-to-do Genevese family.

His father, Jean-Jacques Dunant, a member of the Council of Representatives and his mother were both of a charitable disposition and young Henri lived in surroundings which inspired him to relieve the sufferings of his fellow men. His favourite subjects of study—languages, literature, ethnography, archaeology, and the history of nations and religions—equipped him to see the world as a whole.

On the threshold of his manhood Henri Dunant came under the influence of three outstanding women who, although active in different spheres, were devoted to the relief of human suffering. They were Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* Florence Nightingale and Mrs. Elizabeth Fry who was a pioneer of prison reform. Later he came in contact with another powerful personality, Mrs. Clara Baston, the founder of the American Red Cross.

Having come under the influence of Rousseau's social philosophy, Dunant saw clearly the necessity for universal fraternity and the rule of law, if peace were to prevail. He rejected the role of military force in international affairs and regarded war as a primary evil. He condemned, in speech and writing, the folly of erecting barriers between peoples—psychological or political. To him, a 'cold war' deliberately and systematically sustained between civilised nations was an intellectual absurdity to be rejected by common sense and Christian ethics alike. He sought, through-

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out his life, a constructive alternative to war. To him, the Red Cross was the beginning, and only the beginning of a world-wide crusade against war.

The key of his intellectual strength, his unflagging zeal for great causes, and his invincible idealism—often in the face of cynical opposition and shattering disappointment—must be sought in his world outlook. He belonged, intellectually and spiritually to the broad human future, though he had to struggle against the narrow prejudices and selfish parochialisms of his day. He was a natural world citizen. To Dunant, local or national 'patriotism' could only be adequately expressed and fulfilled in loyalty to mankind.

When a child, Henri Dunant was horrified at the spectacle of convicts in chains unloading a ship in a Mediterranean port, and he swore to stir up public opinion on their behalf. Later, he used to visit Geneva's prison and give lectures on social and religious topics to the prisoners. At the age of 21, he formed a local group of young men interested in religion and social welfare. To Dunant 'religion' and 'social welfare' were interchangeable terms. Their 'Thursday meetings' became a Young Men's Christian Association.

He corresponded with similar associations in France, Holland, Germany and America and then proceeded on a tour of Europe, forming new groups on the way. In 1855 he sent them all a circular, calling for an international organisation. Religious faith for Dunant meant Christianity, not a Church—and Christianity meant universality. Thus the World Alliance of Y.M.C.A.s was established. Its headquarters is still in Geneva.

In 1866, Dunant developed the idea of an International World Library which was to publish the most important books of every civilisation. It was to be available in every country, so that every town and village could provide every individual with the means of acquiring knowledge of the wider world and of learning to understand better his fellow-citizens on this planet.

He was one of the first to discover that war solved no problems permanently. He had no illusions about the inglorious nature of war. "If the new and frightful weapons of destruction, which are now at the disposal of the nations, seem destined to abridge the duration of future wars, it appears likely, on the other hand, that future battles will only become more and more murderous!" wrote Dunant. "Men have reached the point of killing without hating each other, and the highest glory, the first of all arts, is mutual extermination."

It was this consideration of the futility of war and the immense human suffering that it caused that inspired him to organise the memorable relief work at the battlefield of Solferino in Northern Italy, in June 1859.

The Red Cross movement had its birth in Geneva. The first instrument by which Dunant started his pioneer work was the Geneva Public Welfare Society which was composed of old Genevese belonging to the most cultured families of the town and known as much for its good works as for its

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## Homage

HENRI DUNANT

*(Founder of the Red Cross on his 80th birthday)*

[b. May 8, 1828; *d.* October 31, 1910]

*"To inspire in all a horror of the spirit of vengeance, of hatred and destruction, is to force backwards the terrible scourge of war, and perhaps even make it impossible."*

Henri Dunant.

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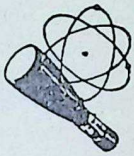

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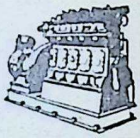

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learning. On 9th February 1863 the Society appointed a committee to examine the question of attaching a voluntary medical corps to armies in the field. "This programme" explained Dunant in presenting his plan "includes the improvement of military hospitals, the universal adoption of new ideas on the treatment of wounded and sick soldiers, and the creation of a museum for the display of life-saving appliances, which would also be of use in civil life." The immediate objective of his programme was the establishment of voluntary medical services in each country for the relief of the wounded in time of war. At the same time Dunant foresaw that the future Red Cross Societies would also be called to act in times of peace. "These Committees" he insisted, "should be permanently established and their activities inspired by a real spirit of international charity; they should facilitate the despatch of various forms of relief, overcome difficulties as regards customs, prevent waste of every description" and much else.

Dunant had to fight strenuously for the cardinal principle of neutrality of army medical services—for the idea that all governments should recognise the neutrality of the wounded. Neutrality to him was not a negative attitude—the indecision of the physical coward; but a positive attitude—the resolve of the morally courageous to preserve at all costs, at least within a limited area, what was once called the Truce of God. If this point was lost it was hardly possible to conceive of any Red Cross movement at all.

The first International Conference of the Red Cross held at Geneva from 26th to 29th October 1863 was a historic convention. In the name of the Committee in Geneva, Dunant requested the governments invited to the Congress to come to an agreement on the neutrality of the personnel of the army medical services and to grant facilities in war-time to relief organisations for conveying supplies to invaded areas. Representatives from seventeen states attended and resolutions recommending the creation in all countries of voluntary committees for the relief of the wounded and for settling the questions of international law raised by the problem of 'neutralising' the wounded were passed.

In accordance with the 1863 resolutions, Committees were formed in almost every country in Europe, and the Geneva Committee was transformed into an International Committee, of which Henri Dunant became the Secretary. The new Committee sent a questionnaire to all European governments asking them whether they would agree (1) to give their support of any Relief Committee set up in their own country; (2) to accept the principle of the neutralisation in wartime of field-hospitals and military hospitals and of army medical personnel; and (3) to adopt a distinctive emblem such as a white flag bearing a red cross.

Thereafter Dunant travelled all over Europe seeking support for his humanitarian mission and that came in abundant measure. The rapid progress made by the Red Cross movement in the immediately succeeding years under his guidance was described as a 'miracle due to the energy and will of a man inspired by some superhuman influence.'

A historic document was soon

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drawn up and it provided for the following:

First, all establishments and hospitals for the treatment of wounded and sick soldiers and their personnel must be immune from capture and from acts of destruction.

Secondly, this protection also covers voluntary aid performed by civilians in favour of the wounded.

Thirdly, sick and wounded soldiers must be received and treated without regard to the side on which they have fought.

Fourthly, a heraldic emblem—the red cross on a white field—should be employed for distinguishing hospitals, ambulances, transports of wounded, and the personnel protected under the agreement.

On 22nd August 1864, the representatives affixed their signatures to this Convention for the Welfare of Soldiers Wounded in Action and it was ratified the same year by Belgium, Denmark, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Sweden, Norway, Spain and Switzerland. Since then, practically all the worlds' governments have become signatories of either the original Convention or of the several revised Conventions. As Max Huber remarked, "Sceptics may disparage the noble idea of aiding one's enemy like one's own.... but this fundamental principle of the Geneva Convention and the Red Cross sprang from no cold computation of selfish interests but from the pure humanitarian urge of consciences grown vitally aware that, above the hatred and dissensions of the world, each man remains his brother's keeper."

No sooner was the Convention signed than it went into action. Europe which hardly enjoyed a single year of peace between 1864 and the outbreak of the first World War in 1914 was the greatest beneficiary. The reorganised International Committee offered its services to lessen the suffering in all the major conflicts and many minor ones and civil disturbances. The first International Agency for Relief of the Wounded was created by the International Committee when the Franco-Prussian war broke out in 1870. Again, the Committee organised another International Relief Agency in 1877, on the outbreak of hostilities in the Balkans. Such other humanitarian works of the Red Cross movement in the subsequent years are too numerous to be mentioned.

Henri Dunant's last days were full of sorrow. The financial enterprise he had established earlier in Algeria collapsed into bankruptcy in 1867. Not to associate his personal misfortunes with the movement he had done most to found, he resigned as Secretary of the International Committee on 25th August of that year. He left Geneva and retired to the little town of Heiden on the banks of Lake Constance where he lived quietly, reading and writing, for the best part of 23 years, until his existence was brought to the attention of the world through a challenging article written by a Swiss journalist, George Baumberger, in a Stuttgart newspaper. Henri Dunant was rediscovered and he was soon to share the first Nobel Peace Prize with his compatriot, Frederick Passy. He gave away the share of his Prize money and lived to enjoy universal renown until his death at Heiden on 31st October 1910.

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# A CURE FOR INDISPENSABILITY

A PHYSICIAN gave some rather whimsical advice to a patient, an aggressive businessman. Excitedly he told the doctor what an enormous amount of work he had to do.

"I take my brief case home every night and it's packed with work," he said with nervous inflection.

"Why do you take work home with you at night?"

"I have to get it done," he fumed.

"Cannot someone else do it or help you with it?" asked the doctor.

"No," the man snapped. "I am the only one who can do it. It must be done just right, and I alone can do it as it must be done, and it has to be done quickly."

"If I write you a prescription, will you follow it?" asked the doctor, realizing his state of mental tension.

This, believe it or not, was the prescription.

The patient was to take off two hours every working day and go for a long walk. He was to take off a half-day a week and spend that half-day in a cemetery.

In astonishment, the patient demanded, "Why should I spend a half-day in a cemetery?"

"Because," answered the doctor, "I want you to wander around and look at the grave-stones of men who are there permanently. I want you to mediate upon the fact that many of them are there because they thought even as you do, that the whole world rested on their shoulders. Meditate on the solemn fact that when you get there permanently, the world will go on just the same and, as important as you are, others will be able to do the work you are now doing."

The patient got the idea. He slowed his pace. He learned to delegate authority. He achieved a proper sense of his own importance. He stopped fuming and fretting. And it might be added, he now does better work.

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WALLACE ANDREWS

# *In the land of the* 'GREAT LEAP FORWARD'

*"The Happiness Corner"—the name used in the communes of Communist China for the quarters to which the old and disabled are relegated.*

WORRIED peasants in Communist China are currently reported to be asking one another: "Are we soon to lose our 'small freedoms?' "

Their question reflects growing concern over an effort by the Peking regime to reassert and tighten its control over rural areas, after a period of relative relaxation.

"Small freedoms under the big collective" is the Chinese Communist term applied to the incentives Peking was forced to adopt in the 1959-1961 period as an expedient to combat severe agricultural failures. As the somewhat inept propaganda phrase implied, these incentives were intended to ease the farm crisis by reducing peasant resentment of the highly regimented collectives.

The "small freedoms" were introduced in the midst of a Chinese Communist Party retreat from its econo-

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mically upsetting "great leap forward" in agriculture. Peking abandoned the "great leap" and cut back its unpopular counterpart, the rural commune programme which envisaged state control over every aspect of Chinese peasant life.

In order to spur falling production, the regime returned little plots of land to the peasants to cultivate privately when they were not working for the

*Weary peasants, assembled for a meal break in China's Kwangtung province.*

large state-owned communes. The farmers were urged to resume private handicraft and other "sideline" occupations. Rural trade fairs were also revived—free markets in which the peasants could exchange the portion of their private yield not claimed by the state.

Many observers believe that it was largely as a result of the encouraging "small freedoms" that Chinese agriculture showed a slight recovery in 1962, registering gains over 1961 which took some of the edge off Chinese hunger.

But party dogma has prevented the Chinese Communists themselves from acknowledging any such effect of the "small freedoms." The party adopted the admittedly uncommunistic palliatives to help tide over a desperate emergency. But the resultant progress has been publicly attributed to successes in "the collective economy of the people's communes."

And the party has denounced as opportunistic an attitude voiced by a number of its own officials, who have shrugged their shoulders at the "small freedoms" and said: "A good cat is a cat which catches mice. Whether it is white or black is immaterial."

Under the recently improved economic conditions, Peking has again begun to press for consolidation of the "collective economy"—in a shift of tactics which the peasants fear may eventually doom the "small freedoms" and lead to a restoration of harsh commune totalitarianism.

Refugees fleeing to British Hong Kong and Portuguese Macao in February and March, 1963, reported that in some villages of South China private plots already have been reduced in size or returned to commune production teams. Commune mess halls have been reopened in a few localities, the refugees said, and authorities in Kwangtung province have been forcibly cracking down on certain free markets.

In China as a whole, however, the party's new tactics have been applied more cautiously so far. The Peking leadership seems aware of the dilemma confronting it: the "small

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freedoms" nurture what the party calls the Chinese peasantry's "spontaneous inclination toward capitalism," but hasty abolition of the incentives could easily inflame resentments lingering from the "great leap" years and result in the sacrifice of recent economic gains.

Peking, in general, is apparently still probing for ways to enforce stricter discipline and controls without additional economic disaster. The principal method now being tried is a large-scale "ideological education" campaign. This seeks to "persuade" the peasants of the "superiority" of the commune system. It is calculated gradually to overcome the peasants' liking for free enterprise, or as the party puts it, quell their "spontaneous inclination toward capitalism."

In 1962, before the campaign was launched, numerous complaints appeared in the party-controlled press that the peasants, 80 percent of the Chinese population, were not content with their "small freedoms." They desired more freedom—and were seeking to expand upon their liberties to the detriment of the "big collectives."

The peasants discovered they could make more money from their private occupations than from contributions of labour to the commune production teams. Accordingly, many of them began devoting more time than the regime approved to farming their private plots, making handicrafts and raising pigs and chickens for sale on the free market.

A Peking *Ta-kung Pao* article in 1962 pointed out that "as collective production carried out by communes and individual production carried out by commune members are developed side by side, it is inevitable for them to compete for labour, time, draft animals, farm implements, fertilizer and seeds."

*Lacking animals or tractors, a Chinese Communist is made to plough.*

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The party press also protested that peasants at the rural trade fairs were selling forbidden items, evading price controls and taxes, and engaging in various other "speculative" activities.

A decision to discount the "small freedoms" and resume stress on the "collective economy" emerged from the 10th plenary session of the Chinese Communist Party's Eighth Central Committee which met in Peking September 24-27, 1962.

The meeting criticized the "spontaneous tendency toward capitalism among some of the small producers," demanded new "class struggle" against the unregenerate rural masses and called for redoubled efforts to raise the "enthusiasm" of commune members for collective production.

The current "ideological education" campaign followed, gathering momentum early in 1963, with support from the Peking *Jen-min Jih-pao*, chief party newspaper. "If there is no strong working class leadership to guide peasants onto the path of socialism (communism) and overcome their inclination toward capitalism, the peasants will not follow the road of socialism," the newspaper said in an editorial January 25.

Since then other journals have taken up the cry for bolstering the "collective economy". A series of provincial party congresses and agricultural congresses have stressed the theme. Scientists and technicians have been ordered to lend their support to agriculture. The party informed artists, writers, actors and musicians on March 25, 1963, that they, too, must help strengthen "ideological education" among the peasants and "publicize advantages of the collective economy."

Thousands of party workers and government officials with previous rural experience are being transferred to the countryside to "strengthen the leadership core of the production teams" and "popularize socialist education among the masses of commune members."

In Kwangtung province alone 30,000 officials were reported, in February 1963, as in the process of being "sent down" to lower levels of administration to aid in the campaign. In March, Hong Kong newspapers reported that Kwangtung's Public Security Bureau, in less than a month, had detained 20,000 persons for "socialist education." Those detained were said to be former commune leaders and production team secretaries accused of speculation and mismanagement.

At the local level in the countryside, party officials have organized "four good," "five good" and "six good" movements. The "six good" standard calls upon commune members to be good in political thought, compliance with party policies and state laws, collective labour, care of public property, unity and mutual assistance, and practice of economy.

Among the peasants themselves, according to refugee reports, anxiety is a noticeable response to the campaign —a fear that hard-line, doctrinaire convictions of the Communist leadership will end the era of "small freedoms" and usher in another period devoid of any freedom.

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# BHAVAN'S SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

## BANGALORE KENDRA

**on June 8-9, 1963**

### *APPEAL*

One of the items of the programme drawn up by the Silver Jubilee Committee of the Bhavan is the setting up of a home for each of its branches in different parts of India.

In order to enlarge the activities of the Bhavan in Bangalore and putting them on a firm footing, it is essential to have a building of our own. It is therefore proposed to secure suitable premises in a prominent locality costing about Rs. 3,00,000/-. It is desirable that the transaction should be concluded before the Silver Jubilee Celebrations in Bangalore which are proposed to be held on the 8th and 9th June 1963. We earnestly hope you will help this effort by:

(A) **your own contribution and contribution from your friends;**

(B) **inducing your other friends to do likewise.**

After the property is acquired it is proposed to organise classes in Sanskrit, Gita, Music and Dance, as also courses in (1) Culture and (2) Journalism, Advertising & Printing to prepare students in the Bhavan's Certificate and Diploma Courses in these subjects.

We are sure that Karnatak, with its ancient traditions of culture and religion, as well as love of Sanskrit, will respond enthusiastically to help this scheme.

**President**

DR. K. M. MUNSHI

**Chairman**

H. H. SRI JAYA CHAMARAJA WADIYAR

**Vice-Chairman**

SRI S. NIJALINGAPPA

**Vice-Presidents :**

SIR H. V. DIVATIA
SMT. LILAVATI MUNSHI
SRI R. R. DIWAKAR
SRI NITTOOR SREENIVASA RAU

### PROGRAMME:

**SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1963**

1. **Bhavan's Prayer**
2. **Vedic Invocation** (in group)
3. **Sangagaan** (in group)
4. **Welcome address by Vice-Chairman**
   SRI S. NIJALINGAPPA, *Chief Minister of Mysore.*
5. **Benediction by His Holiness**
   JAGADGURU SHANKARACHARYA OF SRINGERI
6. **Inaugural address by the Chairman,**
   H. H. SRI JAYA CHAMARAJA WADIYAR, *Governor of Mysore.*
7. **Speeches by**
   (*a*) SRI NITTOOR SREENIVASA RAU, **Vice-President,** *Chief Justice of Mysore.*
   (*b*) DR. A. LAKSHMANASWAMI MUDALIAR, *Chairman, Bhavan's Madras Kendra, and Vice-Chancellor, Madras University.*
   (*c*) SRI R. R. DIWAKAR, *M. P.*, **Vice-President, and others**
8. **Presentation of Memento to :**
   DR. K. M. MUNSHI **on completion of his 75th year.**
9. **Speech by** DR. K. M. MUNSHI
10. **Vote of Thanks.**

**INTERVAL**—5 Minutes

11. **Veena recital.**
12. **Jana Gana Mana.**

**SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1963**

*Symposium on*
**'RE-INTEGRATION OF INDIAN CULTURE'**

**Speakers :**

H. H. SRI JAYA CHAMARAJA WADIYAR,
DR. K. M. MUNSHI,
DR. A. LAKSHMANASWAMI MUDALIAR,
SRI R. R. DIWAKAR,
SRI V. K. GOKAK **and others.**

**INTERVAL**—5 Minutes

**Staging of Drama in Sanskrit entitled 'MALAVIKAGNIMITRAM'**

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# Plants can grow without sunlight!

AMONG the billions of electric bulbs produced, there are some that give no visible light at all or produce light only incidentally to some other purpose.

In this less widely known group of bulbs and tubes lies an intriguing story of lamps which have nothing to do with illumination but which are invaluable to man's welfare. "Dark" lamps perform such varied tasks as tenderizing meat, keeping food fresh, helping to capture criminals, and detecting and preventing disease.

Other lamps counteract bad odours, bleach fabrics, spur plant growth, make a picture "talk", help produce fertilizer, cure rickets, produce a sun tan, bake paint or perhaps save lives.

Among them is a steadily enlarging group of lamps known as "ultraviolet radiators." These lamps emit invisible radiations, since the vibrations they produce are so rapid and the wave length so short that the human eye cannot "tune in" on them. Included in this group are "black light" lamps. Most of these use mercury vapour and argon gas within a special glass tube or bulb. After all visible light has been filtered out or absorbed, the remaining ultraviolet radiation is capable of producing fluorescence or phosphorescence in certain substances —the fluorescent dyes of theatrical costumes, the brilliant fluorescing colours of advertising signs or the brilliance of many cool, glowing minerals, gems and paints.

"Black light" has been used to unveil the hidden beauty of mineral ores or to enhance the appearance of a myriad of fabrics, wallpaper, plastics and antique glassware. It can be used to disclose scalp ringworm, to locate otherwise invisible cracks and flaws in metals, or to apprehend criminals by the fluorescing of finger markings, stains, or the otherwise invisible signs of erasures and forgeries.

"Black light" is carried into the wilderness in the search for tungsten,

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zinc or other mineral deposits. Fluorescent dyes can be made brilliantly visible, and often are used to trace underground flows of water, date old petitpoint embroidery, or study antique furniture by using the fluorescence of glue. Ultraviolet rays can establish the age or place of origin of paintings, protect against fakes or authenticate genuine art objects, or serve as a useful tool in the hands of the detective-scientist.

Also in the ultraviolet group are potent sterilizing lamps or germicidal tubes, which protect humans against many diseases. Their invisible light can destroy germs or guarantee the purity of drugs and chemicals.

A new ultraviolet lamp has been designed to set up a barrier of death for bacteria, viruses and moulds. Placed in the home-heating or airconditioning ducts, it provides protection for the entire family. Tests have shown that 80 percent of air-borne viruses and bacteria can be destroyed by inserting a single ultraviolet lamp in a heating or airconditioning duct. One new lamp of this type produces a radiation which is from 100 to 1,000 times more effective in killing micro-organisms than an equal amount of ultraviolet radiation from the sun, its manufacturers report.

At a hospital, all of the ten new operating rooms as well as the supply and surgical dressing rooms, are bathed in ultraviolet radiation. Officials have found that these lamps cut post-operative infections by 85 percent, reduce post-operative temperature, improve wound healing, and shorten convalescence.

Similar type ultraviolet lamps are being used by manufacturers of polio and influenza vaccines. The vaccines are subjected to ultraviolet rays to kill the active virus, leaving an inactive virus which cannot cause the disease but does produce antibodies.

Other lamps not intended for illumination include the so-called infra-red or heat lamps. Their chief output is a light that has too long a wave length to be an efficient aid to human vision but which is right for quick drying, baking lacquer on automobiles, thawing frozen articles, or baking, cementing, gluing and warming many manufactured articles.

Invisible light from infra-red lamps can penetrate deeply into human tissue, and when used under expert supervision it can increase circulation of the blood and alleviate pain. Simi-

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lar lamps are used widely for brooding chicks, and for taking photographs.

Other special lamps help to preserve meat and other food from spoiling and are used in modern packing houses to tenderize meat.

In many modern refrigerators there is a small bluish-coloured bulb which develops ozone and destroys odours. The ozone and ultraviolet light slows the development of moulds and delays food spoilage. Ozone lamps are also used in homes and offices to destroy odours.

While some "sun lamps" produce light, their main function is to make people look and feel better. Under proper controls to avoid excessive burning, ultraviolet rays either from the sun or artificial lamps can have beneficial effects by unlocking Vitamin D in the body.

A caesium vapour lamp develops an invisible long wave "light" which can be "seen" only by a special photocell. This lamp is used in invisible signalling and the transmission of messages in the military services. Certain type lamps are used to develop the sound track on motion picture film.

Plants must usually be grown where there is sunlight. But studies have shown that many plants can be grown without daylight by the use of incandescent and fluorescent lamps. It has been suggested that farms of the future may go underground where heat, light and humidity can be completely controlled.

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# A MODERN SHABARI

**P. K. Ayyagari**

IN Andhra Pradesh there are innumerable deities. Among all of them Sri Ramachandra has a unique attraction. For the Andhras Sri Rama Navami is the most sacred and joyous occasion.

Everywhere big pandals are erected and for nine days the celebrations take place on a grand scale.

The late Sri K. Nageswara Rao once said that Sri Rama is "*Andhra Hridayaeswarudu*" (Lord of the Hearts). How true it is!

On that holy day thousands of people go to Bhadrachalam to get a *darshan* of the Lord. Bhadrachalam is the famous hill-place of the Lord situated on the banks of the Godavari. It is said that Sri Rama lived for a long time here during his exile and that Sita was abducted here by Raavana. Going to Bhadrachalam is a thrilling experience, for one sees nature in her truest splendour. In Andhra, Rama Bhaktas are countless.

In Masulipatam, to-day, lives an old lady clad in saffron clothes. Her hair is matted and body wrinkled. She is the Shabari of our times and is in the line of those immortal devotees of Sri Rama—Pothana, Ramadas and Thyagaraja. Her life is a poem—a beautiful poem of devotion to the Lord. Her toothless smile strikingly resembles that of Gandhiji. She is ANNAPOORNAMMA.

Annapoornamma was born sixty years ago in a poor family in a place near Chittoor. Even in childhood her sufferings knew no limit. She lost her parents at a very early age. She was taken to Rajahmundry where she joined an orphanage. A generous teacher of that place gave her shelter and she became the cook of the teacher. After some years the teacher was transferred to Masulipatam. She lived with the teacher for several years. The teacher was again transferred to a distant place and could no longer take the poor cook with her as the latter's devotion to the Lord and indifference to cooking were increasing.

Annapoornamma then joined the house of a Vakil, as a cook. The Vakil, the late Sri Ramarao, was well known for his wealth and miserliness. He did not like her songs and worship and frequently grew angry at her.

Annapoornamma had to live with her little idols of Sri Rama, Sita, Lakshmana and Hanumaan in a small hut in the backyard of the house. She was least worried, for what she wanted was, not comfort, but freedom to worship her Lord. Everyday she worshipped the Lord and sang songs in praise of Him. Every year she celebrated Sri Rama Navami.

She and her Lord spent nearly fifteen years in the little hut.

Sri Ramarao fell severely ill and was in a state of delirium. He saw two handsome young men with bows and arrows in their hands—Rama and

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Lakshmana. He at once sent for Annapoornamma and begged her pardon. He called his wife and asked her to get a Mandir built for Sri Rama, and that was the greatest deed of his life. Subsequently he died.

Smt. Ramarao at once got a beautiful Mandir built for the Lord. She went to Bombay and brought lovely idols of Rama, Sita, Lakshmana and Hanumaan. Along with the little idols of Annapoornamma, she got them installed in the Mandir.

Annapoornamma's joy knew no bounds.

With the characteristic smile on her face she says "Sri Rama finished his exile and has come back to Ayodhya."

Every day several people go there to see the great lady worshipping the Lord.

Every year Sri Rama Kalyaana is celebrated splendidly. She prays to God that there be no obstacles in the celebrations.

As Sri Rama Navami approaches, every year, a monkey comes to her Mandir, sits there for a while and goes away. She says "Hanumaan has come to bless me and Sri Rama Navami will be well celebrated." One should only see for oneself how beautifully the celebrations take place.

I sought her permission to photograph the Mandir. With a smile on her face she said, 'Does Bhakti need publicity? It is not good that the Lord should be photographed."

Yes, who can see the Lord of her heart?


## KOTI ARCHANA
## AT RAMESWARAM TEMPLE

**Koti Divyanama Archanai is performed to Sri Ramanathaswami of Rameswaram From 8th April, 1963.**

Tickets are issued for the purpose at Rs. 10/- per Sahasranamam. A Sahasranamam-archana will be performed in the name of the ticket-holder on the day indicated and the Neivedyam, Mahaprasadam and Silver Swami Kasu will be given in person or sent by post. All those desirous of performing the Archana in this Holy Koti Archana series may send the amount by money order or cheque at the rate of Rs. 10/- per ticket to the "Executive Officer, Rameswaram Devasthanam, Rameswaram." The tickets can be had from the office of the Devasthanam and from the Temple Peishkar also locally.

THE NET PROCEEDS FROM THE SALE OF KOTI ARCHANA TICKETS WILL BE UTILISED FOR THE RENOVATION WORK OF THIS TEMPLE ESTIMATED TO COST ABOUT TEN LAKHS.

Further particulars can be had from the Executive Officer of the Devasthanam.

Sri RAJA SHANMUGARAJESWARA SETHUPATHY, M.L.A., Ramnad (Chairman).
SRIMATHI JOTHI VENKATACHELLUM, M.L.A., Minister for Health, State Govt., Madras, Trustee.
Sri D. SRINIVASAN, B.A., B.L., Advocate, Paramakudi, Trustee.

R. PADMANABHAN,
Executive Officer.


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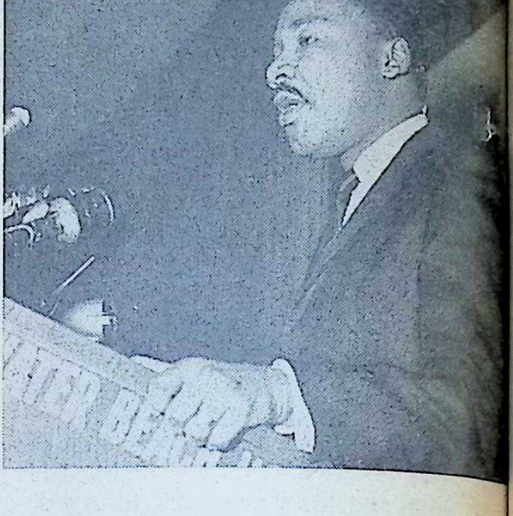
*Our Fortnightly Profile—178*

# Rev. Martin Luther King



RACIAL conflict has once again reared its ugly head in the United States. Little Rock, Oxford and now Birmingham in Alabama. The present trouble at Birmingham arose after several weeks of "freedom marches" in the Deep South and demonstrations aimed at ending the segregated transport and its like among the Negroes and the whites of the town. If it has not been worked up to the pitch of a full-scale crisis, it is because of the deep religious conviction, non-violent intention and the influence of Gandhism on the part of the Negro leader Rev. Martin Luther King who directs the operations on behalf of the coloured people.

After initial arrests and later *pourparlers* among leaders of both communities, let us hope with President Kennedy who is seized of the situation, that the "justifiable needs of the Negro community" are met by the others in a spirit of accommodation.

That it is well within the realm of possibility is borne out by the credentials of Rev. Martin Luther King who is the guiding spirit behind the Negroes. While his is the fighting spirit behind the demand, his is also the restraining influence on his followers. Like Gandhiji, he will not hesitate to call off the movement if it takes a violent turn. Motivated as he is by a deep religious urge, there is little wonder that coloured people have unquestioningly put their faith in his leadership.

Rev. Martin Luther King was born of pastor father of the same name at Atlanta in 1929. His mother was a school-teacher before she married. Originally, his name was Michael Luther King. While the junior was barely six years old, he was suddenly cut off from a playmate of his who was a white grocer's son on the ground that young "Mike" was a Negro. When therefore he went home crying, Mrs. King comforted him saying that it was the law of the land. She described to him all about segregation. In the end, however, she said: "Although this system exists, you should never feel inferior." The senior who was a silent party to this conversation warmed up and told the boy the story of Martin Luther, the great Reformation leader. Towards

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the end he said with fire in his eyes: "From now on, you and I are going to be called Martin Luther King." That sparked off the crusading spirit in the junior who, today, looks very much like becoming an American Gandhi!

Religious avocation was in the family tradition, yet young Martin had no early desire of becoming a minister of the Church. In his junior year at the Morehouse College at Atlanta, however, he came under the influence of its President, Dr. Mays, and that settled his future. Of his own accord, he came to the conclusion that he could best serve humanity by joining the Church. With that ideal he studied theology, won coveted prizes and also a fellowship for graduate study. Joining Boston College in 1951, he took a doctorate there and at the same time studied philosophy at Harvard.

Although ordained minister in his father's Church in 1947, he did not have a parish of his own till he was called to the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in 1954. After coming there he encouraged his parishioners to take active interest in community problems. He organized a social and political action committee within the Church and urged every member to become a registered voter and also a member of the National Association for the Advancement of the Coloured People.

When a Negro woman of Montgomery was arrested for violating the segregation rule by travelling in a bus along with whites, Luther King led the Negroes in an agitation and succeeded in a boycott of all buses, and people walked to work. The boycott continued for 381 days! His house was bombed even as the motel now which he uses as his Birmingham Head Quarters. And yet he urged his followers to scrupulously observe non-violence. Said he, "We believe in law and order. Don't get your weapons. He who lives by the sword perishes by the sword."

Five Negro women took out an action in the district court against those discriminatory transport laws as a result of which 25 Ministers, including Luther King, were arrested; the Circuit Judge declared the strike illegal and sentenced King to pay a fine of $500 or serve a term of 140 days in gaol. The case went on a double appeal. Ultimately the Supreme Court upheld the Negro cause and the agitation was called off. For the first time Negroes and whites travelled in the same bus together on December 21, 1956. Even at that time Luther advised his followers thus: "While travelling, you should either remain silent or reply without rancour, even when provoked." That shows the man who has no pride in his victory.

The troubles did not end there. King's door was blasted with a shotgun one fine day; fortunately no one was hurt. Two bomb outrages were attempted on his house. Yet he was unruffled. In an interview in 1957 he said: "The new Negro has acquired a self-respect and a new sense of dignity. He has overcome the fear which once characterised his behaviour. As soon as we pass out of this shock period, I believe that whites and Negroes will work together without bitterness."

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Regarded as the leader *par excellence* of the "new Negroes," Rev. King approaches the problem of gaining the rights guaranteed by the U.S. Supreme Court with determination but without anger. In this great task, he acknowledges his debt to Gandhiji. In explaining the boycott mentioned above, he said: "This is a protest of passive resistance, depending upon moral and spiritual forces. Christ showed us the way and Mahatma Gandhi showed us it could work."

A short, elegant figure with a long receding forehead and a natty moustache, Rev. King is five feet seven inches tall. He calls himself an "ambivert," meaning that he is both an introvert and an extrovert. He is married and is blessed with children. He calls his wife a great stabilizing influence on his life. Besides the Church and the Negro cause, he has interest in baseball, swimming, fishing and tennis; but feels that Negroes have very little recreational amenities.

Rev. Martin Luther King is not a stranger to this country. He had visited this country at the invitation of our Prime Minister Sri Jawaharlal Nehru. He has visited Ghana too at the invitation of President Nkrumah. Rev. King speaks from many platforms in the U.S. itself and often appears on the TV.

It is said that Rev. King's sermons are devoid of the emotionalism characteristic of the Negro Church. He once said: "If we have as much religion in our hearts as we have in our legs and feet, we could change the world."

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# Question Box

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1086

Sri Y. Acharya, T. Bodduvara.

*Q: What is the significance of Krishna's stealing the clothes of the Gopis while they were taking bath?*

A: The only significance of Krishna's pranks during his infancy is to show what a naughty, lovable boy he was.

1087

Sri M. Srirama Rao, Vijayawada-1.

*Q: Karma governs our lives and we pray God in the hour of distress. Can the effect of Karma be changed by the Will of God?*

A: Yes. If you pray to God, His grace will descend and the effect of *Karma* will be changed.

1088

Sri M. N. Nair, Andheri, Bombay.

*Q: Brahman, i.e.* Atman, *is all-pervading, everything living and dead. Death is considered to be the separation of* Atman *from the body. This is paradoxical. Please elucidate.*

A: There is no paradox in this. Two things are paradoxical only if they are in the same plane. Death is a physical (or biological) phenomenon. *Brahman* is a spiritual reality. *Brahman* is the Reality behind physical life and death.

The separation of the *Atman* from the body refers to the *jivatman* and not to the Supreme *Atman* which is really all-pervasive.

1089

Sri K. S. Vijaya Raghavan, Mysore.

*Q: What is Akshohini?*

A: Akshohini is the name of an army unit in ancient India which consisted of 21,870 elephants, 21,870 chariots, 65,610 horses and 1,09,350 foot-soldiers.

1090

Sri T.A. Shankaranarayana Sastry, Tyamagondlu.

*Q: Can you please explain the characteristics of a* Sthita-pragna?

A: Read *Bhagavad Gita,* 2nd Canto. Sri Krishna will be able to explain it to you better than I can do.

1091

Sri K. V. Ramadev, Bangalore.

*Q: How can a youth control* krodha *and* kama *in him?*

A: By reading the *Bhagavad Gita* and praying to God to save him from these sins.

1092

Sri R.S. Nagabhushana, Shimoga.

*Q: Do you believe in the superhuman?*

A: I do.

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1093

Sri A. Hanumantha Rao, Vijayawada.

Q: *A person lost his character on one occasion. He repented later and apologised to his father. But his father was stern and refused to admit his son, fully aware that his son would behave like that according to his horoscope, and drove his son out of home. Now what should the son do?*

A: The son should stand on his own legs, carve out a career for himself, and by his future actions prove that his father was wrong.

1094

Sri S. Vittal Rao, Bangalore.

Q: *Don't you think that by trying to launch rockets to the moon etc., people are trying to disturb the natural harmony of the universe and consequently cause difficulties to the world?*

A: I would think so.

1095

Sri S.R. Krishna Moorti, Sondekoppa.

Q: *Do Hindu laws permit surgical operation to prevent child birth?*

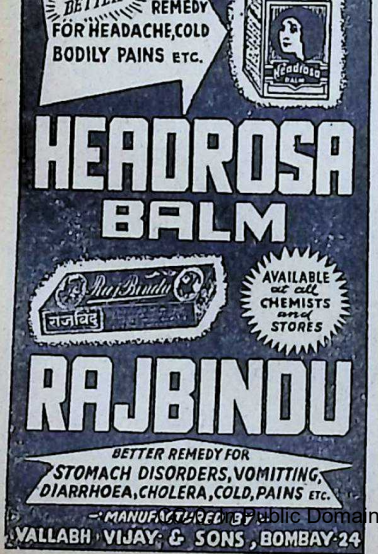
A: No.

1096

Sri M. N. Nair, Andheri, Bombay.

Q: *Presuming that the Mind and Atman are one and the same in conception, all our actions springing from the mind, i.e. Atman, are involuntary, and therefore, beyond any kind of blasphemy. Supposedly, if my basic assumption, viz. the inseparability of Atman and Mind is correct, it is incomprehensible to me as to the invariably distinct impulses in each and every human being, leaving aside the external forces that may also influence one's actions. Please elucidate.*

A: The mind and the *Atman* are *not* one according to Indian philosophy. The mind, along with the *antahkarana, buddhi* and the sense organs, is considered a limitation or *upadhi* of the *Atman* concealing its excellence. The impulses and external forces referred to in the question affect the mind, not the *Atman*.

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*They Stood for Our Dharma—1*

# TRIUMPH OF TRUTH

LONG ago, in the Treta Yuga, there ruled over Ayodhya a king named Harischandra who scrupulously observed the inviolable code of *dharma*. Once it so happened that he unwittingly offended the Sage Vishwamitra who threatened to lay his curse on the king's devout head. In expiation, the Sage demanded of the king the gift of a large amount of *dakshina* for a sacrifice that he intended to perform. Subordinating prudence to generosity, Harischandra agreed to the demand. What is more, he laid his kingdom with its entire treasury at the feet of the sage. Quickly accepting the kingdom with all that it contained, Vishwamitra bade the king leave his domains taking only his wife and son with him.

As Harischandra was about to step outside the borders of Ayodhya, the *rishi* reminded him of the *dakshina* that he had promised earlier and insisted that he should not move without fulfilling his promise. 'A plighted word,' said he, 'should not be broken. That is the ancient law.'

Harischandra pleaded: 'O Sage! Having given away my entire kingdom to you, I am left with nothing to call my own save the bodies of my wife, my son and myself. Bear with me for a while and I shall redeem my promise before long.'

'How long should I wait?' asked Vishwamitra.

'In a month's time,' replied the king, 'I shall discharge my debt to you.'

'Well, go; but keep your word', said the sage reproachfully.

Taking unwilling leave of his subjects, who were sore distressed to see the fate that had descended on their king, Harischandra wandered far from his dominions and entered the sacred city of Banaras. No sooner did he set foot on that holy soil leading his wife and child than he saw the Sage Vishwamitra himself approaching him with a grim countenance. Greeting him with due respect, he prayed to be told what the sage desired.

'The stipulated month is over. Give me this day the *dakshina* that you promised,' said the sage.

Harischandra replied in great humility, 'Holy One! This is the last day of the month; half of the day still remains. You shall have your *dakshina* before nightfall.'

'I agree to that,' said the sage, 'but take care that you keep your word, or else my curse shall fall upon you.'

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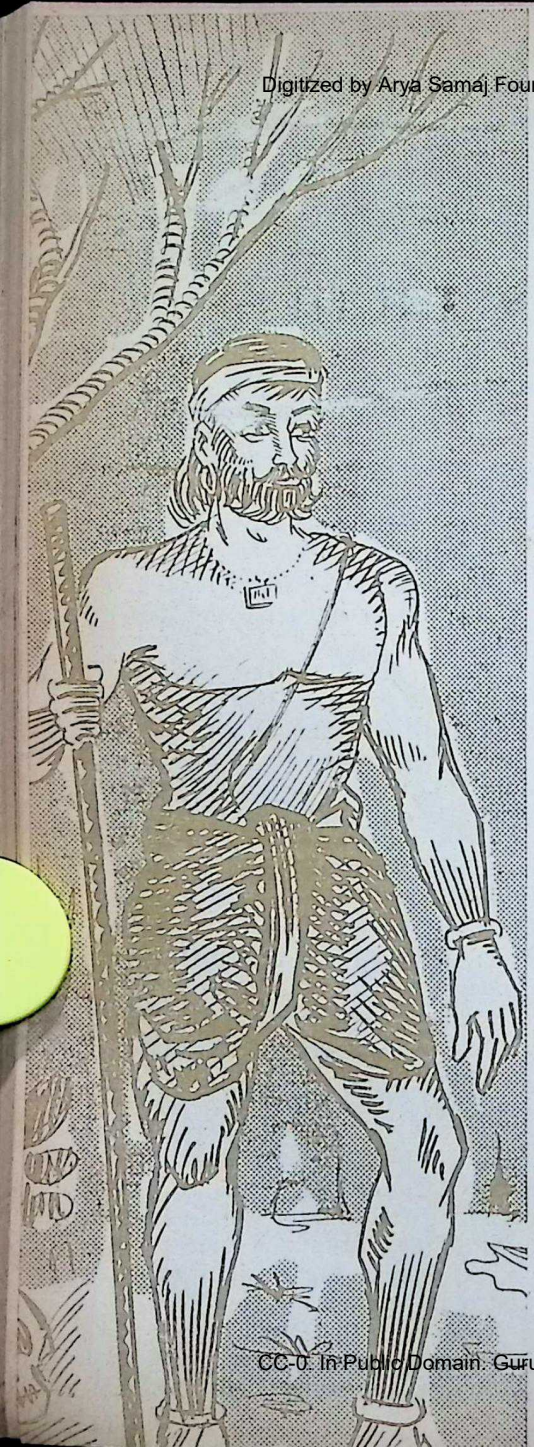

Harischandra was lost in thought as to how he was to find the large amount with which he could redeem his promise.

'Where shall I go? Of whom shall I beg? If I do not keep my word, I shall be violating my *dharma*!' The king could not see a way out of his predicament.

Seeing her lord in sore distress, the queen tried to speak to him through her sobs and said, 'My lord! The wise extol a person who stands for Truth. There is no *dharma* higher than Truth. My lord! Have I not given birth to a son?....' and she broke down unable to speak further.

Then steeling herself and gathering courage, she said, 'My lord! I have fulfilled myself as a woman; I have become a mother. There is nothing else that I desire. My life's purpose has been achieved. Therefore sell my person to some one and pay the *rishi* his due!'

'Alas! has it come to this?' wailed Harischandra, 'Shall I cast you off and barter you away as a tinsel put up for sale? How can you suggest this, queen of my heart?' he said disconsolately.

Just then, the little prince, whose name was Rohitaswa, afflicted by hunger, cried out, 'Mother dear, I am hungry; my tongue is dried up; give me something to eat.' How could the sweetly innocent child know of the plight of his parents!

The plaintive cry of his darling son sent a pang in Harischandra's heart. Overcome by anguish to hear his wife offering herself to be sold in slavery, he fell down in a swoon.

Just then, his eyes red with anger,

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Vishwamitra appeared again before him. Reviving the king, the *rishi* addressed him thus, 'O King, stand up and be a man. Do not give way to grief in this way. Wailing like a woman will not help you to discharge your debt. If you would uphold *dharma*, devise the means to free yourself from your debt. Stand up for Truth like a true king. The sun shines by Truth; the earth stands firm on Truth; Truth is the highest *dharma*. Heaven itself is rooted in Truth. A thousand *Aswamedha* sacrifices cannot equal Truth in merit. If you do not give me the *dakshina* you owe me before the sun sinks in the west, be prepared to receive my curse and the consequences thereof.'

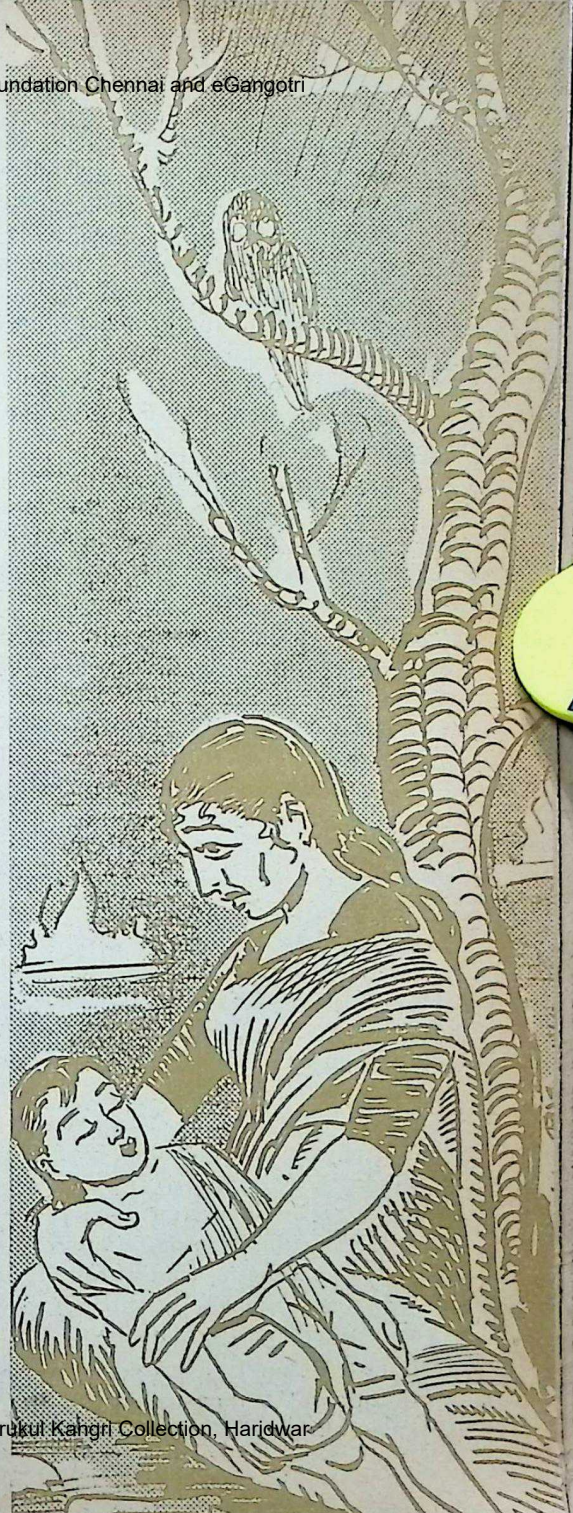
In that predicament, the queen approached her husband and said, 'Lord! Do not invite the sage's curse. Heed my counsel. Sell me and pay him off.'

'Dear one!' said Harischandra, 'should it be even so?'

Suppressing his grief, the king cast off all his scruples. Standing in the market place, he cried aloud, 'Listen ye citizens of Banaras! Here stand I, the cruel, the inhuman one. Unabashed, I offer my wife for sale. Which among you need a housemaid to serve in your home? Take my wife and pay her price.'

Then, an old Brahmin appeared before the king and agreed to buy the queen as a servant for his wife. He brought the cash as the price of the queen, tied it to the king's raiment of bark and, taking possession of the queen, dragged her by her hair.

The little prince wept as he saw his mother being dragged away and



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tried to hold her back by the end of her apparel. Choking with grief, the queen begged of the Brahmin to let her console her child and take leave of him. 'Oh! How can I live without my child! When shall I see him again?' she cried. Turning to the prince, she said, 'Do not touch me, my darling. I am no more thine; I have become another's property'—and with that she collapsed.

Seeing his mother dragged away, the boy ran after her. The Brahmin got angry and began to beat him. But despite the punishment, the boy clung hard to his mother.

Turning to the Brahmin, the queen pleaded with him to buy her child also so that he could live with her. The Brahmin consented and took the prince paying his price.

As he saw his wife and child being led away, Harischandra wept. 'My beloved! On whom the sun dare not shine, whom the wind could not touch, whom no stranger's eyes could ever behold to be dragged as a slave through the streets of Banaras! That I should have consented and yet live to witness this humiliation! And thou my darling son! How heartless of me to have cast thee off!'

As the queen and the prince passed out of sight with the Brahmin, Vishwamitra demanded from Harischandra the money that he had received. The king promptly offered it to the sage. Finding that it fell short of what was due to him, the sage sternly asked for the balance.

'O Great One, I have sold away my wife and son!' remonstrated the king. 'I have nothing else left with me. Yet, wait for a little while and I shall pay you in full.'

'A fourth of the day still remains,' said the *rishi*. 'I shall wait till that time is over. But don't put me off again,' he warned and walked away.

Finding no other way to earn the money still due to the *rishi* except by selling himself, Harischandra shouted in the market-place, 'Let him who will buy me for his bondman, and let him hasten before nightfall!'

The Lord of Dharma appeared before him as a *chandala* in the hideous form of a keeper of the cremation ground, carrying a skull in one hand and a stick in another, and offered to buy him to be his servant. Overcoming his initial aversion to serve such a despicable master, this scion of the solar race of kings sold himself to him and paid the amount to the *rishi*.

When he took up his post in the cremation ground, the *chandala* instructed him in his duties. 'Your office here', said he, 'is to wait for the corpses that will be brought here for cremation. Take possession of the shroud with which the body will be wound, demand the rice and cash due from the mourners, set apart a sixth of it for the king and three parts as my portion. The remaining two parts will be your wages.'

Harischandra stationed himself in that ghastly place lit by burning corpses where the air was rent by the wails of the kinsmen of the dead. Performing his duties amidst leaping flames and cracking skulls, the king's aspect too underwent a change as he went about with a shrivelled skin and matted hair, his whole frame smear-

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ed with the ashes of the burning ground. Grieving over his lot, he thought of the series of calamities that had reduced him to this lowly condition.

A twelve-month passed. One night, the enslaved queen herself entered the cremation ground carrying in her arms her own son, Rohitaswa, who had been bitten to death by a serpent. As she walked in weeping over her precious burden, Harischandra looked at the sweet face of the lovely boy, struck by the marks of royalty on his features. He wondered who might be the king whose darling prince had been snatched away by the cruel hand of death. When he heard the hapless woman refer to himself by name and complain against fate for the loss of his kingdom, separation from friends, and the sale of wife and child, he discovered that she was none other than his queen and the corpse on her lap was of his own son.

Then he wept piteously.

'Ah! What a stony heart I bear which does not break at the sight of thy charming face! Whom shall I kiss on the forehead hereafter now that thou art gone? When again will the dust of thy knees settle on my garment as I take thee up in my arms as thou hastenest to my side? Alas! thou wert flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone, but, wretch that I am, I sold thee away!'

When the queen discovered that the keeper of the burning ground was none other than her own lord and husband, she set up such heart-rending cries that the whole place reverberated with her lamentations. 'O my dear lord! Am I dreaming, or is it true that you have consented to this despicable office? If true, has *dharma* forsaken us? Has our worship of our household gods been in vain? Has *dharma* vanished from the world? Has Truth ceased to hold sway that you have been banished from your country and reduced to this pitiable plight?'

The royal mourners wept for long over the dead body of their beloved child. Then, addressing his queen, the king said, 'Let us both beg of the God of Death to take us too where our child has gone. Dear one, I do not wish to live long nursing this grief in my breast. But, alas! I am not a free man now. If I should fall into the fire and put an end to myself without the *chandala's* permission, having been a slave of him in this life, I shall be his slave in my next life too. Or, for the sin of depriving him of this body of which he is now the master, I shall be consigned to everlasting hell.

'But how can I live without my boy? A man in distress cannot reason about right and wrong. So I shall throw myself into our child's burning pyre. You go back to your master's home and do your duties there looking forward to a reunion with me and with our child in the next life.'

The queen quickly replied, 'Best of kings! How can I live when both of you are dead? I too shall fall into the fire. Heaven or hell, we shall live together sharing our fate!'

The king made a pyre on which he laid his dear son. He and his queen raised their hands in devout supplication. He prayed to God to accept

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all three of them as offerings at the altar of Truth. He made ready to fall into the fire with his queen. Then a surprising thing happened.

All the gods of heaven came down to earth led by Indra and the Lord of Dharma and gathered round Harischandra. Vishwamitra too was among them. The Lord of Devas approached him and spoke to him thus; 'We are pleased with you, O king! for your steadfastness to Truth and the stoic fortitude with which you bore all your trials. Look! Your son is restored to life. Here is the car to take you to heaven. Ascend and go to the regions of bliss with your queen and your son. Behold, your form has regained its former splendour. You are a true king.'

Harischandra replied, 'How can I go to the celestial regions without my subjects who are so devoted to me? If I should abandon them, I shall be guilty of a sin as heinous as killing one's teacher, a cow or a woman. I see no joy in living here or hereafter away from my loving subjects. If they can come with me, I shall go to your abode; else, I am content to remain here sharing their joys and sorrows.'

Indra pleaded, 'Your subjects have diverse merits and demerits. How can they go along with you?'

Harischandra remonstrated and said, 'What merit could I have earned except with their help? It is with their assistance that I performed my austerities and sacrifices. Whatever virtue I have acquired, let it be shared by them too. I am content to enjoy with them, even if it be for one day, whatever merit will keep me in your region for days without number.'

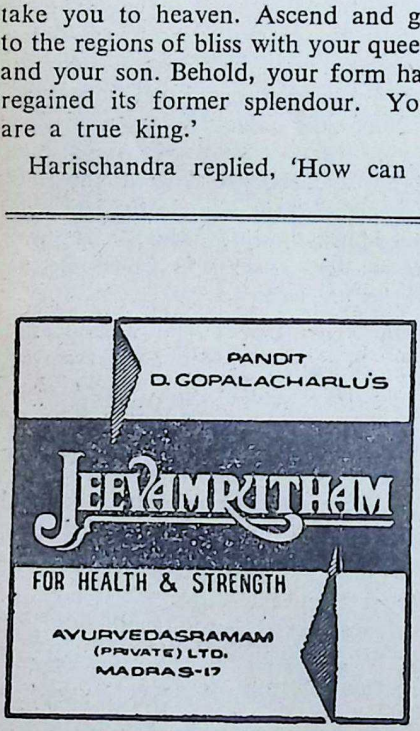
Pleased with his speech, Indra, Vishwamitra and the rest went with Harischandra to Ayodhya. They crowned Rohitaswa as the king of the country with great pomp and ceremony and Harischandra and his consort were duly led with those dear to him to the regions of the blessed, there to abide for ever.

[From the *Markandeya Purana*]

———*———

**A merciful and tender heart is the seed of love; a heart for shame and indignation is the seed of right; a heart to give way and yield is the seed of courtesy. a heart for right and wrong is the seed of wisdom.**

—Mencius

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# notes and news

## OUR FIRST DONOR IS 90

SRI GANGADAS MANGALDAS Vakil Nallawalla, the first donor of the Bhavan, was felicitated on his attaining the age of 90 by the Managing Committee of the Bhavan in a resolution passed by it at its meeting recently.

Sri Gangadas Mangaldas was born in 1873. Having matriculated in Bombay in 1893, he joined Wilson College, but gave up his studies a year later owing to his father's illness. Aspiring to become a lawyer, he joined a Solicitor's firm as a clerk and got through the District Pleader's Examination in 1901.

In 1903, he started practice at Thana and soon rose to eminence in the profession earning a four-figure income. Among his clients were several reputed firms and wealthy Gujarati merchants.

After 31 years of practice, he retired in 1934. Kulapati Munshiji knew him from as far back as 1922 and they had been good friends ever since. In 1937-38 when Sri Munshiji started the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, he contributed Rs. 30,000/- for starting Jyotir Vidyalaya. Through his good offices more contributions came from other sources. Recently he has donated Rs. 5,000/- for conducting Rashtra Bhasha Hindi classes, to perpetuate the memory of his nephew Manubhai Jamnadas Nallawalla. He has been made an Hon. Life Member of the Bhavan's Library and is a member of the Managing Committee. His name is well-known for philanthropy in many other circles.

*Sri Nallawalla*

Sri Gangadas Mangaldas owes his success to grim determination, devoted and hard work, regular habits and to a dedicated faith in God. By His grace, he still keeps good health and leads a quiet life full of piety and devotion.

## *VIVEKANANDA CIRCLE: BHARATIYA YOUTH FORUM*

ADDRESSING the Vivekananda Circle of the Bharatiya Youth Forum on the 12th of this month, Pravrajika Atmaprana, author of *Sister Nivedita of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda,* pointed out how Swami Vivekananda marked out Miss Margaret Noble (later Sisiter Nivedita) as the right person to carry out his plan of work for Indian women and how she responded in full measure to the exacting demands of the master. Sister Nivedita was a true Sannyasini who dedicated herself in a spirit of service and renunciation to the cause of resurgent Indian nationalism.

The Pravrajika then recalled how Sister Nivedita managed to raise funds for a school for girls (now Sister Nivedita Girls' School) and the persecutions she was subjected to by the government of the day for identifying herself with the Indian nationalist movement.

Concluding, the Pravrajika added that the Ramakrishna Mission at Belur Math which is doing splendid social service all over India, is in need of more funds. She appealed to dedicated and enlightened Indian ladies to come forward and join Sri Sarada Math, the nuns' wing of the

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Ramakrishna Mission, to do social work for the spiritual upliftment of women in particular.

### *ACTIVE AT 77*

A PARTY was got up in the Gita Mandir of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on the 10th instant to felicitate Sri Chandabhai Muchhala who is connected with the Kala Kendra of the Bhavan, on his 77th birthday. Prof. J. H. Dave, Hon. Director of the Bhavan, presided. Sri Muchhala was presented with a portrait of his on behalf of the staff members of the Bhavan who wished him a long, healthy life and a long spell of fruitful service.

### *SAHASRA CHANDI*

IN order to avert the calamities facing our country, a *Sahasra Chandi Maha Yagna* is being performed at Pudukkottai, near Trichonopoly, at the shrine of Mother Bhuvaneshwari, from May 28th to June 2nd, 1963.

A hundred *ritviks* will recite *Sapta Sati* a thousand times. On the last day *havan* will take place with those *mantras*, ending with *poornahuti, vasoddhara, suvasini puja, kumari puja*, etc.

Avadhuta Swami Santananda is the moving spirit behind this commendable effort which should receive the support of all *asthikas* in cash and kind.

### *KUMBHABHISHEKA*

THE Ashta-bandhana Maha Kumbhabhisheka Ceremonies in connection with renovations of the temples of Maha Ganapati, Visalakshi-Visveswara and Lakshmi-Narayana of Ramanathapuram of Palghat are being conducted in an elaborate manner from 23rd to 27th May 1963. Devotees are cordially invited to attend these holy functions and donate liberally.

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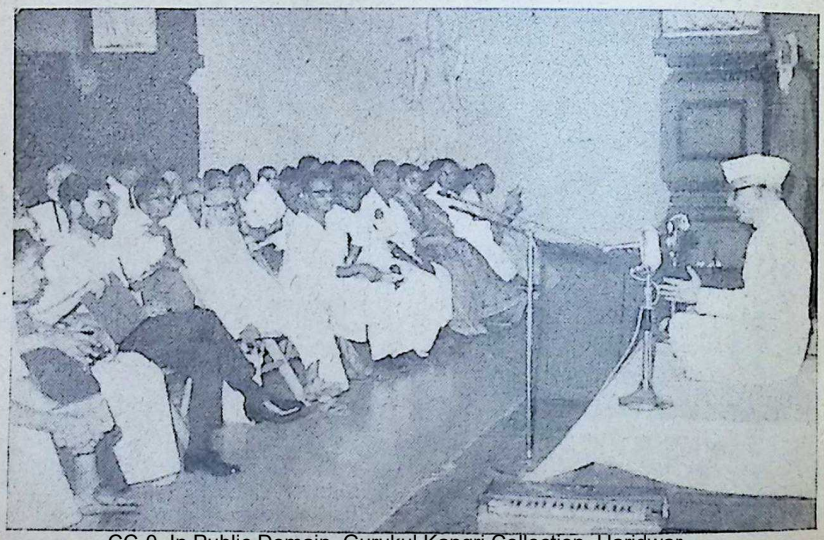
*Kulapati Munshiji speaking on the occasion of Gurudev Tagore's Birthday celebration held on May 7, 1963 under the auspices of the Bhavan's Kala Kendra and 'Rachana' of the Bharatiya Youth Forum.*



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*Kulapati Munshi inaugurating the 115th Geeta Gyana Yagna by H. H. Swami Chinmayananda, held at Bombay from April 24 to May 11, 1963.*


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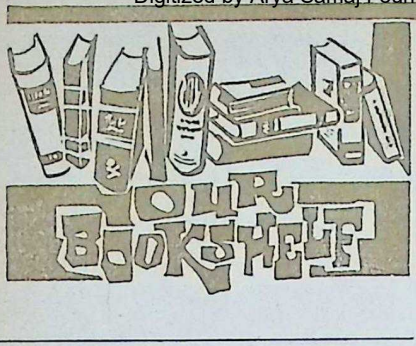


*HINDUISM.* By R. C. Zaehner. Published by Oxford University Press, Amen House, London, E. C. 4. pp. 272 Price: 10 s. 6 d.

DURING the last century a Western writer ended his book on Hinduism with these words: "Hinduism is a religion which is condemned to die, but determined to live." Hinduism was condemned to die because it had in its body such poisonous growths as Sati, untouchability, child marriages, enforced widowhood, and a petrified caste-system. But in spite of these it lived on, as it had in it at the same time such powerful vital elements, as the Upanishads, the *Bhagavad Gita,* the teachings of the Acharyas, the songs of the Alwars and Nayanmars and the saints of Maharashtra and the literature of the later Bhakti Schools of Northern India. These vital elements were further strengthened during the Renaissance of the 19th and 20th centuries by the Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, the lectures of Swami Vivekananda, the 'Life Divine' of Sri Aurobindo, the poems of Rabindranath Tagore and the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi, while at the same time the poisonous growths were one by one uprooted by the reformers beginning with Ram Mohan Roy, the father of modern India. Consequently in contrast to the writer quoted above, Prof. Zaehner writing in 1962 ends his book on Hinduism with the following words: What then is the message of Hinduism? If it has a message at all, it would seem to be this: to live out your *dharma* which is embedded in the conscience, to do what instinctively you know to be right, and thereby to live in harmony with the *dharma* of all things, so that in the end you may see all things in yourself, and yourself in all things and thereby enter into the eternal and timeless peace, which is the *dharma* of Moksha, the 'law' of 'freedom' that has its being outside space and time yet comprises and hallows both!

Prof. Zaehner traverses the whole ground of the history of Hinduism from the hymns of the *Rigveda* to the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. His treatment of the subject is, on the whole, fair and just and sympathetic, according to his own lights. He rightly points out that to understand the complex structure of Hinduism—its heights and depths, its stresses and strains, its orthodoxies and heresies—one should go to the great epic, the *Mahabharata.* Again he rightly says that Tagore and Gandhi between them best represent the spirit of new Hinduism. In a remarkable chapter at the end of the book he compares the character of Gandhi with that of Yudhishthira in the *Mahabharata* and points out that in both cases there was a tension between the traditional *dharma* of their day and the eternal *dharma,* of which their consciences were in pursuit, and that the latter triumphed over the former. In all communities it is only when there are individuals who are more highly advanced than the rest and who are free to criticise the traditional customs, usages and laws in the light of their own inner spirit, that progress can be achieved in religion as well as politics.

There are, however, many opinions expressed in this book which most Hindus would reject as being wrong or inaccurate. Zaehner does not think much of Advaita philosophy which most Hindus regard as the pinnacle of Indian thought. He regards the sectarian theisms of mediaeval India as more precious than what he contemptuously calls the pantheistic monism of the Upanishads. He compares the *Bhagavad Gita* to a watershed which divides the waters of the Upanishads from those of the Bhakti cults of the

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later ages, whereas we regard the *Gita* rather as a reservoir which collects waters from various streams, the most important of which is the Himalayan stream of the Upanishads, and sends them down throughout the land in subsequent centuries. Again he says there has been a tension between "Moksha" and "dharma" throughout the history of Hinduism. It is only for the ignorant that any such tension exists. Most of those who think about these things know that Moksha is the eternal kingdom of spirit and that Dharma is the kingdom of spirit in the making—the kingdom of God on earth under human conditions. They know that there is no more tension between 'dharma' and 'Moksha' than there is between flower and fruit. The one naturally grows into the other, that is the true meaning of the well-known Hindu formula—Dharma, Artha, Kama, Moksha. The misunderstanding of the relationship between Dharma and Moksha is due largely to one's not viewing the teaching of the Upanishads in its proper perspective and setting. The Upanishads, unlike the *Gita*, were originally meant for the instruction of those who had entered on the last stage of spiritual life. They pre-suppose the observance of Dharma in the earlier stages and not negate or belittle it.

An Indian edition of this book will be published shortly and will be priced at Rs. 6, we are told.

—*Prof. D. S. Sarma*

*MEWAR AND THE MUGHAL EMPERORS.* By Dr. G. N. Sharma, M. A., Ph. D. Published by Shiva Lal Agarwala & Co. (Pvt.) Ltd., Agra. pp. 235. Price: Rs. 15.

MEWAR'S heroic role in our national history was unique in several respects. In the annals of our struggles for freedom against aggressive imperialists, few other principalities can rival the record of the Sisodiyas in their sustained will to resist, their all-out sacrifices, and their noble chivalry. Their "Tower of Victory" (at Chitor) and its human counterpart, Rana Pratap, stand out as flaming beacons to inspire all fighters for freedom at all times. Tradition claims for Shivaji descent from the same womb of heroism.

Dr. Sharma provides in this erudite monograph a model for all research scholars who seek to create live history from the 'dead' resources of archaeology, epigraphy, and literary materials in Sanskrit, Persian, Rajasthani, etc. He makes critical use of all these (including paintings and unpublished Mss.) to arrive at his well authenticated pictures of personalities and situations. He nowhere permits patriotic sentiments to get the better of his well sifted evidence. Citing bardic lore he observes: "Legends have a way of sacrificing what is historically true to a picturesque detail or a pathetic effect." (p. 101)

He corrects many an error of earlier writers like Tod and Ojha with unassailable logic and evidence. His copious citations in foot-notes, appendices and bibliography are a rich repertoire for verification of specific facts and inferences. These include unpublished letters, etc., from the Rana's private archives, brought to light here for the first time.

The author holds the scales even between legitimate admiration and unreserved criticism of the actions and policies of the Ranas as well as the Emperors. His narrative impregnated as it is with numerous details is never dull or boring. His style, though it is not without slips of expression occasionally, is vivid, clear and vigorous. He attributes the heroic failures of the Ranas to the superior resources of the Mughals: "arrows could not answer bullets!" (p. 37)

The resilience of the Ranas after every setback, their guerilla tactics, their harnessing of the Bhils and total mobilisation of their scanty resources; their statesman-like constructive work, their patronage of artists and scholars during the intervals of peace as well as their feudal weaknesses and lapses; —are all depicted without bias.

The volume under review (well illu-

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serves a careful study, as well for its art and technique of presentation as for its inspiring contents.

*—Prof. S. R. Sharma*

*ESSAYS ON BHARATHI* (Vol. II) Edited and published by the President, Bharathi Tamil Sangham, 93-A Rash Behari Avenue, Calcutta-26. Price not given.

IT is customary to think of Bharathi as a poet of the resurgence of Indian nationalism. He was that, and a great deal more than that. Were he only a poet who gave expression to the political aspirations of the nation, his claim to permanent remembrance would be relatively poor. He was a poet to the core of his being, and his recurrent theme, the dignity of man. He had an eye to beauty, a sense of the power of love and a passionate faith in men's right to all that was best in the world. The easy flow of his verse, in the speech of the common man, pointed to a serenity in his own nature, and enabled him to give expression to the joys and sorrows of the common man with a directness, which made his appeal universal. In the regional literature of India, he has pride of place.

This book is a garland of flowers, gifts from loving hands. It has the distinction of a tribute from Sri C. Rajagopalachari, who refers to Bharathi's part in the national regeneration. Mr. Manuel reminds us that Bharathi was not a man who wrote in numbers just because, as in Pope's case, numbers came to him and that he had a considered view of the function of poetry and of the way it worked. Professor Minakshisundaram contributes two articles, both of them thought-provoking, while K. S. Ramaswami Sastri points to Bharathi's conception of God as deriving from the basic philosophy of the Hindus. The entire collection was well worth the collecting, and should be of value to those who wish to make a deep study of Bharathi's poetry.

TRIPURA RAHASYA or The Mystery Beyond the Trinity. Translated into English by Swami Ramanananda Saraswati. Published by Sri Ramanasramam, Tiruvannamalai, S. India. pp. 258. Price: Rs. 4.

THIS important work synthesizing the main elements of the Advaita Vedanta and the Shakta Tantra for purposes of self-realisation has not been easily accessible to all. The Ramanasramam has done a distinct service by publishing this edition of the English rendering of the text. Bhagavan Maharshi used to refer to this treatise very frequently and that is how Swamiji—a devout disciple of the Sage—came to translate and make it available to the world of seekers.

The work purporting to give the instruction received by Sumedha, son of Harita, from Parasurama who in turn received it from Dattatreya, consists of over two thousand verses in Sanskrit and presents a difficult subject in a most interesting manner. Stories, stories within stories, parables, discussions—all are employed with superb effect to draw the attention of man to the destiny that awaits him if only he would wake up. The process of spiritual awakening, the methods by which the awakening is to be developed into a quest and the manner in which the folds of ignorance are dissipated and the way cleared for the emergence of the Light of the Self—all these are systematically described. The chapter on Vidya Gita deserves more than one reading.

The translation has been well done on the whole. In certain places it is a paraphrased rendering but care is taken to see that the spirit of the original is maintained.

*—M. P. Pandit*

*INDIGESTION: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.* By L. Ramachandra Sharma, Principal, Sanatana Dharma College, Palwal, E. Punjab. Published by the Nature Cure Publishing House, Pudukkottai, S. India. Price: Rs. 2.50 nP.

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THIS book of 144 pages is an excellent treatise on dyspepsia which is at the root of almost every chronic disease, according to the learned Naturopath. Various causes of indigestion are discussed in detail, the injurious effects of alkaline mixtures and sedatives are gone into, and the correct diet regimes prescribed for curing this prevalent malady. Cases of gastric ulcer and other digestive disturbances as also neurasthenia are discussed in simple language. Illustrations of Yoga Asanas and their correct application add to the utility of the book, as also do the simple hydrotherapy measures. What is most important, however, is that the philosophy behind Natural Cures is adequately explained.

Sri L. R. Sharma's book is a worthy addition to the right kind of health literature which is scarce in our country at present.

—*Dr. M. M. Bhamgara.*

## SANSKRIT

*THE TAITTIREEYA UPANISHAD:* Ananda Valli and Bhrigu Valli with Sri Sankara's Commentary. Edited with a sub-commentary of his own called the Bhashyartha Vimarshini by Sri Swami Sachidanandendra Saraswati. Published by Adhyatma Prakasha Karyalaya, Holenarsipur (Mysore State). Price: Rs. 8.50 nP.

THE revered and erudite Swamiji has already brought out the Text and commentary on the Shiksha Valli. In the work under review, he takes up for treatment the import of the Ananda Valli and the Bhrigu Valli. These two may be said to form a connected unit by themselves. They take up the metaphysical enquiry into the definition, the nature and the reality of Brahman, through rending the veil of Avidya and establishing the identity of the *jiva* with Brahman. The place of Karma and the means to the attainment of Jiva-Brahma, oneness are also considered in this work.

The Swamiji's commentary is highly illuminating. Basing himself on Sri Sankara's Bhashya, the Vartikas of Sri Sureswaracharya and Gaudapada's *Karikas* and pressing into service Sri Sankara's commentaries on the *Gita* and the *Brahma Sutras* and other works of the Acharya, the Swamiji has rendered his commentary in the truly traditional method and at the same time he has with incisive logic met and answered all the objections of the other schools of thought.

Here we find published the text of the *Upanishads.* The index containing the summaries of the Ananda Valli and the Bhrigu Valli found in the book is a very useful device.

To students of Vedanta and of Sri Sankara, this book will come as a very great help.

We are grateful to the learned Swamiji for having made many a knotty point so refreshingly easy, by his simple and arresting commentary. The name of the Commentary, Bhashya Vimarshini is very apt as it not only makes the text clear but the real import of the Bhashya is very accurately and faithfully brought out.

—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar*

*TIRUKKURAL* (Arattuppāl) Rendered into Sanskrit verses by Pt. Srirama Desikan (Siromani). Copies: Author, 25, Burkit Rd., Madras-17. pp. 77. Price: Re. 1.50.

PT. SRIRAMA DESIKAN has a flair for composing in Sanskrit. He has cultivated this gift with zest and as a hobby. The result is he has been able to utilize his scholarly equipment in Sanskrit and Tamil, in the cause of Indian culture, by placing before the Sahrdaya public easy and enjoyable renderings of select classics from Tamil literature into Sanskrit verses.

The present rendering covers the *Arattuppāl* in the original *Tirukkural* of Tiruvalluvar (circa 2nd century A.D.). A work of the last Sangham Age in Tamil literature, the *Kural* is a famous work on 'Trivarga' (Dharma, Artha and Kāma). Its language is terse and aphoristic. The Kural-metre is more or less the counterpart of the Vedic Gāyatri metre in terseness, beauty and simplicity. No wonder the

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'Tamil Veda', as the *Tirukkural* is recognized, has been couched in it. The task of capturing the depth of thought and penetrative insight of the author of the *Kural* into the great problems of life and clothing them in easy, flowing and crisp Anustubh verses in Sanskrit which can be readily memorized by boys and girls and even grown-ups, is by no means an easy task. Pt. Desikan deserves high praise for this notable literary service to both Sanskrit and Tamil.

All lovers of Indian culture would be eagerly looking forward to the appearance of Pt. Desikan's rendering of the *Porutpāl* of the *Kural*, reported to be in the Press. Educationists in our country would be well-advised to exert their influence in seeing that selections from such worthy 'modern' literature in Sanskrit are included in the text-books prescribed for the S.S.C. Examination, in the different States of Bharat. The Madras Government should really set the first example, in respect of this work.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

## MALAYALAM

*BRAHMANANDIYAM*. Compiled by Swami Agamananda. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Advaitasramam, P.O. Kaladi, Ernakulam Dt., Kerala State. pp. 351. Price: Rs. 4.

SWAMI BRAHMANANDA was one of the foremost among the illustrious disciples of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and was equal to Swami Vivekananda himself in spiritual attainments except for the latter's expressiveness and fiery enthusiasm in the cause of the Hindu religion. This book on him is divided into three parts: the first contains a brief outline of his life, the second deals with his teachings and the third is a collection of reminiscent writings from a few of his admirers. Gifted with extraordinary powers of the mind and heart to influence people and mould their lives, Swami Brahmananda lived a quiet life, touring the country extensively and drawing many men to the divine path of Sri Ramakrishna and giving talks on the felicities of a life dedicated to the service of man and God. His precepts consist in elaborate and exhaustive exposition of the methods of practising Sadhana and they reveal a masterly grasp of subject and clarity of thinking. His talks mostly given in the form of answers to questions present the problems that confront the Sadhakas and their solutions. Noteworthy among his suggestions are his insistence on entering a spiritual life even while young, complete surrender to God and absolute purity of mind as essential qualifications of an aspirant, renunciation of all objects that have an appeal to senses etc. The book in effect is an orderly presentation of the teachings of Sri Ramakrishna as expounded by one of his chief disciples.

—*P.V.*

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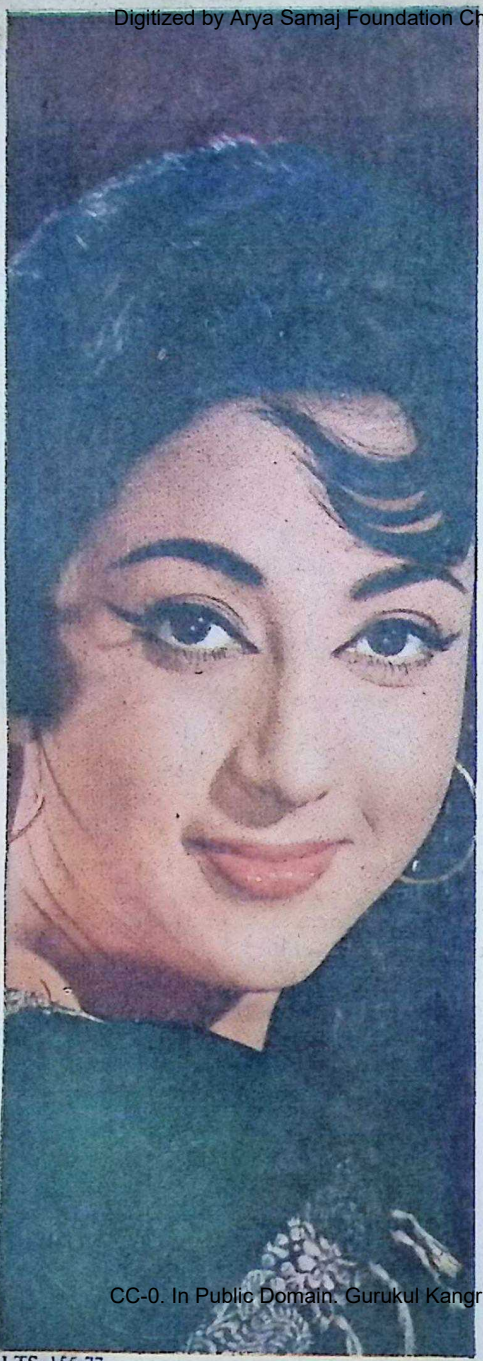

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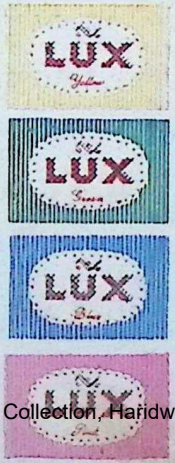


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FORTNIGHTLY

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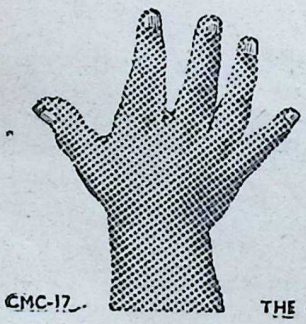

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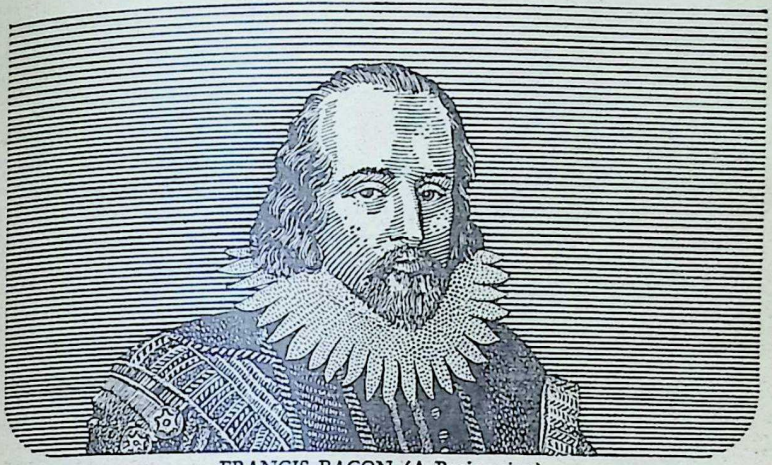

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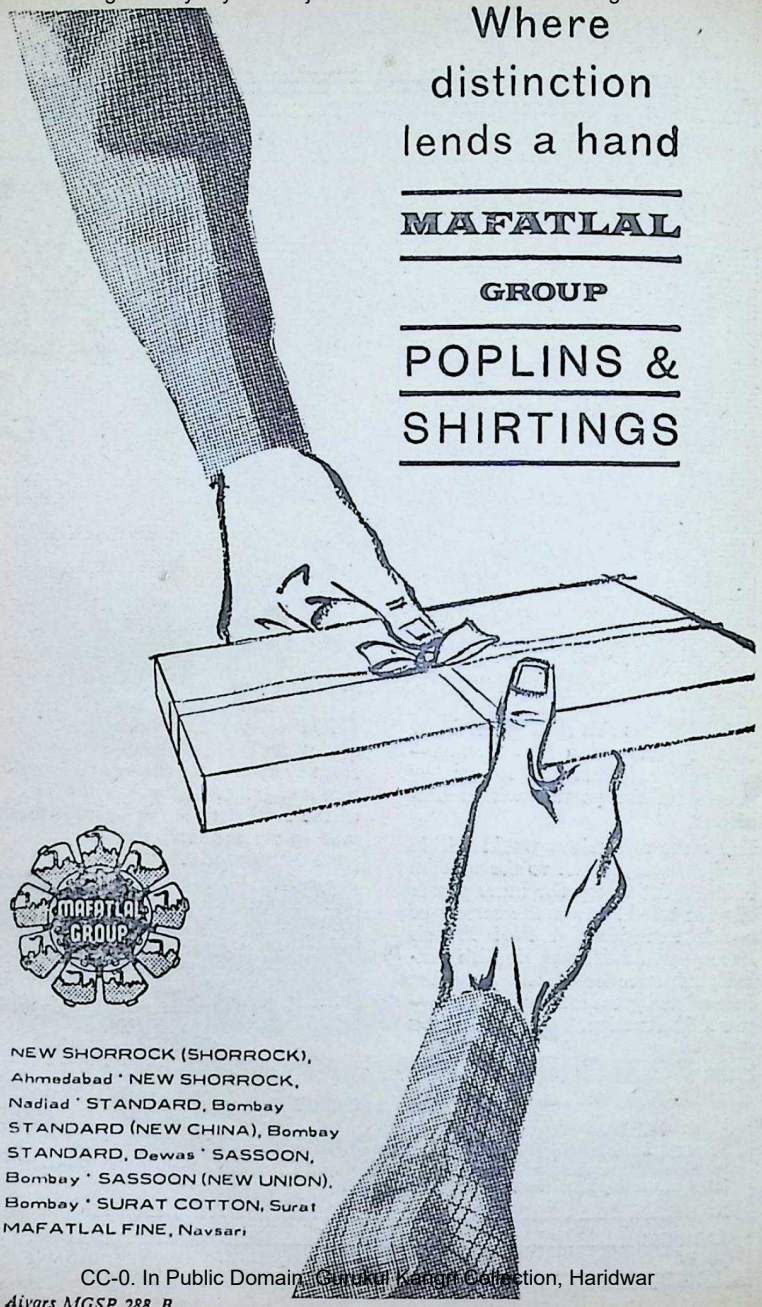

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*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

## PRAYER FOR TEJAS

एधोऽस्येधिषीमहि समिदसि।
तेजोऽसि तेजो मयि धेहि ॥

O Lord! You who enlighten our souls blazing Yourself like sacrificial fuel and reveal all knowledge by Your effulgence—endow me with *tejas* in suchwise that by receiving it we shall derive advancement from every side.

—*Yajurveda*, 38-25.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE.

No. 285

## ★ GURUVAYUR TO HINDUISM ★ EARLIER CHALLENGES ★ THE NEW CHALLENGE

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
JUNE 9, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

LAST month-end, I happened to inaugurate the Fifteenth Hindu Religious and Cultural Convention at the famous shrine of Guruvayur in Kerala. I am now sharing with you the thoughts to which I gave expression then.

As you know, for long I have been living in the hallowed memories of the life and achievements of Lord Shri Krishna. It has been given to me to worship at the place of His birth in Mathura; to have trees planted around Giri Govardhan, the place where He played in infancy; to have been helpful in restoring the "Dehot-sarga" in Prabhas where He left his mortal body.

Today, He has given me the privilege of worshipping the *Vigraha* which, as tradition has it, was brought here by *Guru* and *Vayu* from Dwarka at the behest of Uddhava. I can only express my feeling in the famous words of *Narayaneeyam*:

अस्पष्टं दृष्टमात्रे पुनरुरुपुरुषार्थात्मकं ब्रह्मतत्वं ।
तत्तावद् भाति साक्षाद् गुरुपवनपुरे हन्त ! भाग्यं जनानाम् ।।

Whenever I visit places associated with *Puranic* memories, I cannot help being moved. This is the land associated with the memories of the great Bhargava, Parasurama. I understand that the Brahmins of this place claim descent from him. So do the Bhargava Brahmins, the caste from which I come. Naturally I feel happy by this bond of association.

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These sacred memories associated with different *Tirthas* and shrines in India are the bonds which keep alive the unity of the country and the vitality of Hinduism.

Hinduism does not mean merely the religious system with its doctrines, creeds and rituals. It also means the basic values which have been shaping the social, moral and spiritual way of our life from age to age.

Hinduism is the name which has now been given to our system but its real name has always been *Sanatana Dharma* or the Immutable, Eternal Law, ever-true, ever-life-giving. It does not date from a particular point of time or begin from a particular founder. Being eternal, it is also universal. It knows no territorial jurisdiction. All beings born and to be born belong to it. Throughout the ages our prayers are for universal well-being:

सर्वे जना : सुखिनो भवन्तु–समस्त सन्मङ्गळानि भवन्तु ।

Hinduism has undying vigour. Whenever it has been challenged, it has developed creative strength and come out triumphant.

Hinduism had developed as a way of life with a distinctive social, moral and spiritual background long before the rise of Greece and Rome. The cultures of these countries are now museum-pieces while in spite of historical vicissitudes, Hinduism flourishes today as vigorously as ever.

It is amazing that Hinduism should have survived thousands of years in spite of great social and political upheavals and terrific onslaughts on it from age to age. How Hinduism faced these challenges and readjusted itself is a standing testimony to its intrinsic power and undying vitality.

●●●

You know how Hinduism accepted the challenge which was presented to it in the 8th century when disintegration had overtaken Indian culture. The cult of *karma-kanda*—ritualism—which laid emphasis on sacrifices to the neglect of high religious aspirations, the Shakti cults, some of which favoured bloody magic rites and decadent Mahayana Buddhism and *Vamachar* with their magic cults, threatened India with disintegration.

Then, as you know, arose Sankara Bhagavatpada who gave

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Hinduism fresh vitality and re-shaped life. His influence, after 1200 years, still permeates our life.

I have always stood in awesome admiration of the life and achievements of Sankara Bhagavatpada. In a short span of 32 years, he performed the miracle of driving out decadent Buddhism and purifying and co-ordinating the different cults; of re-establishing Hinduism on a firm basis, of laying the foundation of a countrywide organisation of *Sanyas ashrams* with Peethas at their head.

A poet, a teacher, a reformer, a philosopher with unique intellectual profundity, a *yogi* of miraculous powers, he stands unrivalled among men—a unique combination and the union, in the same person, of two qualities generally found separated,—the union of the abstract and the concrete.

To him we owe the vitality which unified different religious schools and established the supremacy of *Vairagya* and *Bhakti*.

A similar challenge was given to Hinduism in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. In the South, you may not have felt the impact of this challenge as we in the North have done. Under the Muslim kings, Hindus were, more often than not, considered as belonging to an inferior race. Their shrines were desecrated; their schools of learning were destroyed.

For instance, the great shrines of Vishveshwar at Kashi and Somnath at Prabhas, with its great centre of Paashupat cult. The latter one was destroyed several times between A.D. 1024 and 1707 when Aurangazeb finally ordered that "the shrine should be destroyed beyond repair". And yet, in spite of this persecution, Hinduism put forth amazing vigour. During this period of 700 years, every time the shrine of Somnath was destroyed, it was restored within a few years till finally, in 1951, we restored the 'Shrine Eternal' to its pristine glory, Rashtrapati Rajendra Babu installing the deity.

In spite of the terrible destruction of Vrindavan by Ibrahim Lodi in the 15th century, Krishna Bhakti rose triumphantly. The Bhakti renaissance swept over the whole country and restored faith, from Nadea, the birth-place of Chaitanya, in the East, to Dwarka in the West. Srirangam, Madurai, Kanchi, Tirupati, Guruvayur, Trivandrum continued as active centres of faith.

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Hinduism was faced with a similar challenge when the British conquered the country. On the one hand, they encouraged the proselytisation of Hindus to Christianity, and on the other, through Western education, tried to undermine the foundations of our faith in ancient tradition.

We accepted the challenge. Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Dayanand Saraswati, Vivekananda, Tilak, Sri Aurobindo, Ramana Maharshi and Mahatma Gandhi led the movement for Hindu renaissance. The Sankaracharyas of the different mutts, the sadhus and the religious movements like Arya Samaj all over the country put forward fresh energy to impart creative strength to the new religious impulse.

* * *

Now has come the challenge of modern science and technology. It has given birth to the new city life where money and success are the supreme ends of life; where there are no fixed social standards; where the schools and colleges promote an atmosphere solely fed on material values and unaffected by social, ethical, religious and spiritual ideals. The cinema is their temple and church; hedonism, their most popular cult.

Educated men who borrow second-hand ideas of the West have come to believe that there is an inherent contradiction between religion and science. This modern belief is a Western myth. Hinduism has always given science a place in the religious system. We have always believed that religious dogmas cannot survive if they are based on exploded myths, while science and materialism can never give a satisfying answer to men's religious aspirations.

Many educated men, carried away by the glamour of the West, consider religion as a source of evil or, at any rate, as irrelevant to a rich, full and happy life. I ask them to ponder over the problem. What will happen if religion is taken away out of our life? If *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* are forgotten? What will have been left if Sri Krishna and *Bhagawad Gita* are taken out of it? If the rituals and prayers which give stability to our life are given up or if the millions of temples around which our faith has been woven for centuries are destroyed?

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If that event, which is looked forward to by those who quarrel with religion, comes to pass, all the evils will remain—narrow-mindedness, selfishness, greed, lust, hatred, corruption, wickedness, wars—in fact, everything that they think religion is responsible for and more.

All that we would have lost is the mitigating, uplifting and ennobling influence of religion from our midst. And we would have closed the direct avenue of the individual and society rising to a nobler level.

The means of enjoying life have increased by far, but the irony of it is that at the same time happiness has not increased. The only logical conclusion possible is that an additional factor of great importance is necessary to bring happiness—that additional factor is active religion.

No great life of nobility and selflessness can be lived without an active sense of religion, for it has a purifying influence both on the individual and the society.

We must accept this challenge, for it is the most serious challenge which has ever come to us. Religion should be vitalised; exercises in faith must be satisfying to the modern mind; religious practices must be uplifting; religious symbols, inspiring. Temples must be clean, set in a sanctified atmosphere; the music accompanying the prayers must be soulful; the officiating priests must be men of learning and faith.

We should never forget that Sanskrit is the source of our inspiration—religious, moral and cultural. Unfortunately, the exigencies of modern life have driven the Government of India to evolve a three-language formula from which Sanskrit has been excluded. But by whichever way we can, we must promote the study of Sanskrit, for it is the parent language of India.

Nothing breaks my heart more than the sight of Sanskrit being deprived of the patronage of kings, governments and rich people who have faith in religion. But this is an age of the people. People must step in to support this life-breath of our culture.

It is one of the tragedies of the age that religious education is not imparted in our educational institutions as vigorously as it should

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be done. We are rearing up a race of civilized barbarians, for whom religious aspiration is something unknown and God has no meaning. We have to take up the challenge, co-ordinate our activities and see that the rising generations are not deprived of the inspiration of religious influences.

Activities vitalising Hinduism require to be co-ordinated around our ancient temples and cultural institutions. Those of us dedicated to this service should search our hearts, scan the new horizon and face the problem of human destiny in terms of spiritual values. We must have the courage to discard self-denying otherworldliness which somehow became a badge of God-mindedness in the past. Like Arjun, we must fight the battle in the different spheres of life with all our actions dedicated to Him.

Every Indian should regard it as a religious duty to promote national unity and subdue a narrow spirit of localism and regionalism and foster an all-India outlook.

In developing this wide spiritual outlook, it is fortunate that a Hindu can draw his inspiration from his sacred scriptures. These help him to worship Mother India in her visible form presented in so many ways and meditate on her *Virata-Deha* in all its majesty and magnificence expressed in the preliminary purificatory mantra:

गंगे च यमुने चैव गोदावरी सरस्वती ।
नर्मदे सिंधु कावेरी जलेऽस्मिन् सन्निधिं कुरु ॥

The worship of *Desha-matrikaa* is a part of Hindu religion and its texts and prayers are above politics.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

---

*Pray as if everything depended on God and work as if everything depended on man.*

—Cardinal F. J. Spellman

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Authorised Capital | ... ... ... | Rs. 20,00,00,000 |
| Paid-up Capital | ... ... ... | Rs. 5,62,50,000 |
| Reserve Fund as on | 31-12-61 | Rs. 8,20,00,000 |

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Savings Bank Accounts | ... ... | 3% P.A. |
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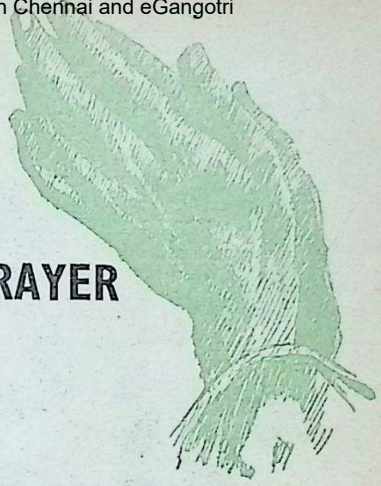

# THE OPTIMIST'S PRAYER

O H! Unseen Power that rules and controls the destinies of the children of earth: teach me the symphony of life so that my nature may be in tune with Thine.

Reveal to me the joy of being loving, self-sacrificing and charitable.

Teach me to know and play life's game with courage, fortitude and confidence.

Endow me with wisdom to guard my tongue and temper, and learn with patience the art of ruling my own life for its highest good, with due regard for the privacy, rights and limitations of other lives.

Help me to strive for the highest legitimate reward of merit, ambition, and opportunity in my activities, ever ready to extend a kindly helping hand to those who need encouragement and succor in the struggle.

Enable me to give a smile instead of a frown, a cheerful, kindly word instead of harshness and bitterness.

Make me sympathetic in sorrow, realizing that there are hidden woes in every life no matter how exalted or lowly.

If in life's battle I am wounded or tottering, pour into my wounds the balm of hope, and imbue me with courage undaunted to arise and continue the strife.

Keep me humble in every relation of life, not unduly egotistical, nor liable to the serious sin of self-depreciation.

In success keep me meek.

In sorrow, may my soul be uplifted by the thought that if there were no shadow, there would be no sunshine, and that everything in life must have its antithesis.

Grant that I may be a true, loyal friend, a genial companion with the broad, honest charity born of an intimate knowledge of my own shortcomings.

If I win, crown me with the laurels fitting to be worn by a victor, and if I fail, may it be with my face to the foe, fighting manfully, and falling, fling to the host behind—play up, play up, and play the game.

—*William J. Robinson*

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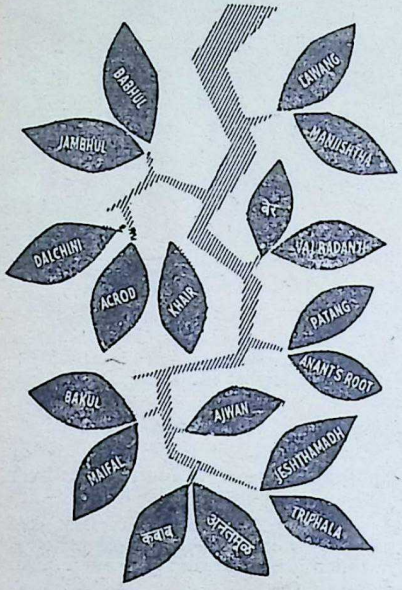
# 18 VALUABLE HERBS-GO IN THE MAKING OF

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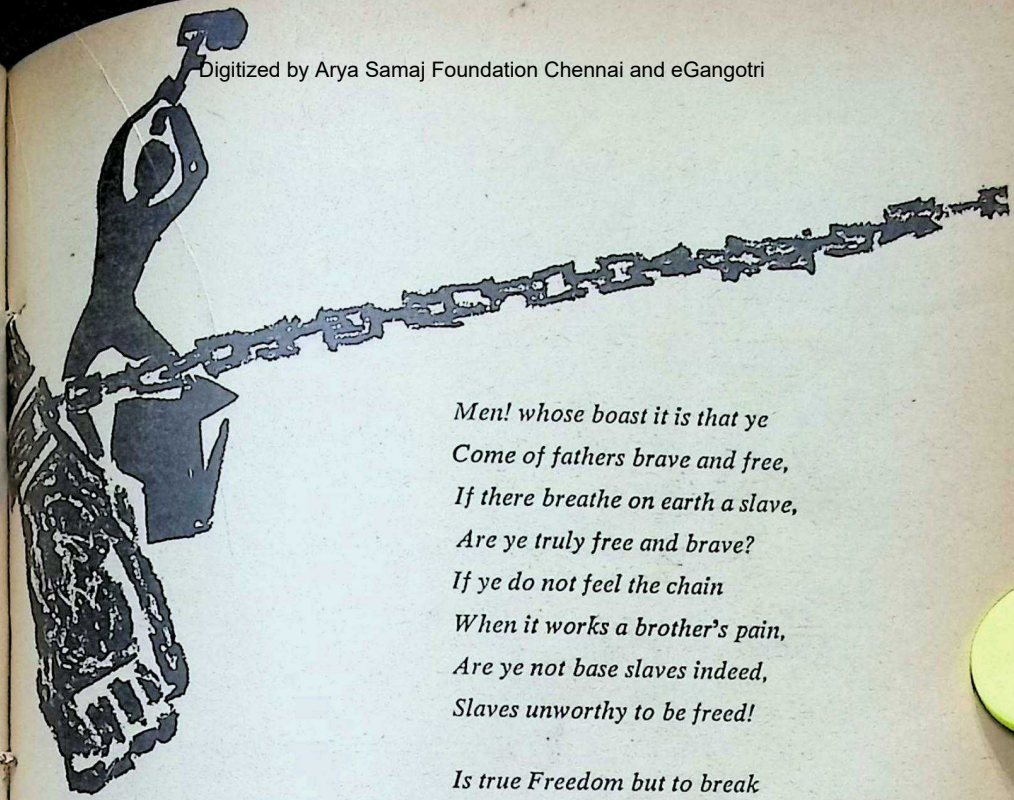

# FREEDOM

**James Russell Lowell**

*Men! whose boast it is that ye*
*Come of fathers brave and free,*
*If there breathe on earth a slave,*
*Are ye truly free and brave?*
*If ye do not feel the chain*
*When it works a brother's pain,*
*Are ye not base slaves indeed,*
*Slaves unworthy to be freed!*

*Is true Freedom but to break*
*Fetters for our own dear sake,*
*And, with leathern hearts, forget*
*That we owe mankind a debt?*
*No! True Freedom is to share*
*All the chains our brothers wear,*
*And, with heart and hand, to be*
*Earnest to make others free!*

*They are slaves who fear to speak*
*For the fallen and the weak;*
*They are slaves who will not choose*
*Hatred, scoffing and abuse,*
*Rather in silence shrink*
*From the truth they needs must think:*
*They are slaves who dare not be*
*In the right with two or three.*

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# True Heroism

*THE way of the Lord is for heroes; it is not meant for cowards.*

*Offer first your life and your all; then take the name of the Lord.*

*He only tastes of the Divine Cup who gives up his son, his wife, his wealth, and his own life.*

*For verily he who seeks for pearls must dive to the bottom of the sea, endangering his very existence.*

*Death he regards as naught; he forgets all the miseries of mind and body.*

*He who stands on the shore, fearing to take the plunge, attains naught.*

*The pathway of love is the ordeal of fire. The shrinkers turn away from it.*

*Those who take the plunge into the fire attain eternal bliss.*

*Those who stand far off, looking on, are scorched by the flames.*

*Love is a priceless thing, only to be won at the cost of death.*

*Those who live to die, these attain; for they have shed all thoughts of self.*

*Those heroic souls who are rapt in the love of the Lord, they are the true lovers.*

—A Gujarati Hymn

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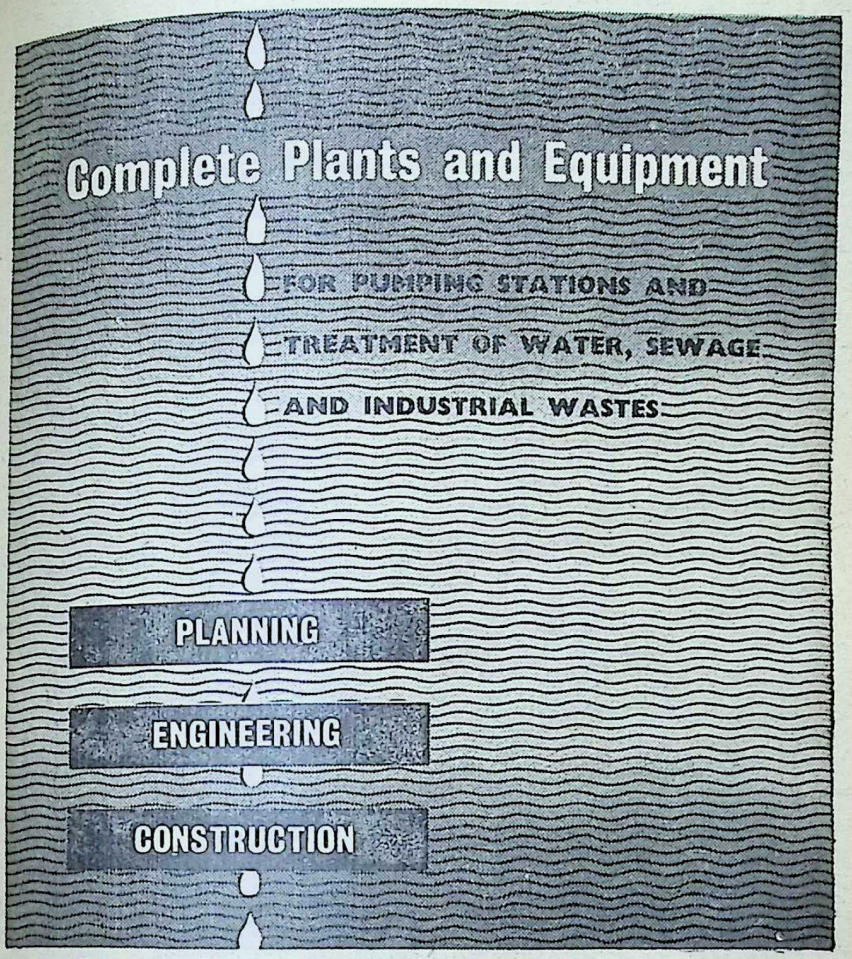


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# KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

CHAPTER XXII

## THE MIRACULOUS VICTORY

WHEN Uddhava left Nagakoota, the twin princesses broke down completely. Utterly miserable, they clung to each other in their distress. They had set their heart on becoming the wives of Uddhava. Now he had gone to the Land of the Demons; he was never going to return, for he was going to be eaten up by the Rakshasas. They, however, decided to wait for his return till two full-moon nights were past; if he did not return by then, they would put an end to their lives.

What the twins could not understand was the significance of the last words spoken by Uddhava: "Krishna wants me to go to Bheema." If Krishna was a god as Uddhava described him to be, why should he send him to death? Between themselves they came to the conclusion that whatever Uddhava might say about his friend, he was a wicked fellow who had sent their 'husband' to the Land of the Demons.

Their parents and their brother were unhappy at the way the twins behaved. They would sit huddled in a corner, arms around each other, sighing or shedding tears together. They would not be consoled. They would not take their meals; they would sit in their usual seats, take a few morsels, burst into tears and go

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*. . . Krishna hailed Uddhava with a joyous shout and ran down to the valley to envelop him . . .*

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away. They would not attend the daily worship of Pashupati, nor would they participate in ceremonial dances.

Their mother Ravika sometimes scolded them, at others, tried to give them such solace as she could. One day, feeling that the girls ought to regain a little control over themselves, she severely chided them. 'Foolish girls, it is very stupid of you to go on weeping day after day and starve yourselves. Lord Pashupati is great. No harm is going to come to Uddhava.'

Manimaan, their brother, was with them, nodding approval of what their mother was saying.

Pingala turned on her mother in an unfamiliar outburst of temper: 'Don't tell lies, mother. He is never going to return. He will be eaten up by the Rakshasas. Don't think that we are babies.'

The other twin, Kapila, took up the thread. 'If you were so sure of his returning, why didn't you send your precious son along with him?' she asked, and turning to Manimaan continued: 'You, big warrior, who think you have no end of yourself, are a coward. You shrank away. Why did you not keep company with Uddhava?'

The mother tried to pacify both. 'After all, Uddhava had to go because Krishna, his friend, asked him to do so. Why should Manimaan risk his life?'

'That's it,' shouted Kapila. 'Uddhava wanted to carry out Krishna's mandate, true. But this brother of ours never thought that his life was worth saving, thereby saving his sisters' lives.'

'You are all selfish cowards,' scornfully said Pingala.

'Why should you be so foolish?' asked Manimaan, deeply hurt by the taunts. 'If Uddhava does not return, you will forget him in a year or two. Then you will get better husbands.'

Kapila glared at Manimaan with rage. 'Look at this future king of Nagakoota,' Pingala sneered. 'He has already started searching for new husbands for us. He has already assumed that Uddhava is not going to return.'

'My child,' said Ravika, trying to pacify her. 'Don't get excited. We all know that Uddhava is not going to return; it is certain. Your brother is only thinking of your future.'

'We don't care what you think about our future,' said Pingala. 'We have already made our plans. We are waiting for two full-moons to pass; then we shall follow Uddhava.'

Kapila took up the thread. 'We shall throw ourselves into the Ganga, or better still, we will go to the Land of the Demons and get ourselves eaten up as our lord was.'

Ravika was on the point of slapping the two girls, when Manimaan intervened. 'Mother, don't upset yourself,' he said. 'I have already told father to persuade Grandfather to give a bit of his mind to these silly girls. Perhaps he has also told the venerable Master about their madness!'

'You are going to get the Master and Grandfather to talk to us!' exclaimed Pingala. 'The Master has already assured us that if Uddhava does not return after two full-moons, he

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would take us away from this land of cowards. He would then let us do what we like with our lives.'

'Princesses of Aaryaka to go to a foreign land!' exclaimed Ravika, shocked.

'Yes, we will go wherever the Master takes us,' said Pingala.

'We will even go to the other world —to anywhere where there are no cowards like this one,' said Kapila and added: 'This noble prince had no courage to go with Uddhava. Cowards, cowards, cowards.' And the twins clung to each other and cried.

Manimaan looked on a little sheepishly. There was something wrong with himself. He, the future lord of the Nagas, could not persuade Uddhava to give up his mission, would not venture to keep him company, and could not prevail upon his sisters to forget Uddhava. And there was something in all the other three which was admirable and something in him which was not. He felt uneasy.

●●●

In a few days, however, the outlook of the twins became hopeful. Yadava warriors, in shining chariots and prancing horses, arrived at Nagakoota from Hastinapur under the command of Kritavarman in anticipation of the arrival of Krishna, for, as originally arranged, he was to return to Dwarka by way of Ekachakra Tirth and Nagakoota.

Everyone in Nagakoota, except the twins, forgot Uddhava and the boy Rakshasa, for no one had ever seen such chariots and horses, such bows and arrows before. Their hearts also filled with pride when they saw the strapping Yadavas coming and prostrating themselves before King Aaryaka, the maternal grandfather of their chief Vasudeva, Krishna's father.

Particularly Prince Manimaan was in ecstasy. He had heard of swaggering Aryas who harassed his people, but never imagined that there could be such friendly warriors among them and soon made friends with their chiefs. A ray of hope entered even in the hearts of the twins. This was Krishna's army. If he had ordered Uddhava to go to the Land of the Demons, he would surely bring him back.

Then, he came, the friend of Uddhava, dark-blue and handsome, with the peacock feather fluttering on his diadem. The twins forgot their misery, and with other members of the family, went to the outskirts of the town to welcome him.

The Nagas were in a festive mood. They came out in their gaudiest dresses and multi-coloured beads hanging round their necks. Women giggled and chattered happily. Even Grandfather Aaryaka was all smiles on his shrunken face.

Krishna prostrated himself before Grandfather Aaryaka and the Prince. The twins, full of admiration, looked with open mouths at this friend of their Uddhava, who figured so conspicuously in all his talks. A conch, as if of gold, was suspended from his waist. On his left shoulder was strapped a shining weapon, circular and many-toothed, and his smile was sweet—sweeter than anyone else's, except of course Uddhava's.

As the people returned to the town, Krishna walked with the litter of Grandfather, talking to him all the

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way. The twins were struck by the way this friend of Uddhava talked. At first he was grave and reverential; then he was informal. As his smiling eyes, full of affectionate interest, rested on the members of the family one after the other as Grandfather introduced them, they kindled a smile even in the twins. Soon Krishna was talking no longer reverentially, but informally. In including the whole family among the audience, he talked playfully with mischievous eyes and irresistible smile. The twins could not hear what he told Aaryaka, but they saw, for the first time in their lives, the stern old man laughing uproariously. Wonderful man this, who could make Grandfather laugh!

Then the procession went to the shrine where Krishna worshipped Lord Pashupati. Later he was brought to the residence of the royal family. After the chiefs had gone, Aaryaka's family gathered round him, curious to know all about Marisha's famous grandson.

The twins were dying to meet the guest and tell him to go to the rescue of Uddhava. However, immediately the chiefs retired, Krishna himself enquired of Prince Karkotaka: 'Where is Uddhava? I don't see him here.'

The twins strained their ears to hear the conversation.

'He has left us,' said Karkotaka, his voice diffident.

'Whereto?' asked Krishna anxiously. 'He was to have joined me here to return to Dwarka.'

Karkotaka felt a little confused. 'He has gone to the Rakshasavrat, the Land of the Demons.'

'The Land of the Demons? Why?' asked Krishna.

'One of our chiefs captured a Rakshasa boy, who informed us that Sister Kunti and the Five Brothers were alive and in the Land of the Demons,' said Karkotaka.

'Are you sure?' asked Krishna.

'The boy was half mad, but that is what we understood him to say,' replied Karkotaka.

'So, Uddhava himself went in search of them?' asked Krishna.

'Yes, he said that you had asked him to do so,' said Karkotaka.

'That is just like Uddhava,' said Krishna with deep affection.

The twins could not help sobbing and every eye was turned to them.

'What is the matter, sisters?' asked Krishna sensing that their grief was somehow connected with what he had said.

Ravika intervened: 'Krishna, they are my daughters, Kapila and Pingala.'

'But why are you both crying?' asked Krishna in a voice full of concern.

Pingala threw decorum to the winds, and between sobs and tears, said: 'Oh, Brother, he has been eaten up by the Rakshasas'.

'These cowards would not even go with him,' interrupted Kapila, looking at her father and brother angrily with tearful eyes.

Krishna looked at Karkotaka for an explanation of this curious outburst. The Prince told him the whole episode of the arrival of the Rakshasa boy and the departure of Uddhava. He concluded: 'Noble Vaasudeva, Uddhava went to the Land of the Demons, because he said you had asked

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him to do so. None of us could go with him. No Naga has ever crossed the boundary of the Rakshasavrat. It is a terrible land from which no man returns alive.'

Krishna heard the confession of this doughty Naga Prince with a smile of compassion. 'I understand why none of you could accompany Uddhava,' he said with such an indulgent, forgiving note in his voice that every warrior in the family present somehow felt ashamed at having failed in doing what he should have done.

Aaryaka, who was hearing this conversation in his usual silent, observant way, turned to Krishna. 'If I had been young, I would have never allowed Uddhava to go alone,' he said, his large eyes showing contemptuous disapproval of his people. 'The Naga warriors of this generation believe in oiling their hair and spending their time in dancing at festivities. I wish I had been young,' the old man repeated helplessly with a sigh.

'It is no use shedding tears, Grandfather,' said Pingala. 'He would have been eaten up by now.'

'Did I not tell you, Grandfather, that these were cowards?' asked Kapila.

Krishna looked at the twins with a smile of appreciation. 'Don't worry, sisters. I will go tomorrow to the Land of the Demons and bring Uddhava back. Please, Grandfather, cancel all festivities for tomorrow. We shall hold them when I return with Uddhava, perhaps also with the Five Brothers,' he said and rose from his seat.

'But he would have already been dead and digested,' repeated Pingala. The twins could not be shaken from their conviction that Uddhava had already provided a meal to some Rakshasas.

Krishna smiled sweetly at them and said: 'Nothing shall happen to Uddhava so long as I am alive.' Then he turned to Aaryaka, and with a peculiar emphasis, which he sometimes gave his words, of the inevitability of Fate, added: 'Whoever tries to kill Uddhava shall not live.'

With a sweeping decisive gesture, he threw his scarf on his shoulders, and followed by Saatyaki and Shvetaketu, left the hall.

Suddenly Manimaan, who was overpowered with a sense of shame at his own insufficiency, was moved to say: 'Grandfather, I am going with Krishna to the Land of the Demons.'

Kapila burst out: 'You, coward, to go! You could not go when Uddhava went.'

●●●

King Aaryaka's Nagas were anything but war-like. Their most useful weapon was the axe, which served them well to hit an enemy or occasionally to turn a strip of forest into a passably tillable field. They could build clay houses in which they kept their pigs, goats and sheep, and a few miserable cattle which they possessed. Cattle-breeding on a large scale was an unknown art—an art of which the Aryas were the masters. They had donkeys in plenty; they had only a few horses, mostly bought from impecunious Aryas, more for show than for use.

The Nagas loved to settle on the banks of the Ganga and the Yamuna, for, with their small canoes, they could go up and down these

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highways. However, with the advance of the powerful Aryas into the valleys year after year, they sought security by retreating into the forest.

To these people, the arrival of a small contingent of Yadavas, whom they could call their own, was an eye-opener. They were not like the Aryas of Hastinapur or Kampilya ; they respected their chiefs ; they did not clamour for land or cattle ; they worshipped at the same shrine of Pashupati.

The Arya chiefs, Krishna and Uddhava, were not strangers. They were the children of 'their' Maarishaa, the daughter of their beloved King Aaryaka. With the Yadavas among them, they felt that they had a place in the big, wide world, dominated by the Arya warriors with their horses and chariots, with their heavy maces and mighty bows.

Krishna's decision to go to the Land of the Demons and bring back Uddhava alive, made a terrific impact on the Nagas. Till then, even the bravest of the Naga chiefs shuddered at the prospect of meeting a Rakshasa. Even the name of these terrible demons who came by night, made hideous noises, stole away their kinsfolk or cattle, ate raw flesh and cut open the vitals of the cattle with their bare hands, was an anathema. A rumour that a Rakshasa had appeared in a village, brought hundreds of Nagas with spears and axes to destroy the straying demon.

Now a new horizon had opened. Siguri Naga, their brave chief, had actually brought a Rakshasa boy as a prisoner. Uddhava, their kinsman, had bravely gone to the dreaded land.

Now Krishna, Maarishaa's grandson, who had routed Emperor Jaraasandha and whose name was on everyone's lips as a wonder worker, was going to rescue Uddhava from the Rakshasas.

A wave of courage passed over every Naga. The young chiefs got ready to accompany Krishna. Even Karkotaka, wisely timid, summoned up courage to express a wish to join him. Manimaan's eyes had now been opened to new ambitions by the power and splendour of the Yadava chiefs. He had already taken a few lessons in wielding the powerful bow and arrow of Uddhava and was anxious to plunge into the adventure.

The Nagas gathered at the shrine of Pashupati. Their priests and Acharya Shvetaketu as the Arya priest, invoked the Great God to bless their venture. Even the twins, generally full of tears the whole day long after Uddhava had left, were now smiling.

Saatyaki selected a hundred young Naga chiefs and gave a finishing touch to whatever little training they had in the use of their crude arms. Five of each of these chiefs were attached to each of the twenty Yadavas who were selected for the expedition.

Krishna also took with him five of the best Garuds who were in the Yadava contingent. Strange creatures were these, with artificial beaks fastened to their mouth and screeching like eagles, who, even on plain ground, walked as if they were flying.

On a day declared auspicious by the priests, Krishna started for the frontier village with Siguri Naga as cheerful as ever,

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cracked jokes with Aaryaka, patted Manimaan on the back, smiled at the twins. He even made Ravika smile with the story of how she reminded him of his mother Yashoda who always used to punish him for stealing butter. His self-confidence was infectious. Everyone thought that he was going to return with Uddhava.

Aaryaka in his litter accompanied them for half a day's journey. Prince Karkotaka came right to Lahuria, the frontier village, to await their return.

At Lahuria, Krishna took leave of Prince Karkotaka and the ladies of the royal family. The twins begged of him to let them accompany him. Krishna laughed mischievously. 'If Uddhava is eaten up by the Rakshasas, I will take you there also to be eaten up. Till then you must have patience,' he said.

'But why not take us with you now?' they asked.

'Not now. Suppose you are eaten up and Uddhava is left alive, what will happen to him?' he asked smiling, and the twins laughed.

A sudden thought struck Pingala. 'Suppose Uddhava is eaten up. What will you do?' she asked.

'Don't worry,' said Krishna, pinching her cheek. 'If anything happens to Uddhava, I will eat all the Rakshasas and give you some to eat also. But I am sure he is alive. He cannot die, and I will bring him back.'

Accompanied by Krishna, Siguri Naga led the party over the stony path. The rear was protected by Saatyaki, followed by some retainers who carried their rations.

When they came to the craggy heights, Krishna began to sing the war-song of the Yadavas. The other Yadavas took it up. The Nagas also, in high spirits, joined them in making symphonic noises without understanding a word of what the song was about. But their courage rose with the rising notes of the song and they began to climb the heights rapidly.

When they reached the top of the precipice, Krishna took his *Sharnga* and lifted his conch *Panjajanya* and blew a victorious note on it till the forest echoes multiplied. Everyone looked with awe at this challenge delivered to the whole might of the Rakshasas.

As if in obedience to his command, Uddhava emerged from the densely-wooded valley with a joyous shout, limping Nikumbh running by his side. They could see behind them several shadowy forms half-concealed by the dense forest, which no sooner sighted the presence of Krishna and heard the *Panjajanya* than threw their load which they carried on their shoulders on the ground and scampered away.

It was a strange sight. Uddhava, alive and safe, emerged from the almost mysterious hell at the command of Krishna. This was a god indeed!

Krishna hailed Uddhava with a joyous shout and ran down to the valley to envelop him in his arms. The others, still awestruck by the strange miracle worked by Krishna, came down the steep craggy slope of the hill, shouting "Victory to Krishna and Uddhava".

'Are the Five Brothers alive?' asked Krishna in a whisper to Uddhava.

Uddhava nodded in the affirmative, but by a glance, warned Krishna against pressing his query in the pre-

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sence of others. Then he loudly and firmly said so that everyone could hear: 'Noble Vaasudeva, King Vrikodara, the mighty king of the Rakshasas, is highly pleased with the friendship of King Aaryaka of the Nagas and has sent these presents to him as tokens of peace established between the Nagas and the Rakshasas.'

Krishna pointed at the bundles which the other Rakshasas had thrown on the ground before they disappeared and asked: 'What are these presents?'

'They are fox skins,' said Uddhava pointing to the bundles.

'Are these the presents sent by King Vrikodara to Grandfather Aaryaka?' asked Krishna.

'Yes. And now there will be peace between the Nagas and the Rakshasas. King Vrikodara promised that hereafter no Rakshasa would ever eat any Naga who is the subject of the great King Aaryaka. In token of this friendship, King Vrikodara will send every month a present of fifty fox skins,' said Uddhava and smiled. 'And as representative of King Aaryaka, I have promised—and I hope the promise will be kept by the great King—to present in return fifty heads of goats and sheep to King Vrikodara. This young Rakshasa,' said Uddhava patting the head of Nikumbh, who smiled happily, 'who has now picked up our sacred language fairly well, will attend to the exchange every month on the full-moon nights.'

The Nagas were jubilant beyond description. The fact that they would no more be afraid of the Rakshasas came to them as a relief from a nightmarish fear.

●●●

After a joyous feast, all turned to climb the hill on the return journey. When others proceeded ahead, Krishna turned to Uddhava. 'I am glad you have come back alive. How did you escape the Rakshasas? Did you get any news of the Five Brothers?'

'They are all safe—Aunt Kunti and the Five Brothers,' replied Uddhava with a smile. 'King Vrikodara is no other than our brother Bheema.'

'Bheema!' exclaimed Krishna in surprise. 'How did he happen to be the king of the Rakshasas?'

'It is a long story which I will tell

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you presently. But Bheema, of all the mortals, can alone perform this feat,' said Uddhava. 'However, they are not prepared to come to Dwarka just now.'

'That is what I want too. I want them to remain where they are till the month of Margashirsha next year. The *swayamvara* of Drupad's daughter, Krishnaa, is going to take place at Kampilya in Paush,' said Krishna.

'*Swayamvara*! I thought she was going to be wedded to you!' said Uddhava.

'I seem to elude everyone who wants to marry me,' said Krishna with a smile. 'We have decided that she is to choose a husband in a *swayamvara*.'

'And you will enter the test of the *swayamvara*?' asked Uddhava.

'Do you think I am likely to? I want Arjuna to do it. That is why I want them to come to Kampilya only in Paush next,' said Krishna.

'That will exactly suit Bheema,' said Uddhava. 'He will not come out for a year, and they have all decided that they will come out only when you ask them to.'

'I am glad that they are reconciled to being where they are for a year,' said Krishna.

'Reconciled? Even elephants will not be able to drag them till next year. King Vrikodara is going to have a crown prince born to Hidambaa, his Rakshasi queen. He will leave his kingdom only when he is six months old,' said Uddhava.

Krishna laughed. 'You can never say what miracles Bheema might perform next,' said he.

●●●

When they came to Lahuria, a messenger from King Aaryaka was awaiting them. 'Hasten home, all of you. The Nagas are invaded by some wicked king.'

Every one was surprised, because there was not even a rumour that there was the possibility of an invasion. But the spirit of the party was high and only rose higher at the prospect of giving battle to the invader.

'Uddhava, a new trial faces us,' remarked Krishna.

[*To be continued*]

*Great minds have purposes, others have wishes. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above them.*

—Washington Irving.

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PEACE ON EARTH—3

# RELATIONS BETWEEN STATES

H. H. POPE JOHN XXIII

*(Continued from last issue)*

OUR predecessors have constantly maintained, and we join them in reasserting, that political communities are reciprocally subjects of rights and duties. This means that their relationships also must be harmonized in truth, in justice, in a working solidarity, in liberty. The same moral law which governs relations between individual human beings serves also to regulate the relations of political communities with one another. This will be readily understood when one reflects that the individual representatives of political communities cannot put aside their personal dignity while they are acting in the name and interest of their countries and that they cannot therefore violate the very law of their being, which is the moral law.

It would be absurd, moreover, even to imagine that men could surrender their own human attributes, or be compelled to do so, by the very fact of their appointment to public office, whereas they have been given that noble assignment precisely because the wealth of their human endowments has earned them their reputation as outstanding members of the body politic. Furthermore, authority is a necessary requirement of the moral order in human society. It may not therefore be used against that order. And the very instant such an attempt

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*Pope John receiving the Balzan Peace Prize from President Antonio Segni recently. The money is to go to relief organisations for war refugers.*

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*First among the rules governing the relations between states is that of Truth...*

were made, it would cease to be authority, as the Lord has warned us:

**"A word, then, for the kings' ears to hear, kings' hearts to heed: A message for you, rulers, wherever you be! Listen well, all you that have multitudes at your command, foreign hordes to do your bidding. Power is none but comes to you from the Lord, nor any royalty but from One who is above all. He it is that will call you to account for your doings with a scrutiny that reads your inmost thoughts."**

Lastly, it is to be borne in mind that also in the regulating of relations between political communities, authority is to be exercised for the achievement of the common good, which constitutes the reason for its existence.

But a fundamental factor of the common good is acknowledgement of the moral order and respect for its prescriptions. Order between the political communities must be built upon the unshakable and unchangeable rock of the moral law, made manifest in the order of nature by the Creator Himself and by Him engraved on the hearts of men with letters that may never be effaced. Like the rays of a gleaming beacon, its principles must guide the plans and policies of men and nations. These are the signals—of warning, safety and smooth sailing—they will have to heed if they would not see all their laborious efforts to establish a new order condemned to tempest and shipwreck.

*In Truth*

First among the rules governing the relations between states is that of truth. This calls, above all, for the elimination of every trace of racism, and the consequent recognition of the principle that all states are by nature equal in dignity. Each of them, accordingly, is vested with the right to existence, to self-development, to the means fitting to its attachment and to be the one primarily responsible for this self-development. Add to that the right of each to its good name and to the respect which is its due. Very often, experience has taught us, individuals will be found to differ considerably, in knowledge, virtue, talent and wealth. Yet these inequalities must never be held to excuse any man's attempt to lord it over his neighbours unjustly. They constitute rather a source of greater responsibility in the contribution which each and everyone must make towards mutual improvement.

Similarly, political communities may have reached different levels of culture, civilization or economic development. Neither is that a sufficient reason for some to take unjust advantage of their superiority over others. Rather should they see in it an added motive for more serious commitment to the common cause of social progress.

It is not true that some human beings are by nature superior and others inferior. All men are equal in their natural dignity. Consequently, there are no political communities which are superior by nature and none which are inferior by nature. All political communities are of equal natural dignity, since they are bodies

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*...all political communities are of equal natural dignity...*

whose membership is made up of these same human beings. Nor must it be forgotten, in this connection, that peoples can be highly sensitive, and with good reason, in matters touching their dignity and honour.

Truth further demands that the various media of social communications made available by modern progress, which enable the nations to know each other better, be used with serene objectivity. That need not, of course, rule out any legitimate emphasis on the positive aspects of their way of life. But methods of information which fall short of the truth, and by the same token impair the reputation of this people or that, must be discarded.

*In Justice*

Relations between political communities are to be further regulated by justice. This implies, over and above recognition of their mutual rights, the fulfilment of their respective duties.

Political communities have the right to existence, to self-development and to the means necessary for this. They have the right to play the leading part in the process of their own development and the right to their good name and due honours. From which it follows as a simultaneous consequence that they have also the corresponding duty of respecting these rights in others and of avoiding any act of violation. Just as an individual man may not pursue his own interests to the detriment of other men, so, on the international level, one state may not develop itself by restricting or oppressing other states. St. Augustine rightly says, "What are kingdoms without justice but bands of robbers?"

Not only can it happen, but it actually does happen that the advantages and conveniences which nations strive to acquire for themselves become objects of contention. Nevertheless, the resulting disagreements must be settled, not by force, nor by deceit or trickery, but rather in the only manner which is worthy of the dignity of man, i.e., by a mutual assessment of the reasons on both sides of the dispute, by a mature and objective investigation of the situation, and by an equitable reconciliation of differences of opinion.

*Treatment of Minorities*

From the 19th century there has been a rather widespread tendency in historical evolution that political communities equate themselves to national communities. However, for various reasons, it has not always been possible to make geographical boundaries coincide with ethnic ones. This gives rise to the phenomenon of minorities and to the relative complex problems.

In the first place, it must be made clear that justice is seriously violated by whatever is done to limit the strength and numerical increase of these lesser peoples. The injustice is even more serious if such sinful projects are aimed at the very extinction of these groups.

On the other hand, the demands of justice are admirably observed by

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*...Relations between states must be regulated by the norms of truth and justice, active solidarity and mutual co-operation...*

those civil authorities who promote the natural betterment of those citizens belonging to a smaller ethnic group, particularly when that betterment concerns their language, the development of their natural gifts, their ancestral customs, and their accomplishments and endeavours in the economic order.

It should be noted, however, that these minority groups, either because of a reaction to their present situation or because of their historical difficulties are often inclined to exalt beyond due measure anything proper to their own people, so as to place them even above human values, as if that which is proper to humanity were to be at the service of that which is proper to the nation. Reason rather demands that these very people recognize also the advantages that accrue to them from their peculiar circumstances. For instance, no small contribution is made towards the development of their particular talents and spirit by their daily dealings with people who have grown up in a different culture. This, however, will be true only if they will know how to act as a bridge, which facilitates the circulation of life in its various expressions among different traditions or civilizations, and not a zone of discord which can cause great damage and choke natural development.

*Active Solidarity*

Certainly relations between states must be regulated by the norms of truth and justice, but they also derive great benefits from active solidarity, through mutual co-operation on various levels, such as, in our own times, has already taken place with laudable results in the economic, social, political, educational, health and sport spheres. We must remember that, of its very nature, civil authority exists, not to confine its people within the boundaries of their nation, but rather to protect, above all else, the common good of that particular civil society, which certainly cannot be divorced from the common good of the entire human family.

This entails not only that civil societies should pursue their particular interests without hurting others, but also that they should join forces and plans whenever the efforts of an individual government cannot achieve its desired goals. But in the execution of such common efforts, great care must be taken lest what helps some nations should injure others.

Furthermore, the universal common good requires that in every nation friendly relations be fostered in all fields between the citizens and their intermediate societies.

There are groupings of people of more or less different racial backgrounds. However, the elements which characterize an ethnic group must not be transformed into a watertight compartment in which human beings are prevented from communicating with their fellowmen belonging to different ethnic groups. That

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*...Different ethnic communities have the right and duty to live in communion with one another...*

would contrast with our contemporary situation, in which the distances separating peoples have been almost wiped out. Nor can one overlook the fact that, even though human beings differ from one another by virtue of their ethnic peculiarities, they all possess certain essential common elements, and are inclined by nature to meet each other in the world of spiritual values, whose progressive assimilation opens to them the possibility of perfection without limits. They have the right and duty therefore to live in communion with one another.

*Proper Balances*

As everybody knows, there are countries with an abundance of arable land and a scarcity of manpower, while in other countries there is no proportion between natural resources and the capital available. This demands that peoples should set up relationships of mutual collaboration, facilitating the circulation from one to the other of capital, goods and manpower.

Here we deem it opportune to remark that, whenever possible, the work to be done should be taken to the workers, not *vice versa*.

In this way a possibility of a better future is offered to many persons without being forced to leave their own environment in order to seek residence elsewhere, which almost always entails the heartache of separation and difficult periods of adjustment and social integration.

*Political Refugees*

The sentiment of universal fatherhood which the Lord has placed in our heart makes us feel profound sadness in considering the phenomenon of political refugees: a phenomenon which has assumed large proportions and which always hides numberless and acute sufferings.

Such expatriations show that there are some political regimes which do not guarantee for individual citizens a sufficient sphere of freedom within which their souls are allowed to breathe humanly. In fact, under those regimes even the lawful existence of such a sphere of freedom is either called into question or denied. This undoubtedly is a radical inversion of the order of human society, because the reason for the existence of public authority is to promote the common good, a fundamental element of which is the recognition of that sphere of freedom and the safeguarding of it.

At this point it will not be superfluous to recall that such exiles are persons, and that all their rights as persons must be recognized, since they do not lose those rights on losing the citizenship of lands of which they are former members.

Now among the rights of a human person there must be included that by which a man may enter a political community where he hopes he can more fittingly provide a future for himself and his dependents. Wherefore, as far as the common good right-

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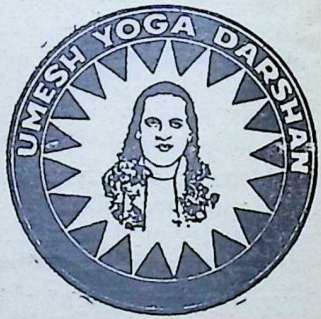


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*...We commend all efforts at making migration of persons from one country to another more easy...*

ly understood permits, it is the duty of that state to accept such immigrants and to help to integrate them into itself as new members.

Wherefore, on this occasion, we publicly approve and commend every undertaking, founded on the principles of human solidarity and Christian charity, which aims at making migration of persons from one country to another less painful.

And we will be permitted to signal for the attention and gratitude of all right-minded persons the manifold work which specialized international agencies are carrying out in this very delicate field.

*Disarmament*

On the other hand, it is with deep sorrow that we note the enormous stocks of armaments that have been and still are being made in more economically developed countries, with a vast outlay of intellectual and economic resources. And so it happens that, while the people of these countries are loaded with heavy burdens, other countries as a result are deprived of the collaboration they need in order to make economic and social progress.

The production of arms is allegedly justified on the grounds that in present-day conditions peace cannot be preserved without an equal balance of armaments. And so, if one country increases its armaments, others feel the need to do the same; and if one country is equipped with nuclear weapons, other countries must produce their own, equally destructive.

Consequently, people live in constant fear lest the storm that every moment threatens should break upon them with dreadful violence. And with good reason, for the arms of war are ready at hand. Even though it is difficult to believe that anyone would deliberately take the responsibility for the appalling destruction and sorrow that war would bring in its train, it cannot be denied that the conflagration may be set off by some uncontrollable and unexpected chance. And one must bear in mind that, even though the monstrous power of modern weapons acts as a deterrent, it is to be feared that the mere continuance of nuclear tests, undertaken with war in mind, will have fatal consequences for life on the earth.

Justice, then, right reason and humanity urgently demand that the arms race should cease. That the stockpiles which exist in various countries should be reduced equally and simultaneously by the parties concerned. That nuclear weapons should be banned. And that a general agreement should eventually be reached about progressive disarmament and an effective method of control. In the words of Pius XII, our predecessor of happy memory: "The calamity of a world war, with the economic and social ruin and the moral excesses and dissolution that accompany it, must not be permitted to envelop the human race for a third time."

All must realize that there is no hope of putting an end to the build-

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*...Justice, right and reason demand that armament race should cease...*

ing up of armaments, nor of reducing the present stocks, nor, still less, of abolishing them altogether, unless the process is complete and thorough and unless it proceeds from inner convictions: unless, that is, everyone sincerely co-operates to banish the fear and anxious expectation of war with which men are oppressed. If this is to come about, the fundamental principle on which our present peace depends must be replaced by another, which declares that the true and solid peace of nations consists not in equality of arms, but in mutual trust alone. We believe that this can be brought to pass, and we consider that it is something which reason requires, that it is eminently desirable in itself and that it will prove to be the source of many benefits.

In the first place, it is an objective demanded by reason. There can be, or at least there should be, no doubt that relations between states, as between individuals, should be regulated not by the force of arms, but by the light of reason, by the rule, that is, of truth, of justice and of active and sincere co-operation.

Secondly, we say that it is an objective earnestly to be desired in itself. Is there anyone who does not ardently yearn to see war banished, to see peace preserved and daily more firmly established?

And finally, it is an objective which will be a fruitful source of many benefits, for its advantages will be felt everywhere, by individuals, by families, by nations, by the whole human family. The warning of Pius XII still rings in our ears: "Nothing is lost by peace. Everything may be lost by war."

Since this is so, we, the vicar on earth of Jesus Christ, Saviour of the world and author of peace, and as interpreter of the very profound longing of the entire human family, following the impulse of our heart, seized by anxiety for the good of all, we feel it our duty to beseech men, especially those who have the responsibility of public affairs, to spare no labour in order to insure that the world events follow a reasonable and human course.

In the highest and most authoritative assemblies, let men give serious thought to the problem of a peaceful adjustment of relations between political communities on a world level: an adjustment founded on mutual trust, on sincerity in negotiations, on faithful fulfilment of obligations assumed. Let them study the problem until they find that point of agreement from which it will be possible to commence to go forward towards accords that will be sincere, lasting and fruitful.

We, for our part, will not cease to pray God to bless these labours so that they may lead to fruitful results.

*In Liberty*

It has also to be borne in mind that relations between states should be based on freedom, that is to say, that no country may unjustly oppress others or unduly meddle in their af-

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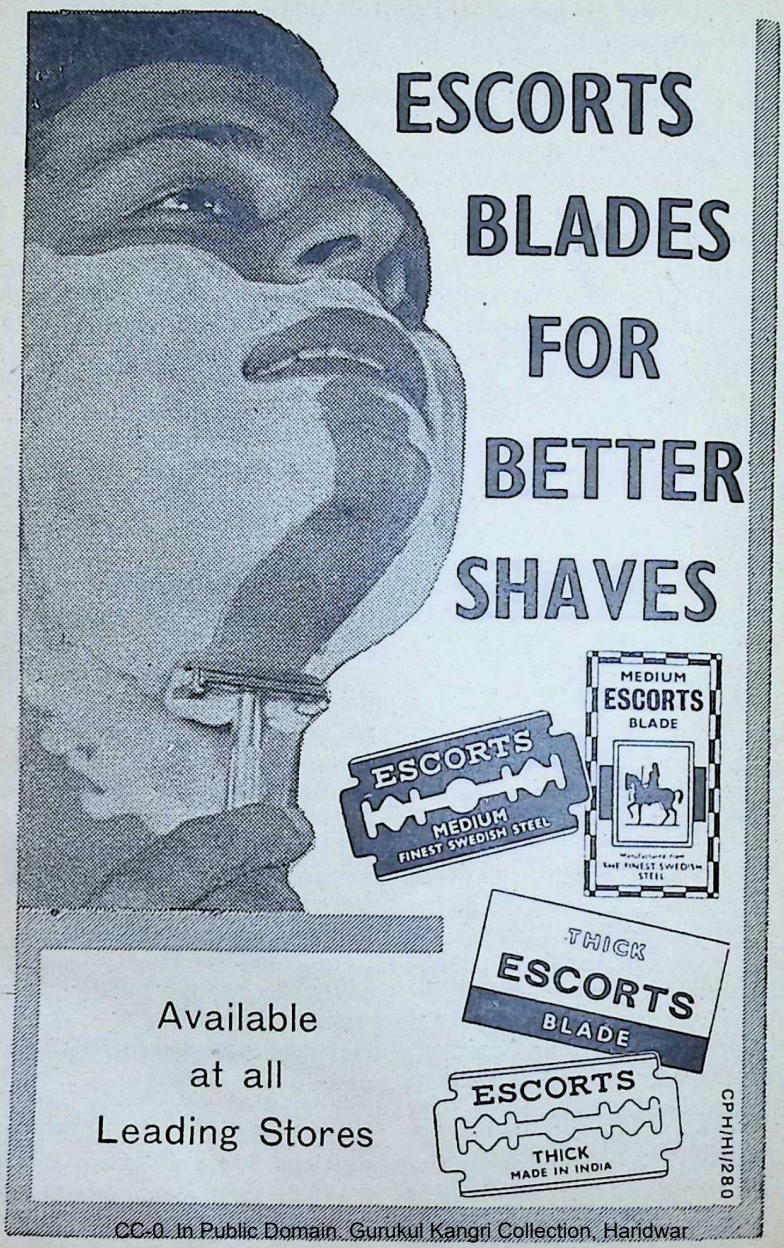



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fairs. On the contrary, all should help to develop in others a sense of responsibility, a spirit of enterprise and an earnest desire to be the first to promote their own advancement in every field.

*Underdeveloped Countries*

Because all men are joined together by reason of their common origin, their redemption by Christ and their supernatural destiny, and are called to form one single family, we appealed in the encyclical "Mater et Magistra" to economically developed nations to come to the aid of those which were in the process of development.

We are greatly consoled to see how widely that appeal has been favourably received. And we are confident that even more so in the future it will contribute to the end that the poorer countries, in as short a time as possible, will arrive at that degree of economic development which will enable every citizen to live in conditions in keeping with his human dignity.

But it is never sufficiently repeated that the co-operation, to which reference has been made, should be effected with the greatest respect for the liberty of the countries being developed, for these must realize that they are primarily responsible, and that they are the principal artisans in the promotion of their own economic development and social progress.

Our predecessor Pius XII already proclaimed that in the field of a new order founded on moral principles, there is no room for violation of freedom, integrity and security of other nations, no matter what may be their territorial extension or their capacity for defence. It is inevitable that the powerful states, by reason of their greater potential and their power, should pave the way in the establishment of economic groups comprising not only themselves but also smaller and weaker states as well. It is nevertheless indispensable that in the interests of the common good they, as all others, should respect the rights of those smaller states to political freedom, to economic development and to the adequate protection, in the case of conflicts between nations, of that neutrality which is theirs according to the natural, as well as international, law. In this way, and in this way only, will they be able to obtain a fitting share of the common good, and assure the material and spiritual welfare of their people.

It is vitally important, therefore, that the wealthier states, in providing varied forms of assistance to the poorer, should respect the moral values; and ethnic characteristics peculiar to each, and also that they should avoid any intention of political domination. If this is done, a precious contribution will be made towards the formation of a world community, a community in which each member, whilst conscious of its own individual rights and duties, will work in a relationship of equality towards the attainment of the universal common good.

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*Signs of the Times*

Men are becoming more and more convinced that disputes which arise between states should not be resolved by recourse to arms, but rather by negotiation.

It is true that on historical grounds this conviction is based chiefly on the terrible destructive force of modern arms. And it is nourished by the horror aroused in the mind by the very thought of the cruel destruction and the immense suffering which the use of those armaments would bring to the human family. And for this reason it is hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice.

Nevertheless, unfortunately, the law of fear still reigns among peoples, and it forces them to spend fabulous sums for armaments: not for aggression, they affirm—and there is no reason for not believing them—but to dissuade others from aggression.

There is reason to hope, however, that by meeting and negotiating, men may come to discover better the bonds that unite them together, deriving from the human nature which they have in common. And that they may also come to discover that one of the most profound requirements of their common nature is this: that between them and their respective peoples it is not fear which should reign but love, a love which tends to express itself in a collaboration that is loyal, manifold in form and productive of many benefits.

[*To be continued*]

[*In the next issue*: Relationship of Men and of Political Communities with the World Community]


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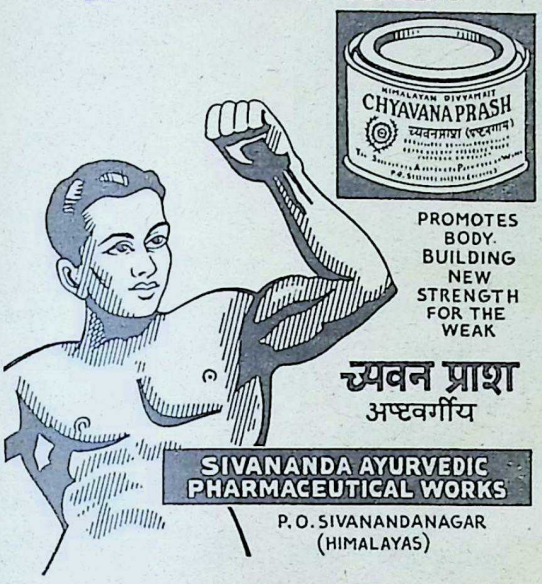


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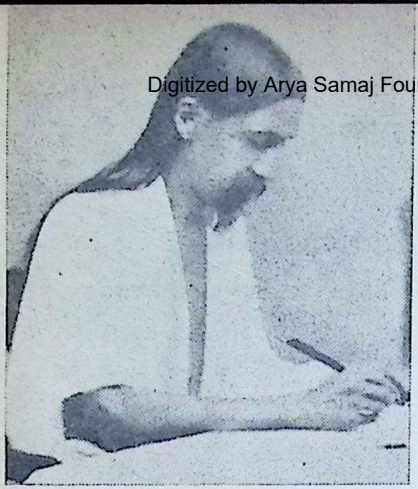

*Sri Aurobindo*

# THOUGHT the PARACLETE

**Rishabhchand**

[Sri Aurobindo's poetry is receiving increasing acclaim in the West. We are introducing a poem of his to our readers in this article.—Ed.]

"THE poem,"[1] as Sri Aurobindo himself says about it, "does not express any philosophical thought," but "is simply a perception of a certain movement." The movement is of thought "as the mediator between the Inconscient and the Superconscient." "It compels the world born from the Inconscient to reach for a Knowledge other than the instinctive vital or merely empirical, for the Knowledge that itself exceeds thought; it calls for that superconscient Knowledge and prepares the consciousness here to receive it. It raises itself into the higher realms and even in disappearing into the supramental and Ananda levels[2] is transformed into something that will bring down their powers into the silent Self which its cessation leaves behind it."

*"As some bright archangel in vision flies*
*Plunged in dream-caught spirit immensities,*
*Past the long green crests of the seas of life,*
*Past the orange skies of the mystic mind*
*Flew my thought self-lost in the vasts of God.*
*Sleepless wide great glimmering wings of wind*
*Bore the gold-red seeking of feet that trod*
*Space and Time's mute vanishing ends.*
*Lustred, pale-blue-lined The face of the hippogriff,*
*Eremite, sole, daring the bourneless ways,*
*Over world-bare summits of timeless being*
*Gleamed; the deep twilights of the world-abyss*
*Failed below. Sun-realms of supernal seeing,*
*Crimson-white mooned oceans of pauseless bliss*
*Drew its vague heart-yearning with voices sweet.*
*Hungering, large-souled to surprise the unconned*
*Secrets white-fire-veiled of the last Beyond,*
*Crossing power-swept silences rapture-stunned,*
*Climbing high far ethers eternal-sunned,*
*Thought the great-winged wanderer paraclete*
*Disappeared slow-singing a flame-word rune.*
*Self was left, lone, limitless, nude, immune."*

1. Given on the right.

2. Vijnana and Ananda lokas. Vijnana is called Rita-Chit in the Veda.

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It is, then, the perception of a movement, an epico-lyrical ascending movement of thought, that is what the poem depicts. It is a vision and an experience that it mirrors. Thought, the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, starts on its long pilgrimage of quest of the Transcendent, carrying with it the soul of man. It passes through many a world and plane of consciousness till it reaches the golden precincts of the supramental ranges where, its function done, its mission of mediation fulfilled, it disappears, leaving the Self, free and luminous, in the presence of its beloved Lord and Lover.

Thought flies on its "wings of wind" in the immensities of the spiritual realms like a "bright archangel", flying "dream-caught" in a rapt vision. It passes over the green-crested seas of life, the vast vital regions heaving like an ocean above the dark depths of the Subconscient in the radiant greenness of their eternal youth, and over the orange-coloured skies of the mystic mind, where, secure from the onslaughts of the surges of life, the subtle, supraphysical planes of consciousness begin to disclose themselves to the finer mental perception.

The wings of thought are "sleepless," tireless, "wide" and "glimmering," and they bear the gold-red aspiration of the feet that eventually pass beyond the voiceless, vanishing ends of Space and Time. It is an aspiration, an intense seeking, a consuming thirst for divine union that supplies the motive force to the feet of paraclete, the mediating thought.

"Gold-red," as Sri Aurobindo says, "is the colour of the supramental (the


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Vijnana Loka) in the physical. The poem describes the ascensive movement of thought at the stage in which it is undergoing transformation, and about to shoot into the Infinite above, and disappear in it. And so it flies.

Time and Space are now overpassed, the huge stir and hum of the distant worlds are left behind, and Paraclete, the hippogriff, the half-eagle, half-horse embodiment of a keen, far-flung vision, and a prolific abundance of energy,[3] with its face, lustrous and aureoled with a pale blue colour, which is the symbolic colour of "the higher ranges of mind up to the intuition",—this Paraclete, an eremite, a hero of *askesis* and renunciation, crosses with marvellous intrepidity the limitless ways of the heavens, and stands at last over the "summits of the timeless being," which are world-bare, where there are no worlds to impinge upon the abysmal silence; and its face "gleams", beams, breaks into an unearthly glow, and lo, far below, down in the deep "world-abyss", in the sinking morass of material forms, the twilights fail, and darkness engulfs everything.

The mortal world has ceased with its din and darkness, and Paraclete hears sweet voices drawing its "vague" heart-yearning towards the sun-lit splendours of the planes of plenary vision, and the "crimson-white mooned oceans of pauseless bliss". Its aspiration is intense, but as yet inchoate, something not yet informed with knowledge. But it is a far safer guide than the mind's ima-

3. Eagle symbolises keen far-ranging vision, and horse, in the Veda, is a symbol of abounding energy.

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ginings, or the fumbling intellect's sterile reasoning. And it is its faith and sincerity that impel it to this great, superhuman ascent. But to what is it drawn? To Knowledge, on one side, and Ananda, on the other. "Sun-realms" of Knowledge, and "mooned oceans" of bliss—the sun symbolising Knowledge, and the moon, the god of Soma, bliss, spiritual ecstasy—allure him to the heights above. And so on he soars.

"Hungering," it advances, this large-souled Paraclete, to take by surprise the secrets of the Transcendent, which are covered with a veil of white, blazing light. These secrets are "unconned," unread, not revealed to the understanding of mortal man; and one has to tear the dazzling veil and pass into the very heart of the Light that shines behind, in order to realise the Truth that the secrets enshrine.

It flies, the "great-winged wanderer," "crossing power-swept silences rapture-stunned", vast, measureless expanses of absolute silence, vibrating, on the one hand, with tremendous energy and power, and, on the other, tranced into the ineffable ecstasy of Divine Bliss. Power and Ananda are locked in an unimaginable, thrilled embrace in the unruffled heart of a dateless silence. And it climbs "far ethers", distant, ethereal altitudes, lit with eternal sunshine; and thus flying, it disappears "slow-singing", like a dying swan, a flame-word rune, a fiery mantra, the word of the higher Inspiration, Intuition, and Revelation,[4] which is the highest attainment of thought.[5] What remains when thought melts away?—the Soul, "lone, limitless, nude, immune", silent, solitary, and free in the blissful infinity of its unconditioned existence. The mission of Thought the mediator is fulfilled, and it vanishes, leaving the Soul in union with the Divine.

---

4. Saraswati, Sarama and Ila of the Veda.

5. "Thought is not the giver of Knowledge, but the 'mediator' between the Inconscient and the Superconscient."

---

**I believe emphatically in religion. God made religion, and man made theology, just as God made the country and man the town. I have the largest sympathy for religion, and the largest contempt I am capable of for a misleading theology. Do not feed children on a maudlin sentimentalism or dogmatic religion; give them Nature. Let their souls drink in all that is pure and sweet. Rear them, if possible, amid pleasant surroundings. If they come into the world with souls groping in darkness, let them see and feel the light. Do not terrify them in early life with the fear of an afterworld. Never was a child made more noble and good by a fear of Hell.**

**Let Nature teach them the lessons of good and proper living, combined with an abundance of well-balanced nourishment. Those children will grow to be the best men and women. Put the best in them by contact with the best outside. They will absorb it as a plant absorbs the sunshine and the dew.**

—Luther Burbank

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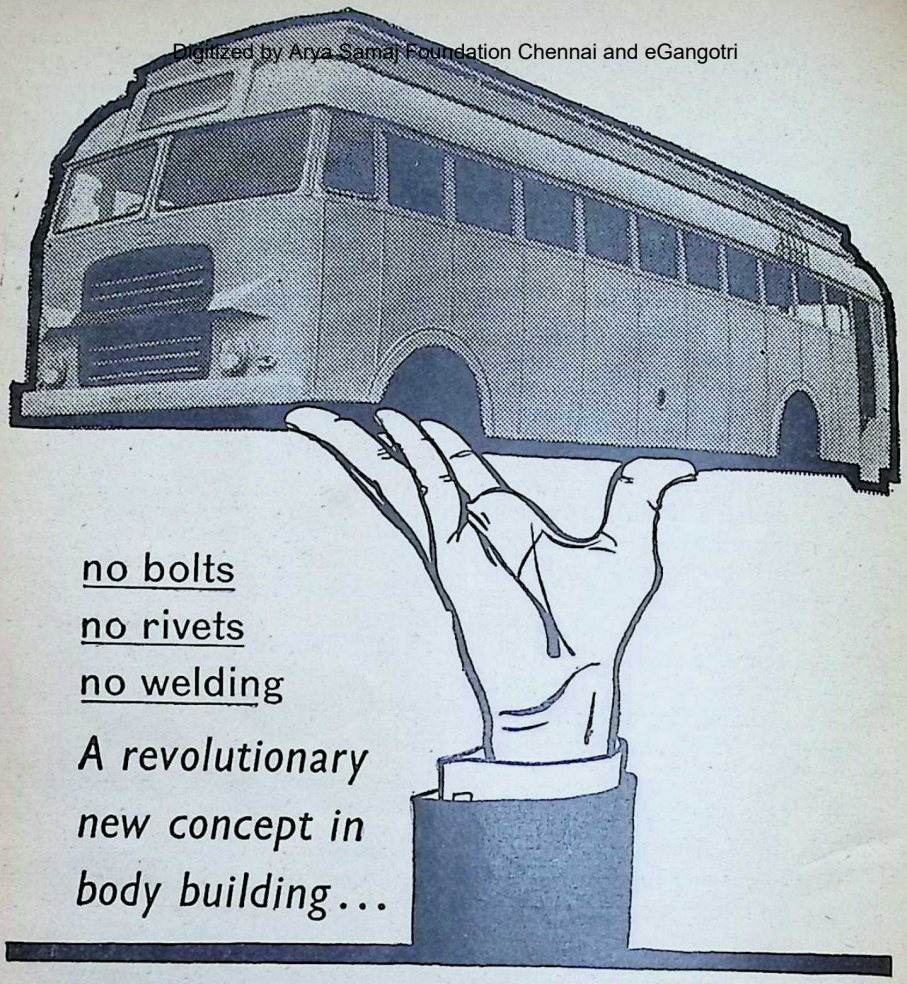

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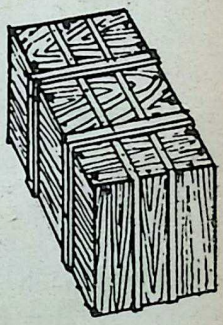
Once mass production gets into its stride, the TVS 'Prefab' will be made available in kit form. This will be the greatest advance in the history of body building in India. State Transport Authorities and large fleet-owners, who at present get their bus bodies built elsewhere, will be able to assemble them in their own yards—thereby saving a lot on each body. The kit will comprise everything including seats and lamps for the interior. When large orders are placed, the customers can have the choice of furnishings too.



**Indian Patent No 72655**

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**T. V. SUNDRAM IYENGAR & SONS PRIVATE LIMITED**
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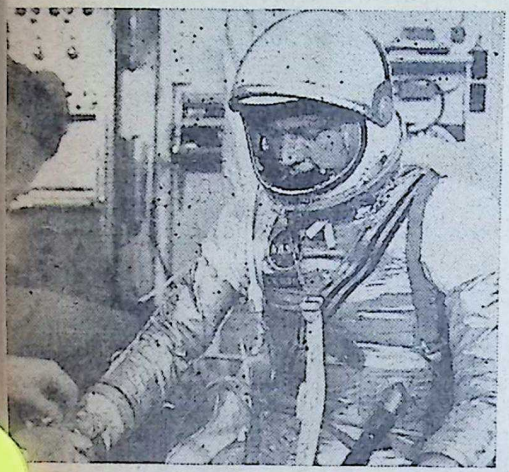
*it is possible to fly up to the moon and return without colliding . . .*

# SPACE TRAVEL

Dr. G. Z. Shah



*Astronaut Cooper Preparing for his flight*

SINCE the beginning of the International Geophysical Year on July 1, 1957, the world of science has been engaged in the most intensive study ever made of the secrets of the universe. The mysteries of outer space have long held a singular fascination for man. Before the dawn of the nuclear age, all that was known about space was based on information that filtered in through the deep ocean of air. The atmosphere shielded mankind from the lethal rays of the sun, but it also was a shield against learning much about the sun and solar radiation. In pursuit of this evasive knowledge, scientists climbed mountains, loaded balloons with instruments, and cast powerful telescopes. Their work produced remarkable but still limited store of information about space particles and radiation.

In 1956, scientists announced that as a part of I.G.Y. they hoped to break the barrier of outer space with an earth satellite. We find in the second century, Lukian wrote the first recorded fantasy on space travel. In it, a merchant ship was caught in a storm and whirled up by the winds to the moon. To-day, 18 centuries after Lukian's fantasy is approaching reality. With fiery rockets, man has flung into whirling orbits around the earth with devices that "talk, read and transmit scientific data." Let us now discuss some of the factors which prevent us from travelling into space.

(1) *Force of gravity*

According to the universal gravitational law of Newton two material particles attract each other with a force which depends on their masses as well as their distance from each other. Thus, if a stone is thrown in the sky it will reach a height of 30 meters and will return back to the earth, but if a long range gun is used and a bullet is fired, it will reach a

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height of about 1000 meters. Therefore, by increasing the speed, we can overcome the force of gravity. It has been worked out that if a projectile is fired with a speed equal to 11.2 kilometers per second, then it will never return back to earth.

(2) *Atmosphere*

The earth as pictured by scientists, was a sphere surrounded by a gaseous envelope several hundred kilometers thick. It was further found that over and above the gaseous envelope, the earth is surrounded by a cloud of charged particles, spreading on for 40,000 to 50,000 kilometers. The atmosphere acts like a thermos flask and maintains temperature variations suitable to human life. It also protects us from meteorites, cosmic rays and ultra-violet rays. The natural scenes, the blue of the sky, the sunrise and sunset colours are all due to atmosphere. In spite of all the advantages, atmosphere is a hindrance in flight. It offers resistance to motion.

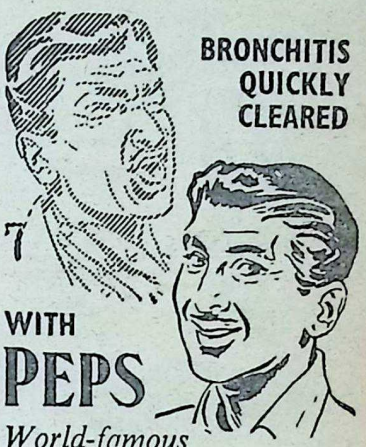
(3) *Accleration*

You all must have experienced the shock when a tram or an automobile suddenly starts or stops or takes a curve. This arises on account of the sudden change in the speed of the vehicle.

(4) *Sound Barrier*

It has been observed that an aeroplane suddenly begins to vibrate when its speed approaches the velocity of sound. This sudden and sharp increase in the air resistance is proportional to the square of the velocity.

The solution to all these baffling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questions was found in the study of rockets. Rockets, the present key to outer space, were used even earlier for military purposes by Russia, Greece and China. All early rockets used solid fuel, usually gunpowder. Dry rocket fuel burned too quickly and unevenly and could not be controlled, presenting many problems to the experimenters. Then, in the beginning of the twentieth century, Dr Goddard commenced experiments with liquid fuels and altered the whole approach to rocketry and space probing. It was found that the final velocity of the rocket does not depend upon the size, fuel and time of operation of the motor but depends on the jet velocity and the fuel-weight ratio. It was found that to reach the maximum escape velocity of 11.2 Km/sec, the quantity of fuel should be 99%. This difficulty was solved by using multi-stage rockets or rocket train where the unnecessary parts are jettisoned.

Let us now study the principle of the rocket. When a gas is released through an outlet at high speed, the container holding the gas, if free to move, will travel in the opposite direction to the gas. If the outlet for the gas is correctly shaped, a powerful directional jet is formed which increases the speed of the gases, thus increasing the propulsive thrust. If a rocket is fired vertically upwards, it will be observed that the rocket will reach a certain height and then fall vertically backwards to the earth due to the force of gravity. If at the top of the trajectory, it is given a horizontal velocity, its return path is curved. The greater the horizontal velocity, the flatter will be the curve

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for the return path. Since the earth is curved, there will be a certain horizontal velocity which makes the curvature of the return path same as that of the earth. This velocity is 5 miles per sec. or 18,000 miles per hour or 7.9 kilometers per sec. The rocket will move parallel to the surface of the earth and will be the earth's satellite. If the velocity is greater than the circular velocity (5 miles/sec.) but less than the escape velocity (11.2 Km/sec.) the path of the rocket will be elliptical and not circular.

The first artificial satellite Sputnik I was launched by the Soviet Union on 4th October 1957 and it reached a height of 560 miles. On 3rd November 1957, Sputnik II was launched by the Soviet Union with a dog as passenger and this reached the height of 1062 miles. On 31st January 1958, the United States launched a satellite which moved farther into the space to about 1587 miles above the earth. Both the nations started a programme of launching satellites and the Vanguards, Explorers, Discoverers and Tiros started circling the earth gathering useful information about the earth and its surroundings. On 2nd January 1959, U.S.S.R. launched another rocket which became an artificial planet or satellite of the sun. This was named Lunik I. United States also launched similar sun satellites Pioneer-4 and Pioneer-5 which are circling about the sun even now. Lunik II of U.S.S.R. hit the moon and Lunik-III photographed the far side of the moon.

On 12th April 1961, Soviet Union succeeded in sending Major Yuri Gagarin round the earth in Soviet Vostok I. United States and Soviet Union both reached their ultimate goals of sending man in space. Till now Gagarin, Sheppard, Glenn, Titov, Nikolayav and Popovitch have succeeded in circling round the earth. And now Major Cooper with his Faith-7.

The lack of gravity presents many problems to man in space. He will be weightless and will float inside the spaceship. The lack of pressure will cause his body to burst without a special suit. All these difficulties have been overcome by scientists. When we will reach the moon, we will find that there is no air, water or sound because there is no atmosphere to carry sound. Moreover, the temperature on the moon varies from 250 degrees below zero to 200 degrees above zero during the day.

The study of the information and photographs sent by the satellites give: (1) the amount of flattening at the poles (2) air density at high alti-

*Major Cooper's Capsule recovered*

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tudes, (3) effect of cosmic rays, (4) measurement of ultra-violet radiation, (5) meteorological information, (6) measurement of meteor bombardment, (7) magnetic field round the earth, (8) composition of earth's crust, (9) the back side of the moon.

*Hazards of space travel*

Apart from the planets and their satellites, asteroids and comets, the solar system has a large number of small solid particles. They move in relation to the earth, at speeds ranging between 12 and 72 kilometers/sec. These are called Meteors. The study of the meteor substance is of great use in geophysics and astronomy as well as for solving the problems of evolution and origin of planetary systems. When meteors hit a rocket, they can either destroy it or may pierce the shell so that the cabin is no more air-tight. The micro-meteor particles, striking the shell of the rocket for a long time, may cause changes in the nature of the surface. Even the most intense of meteoric showers spell no danger for the people on the earth, because the particles get heated and burn up in the atmosphere. It was possible through the study of satellites that the average density of meteoric particles is very low and is distributed very unevenly. If the density of these particles is great, they can blast the surface of a spaceship falling in their path and the ship may be destroyed. Sometimes, bigger bodies of rock or metal speeding through space strike the spaceship and either destroy it or burn it. Thus the hazards of spaceships colliding with large particles of substances seemed horrifying. However, the observations from sputniks and rockets have shown that a rocket vehicle with an area of 100 sq. meters will encounter a meteoric body of 1 gramme only once in 14000 hours of flight and of 0.01 gramme once in 140 hours of flight. This means it is possible to fly up to the moon and return without colliding with a large meteoric body on the way. The micro-meteors are the ones that constitute a real danger, but reliable protection against them is possible.

The successful launching of the space rockets with man inside both by U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. indicate the outstanding achievements of scientists of both the countries in science and engineering. The day is not far off when spaceships will fly to the farthermost points of the solar system and the age-old dream of man to travel through space will be realized.

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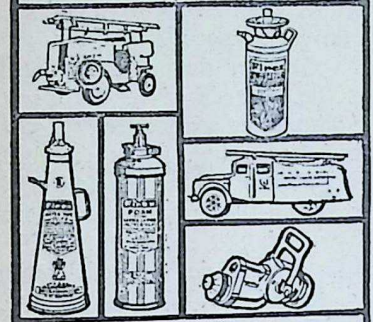

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*They Stood for Our Dharma—2*

# Truth Dearer Than Life

THERE was a sacred river known as *Nanda-Saraswati*. Once upon a time, Devavrata requested Paulastya to tell him how that river came to be called by that name. Paulastya narrated the following story.

There was a King called Prabhanjana who was constant in the observance of his Kshatriya duties. As was his wont, he once went to the forest on a hunting expedition. Seeing a doe behind a thicket, he hit it with his arrow wounding it mortally. At the point of death, the deer spoke to him and said:

"What a heinous act have you committed! You hit me when, with head bent down, I was suckling my young one fearing no danger from any quarter. I have heard it said that it is unrighteous to kill an animal which is feeding its young one, which is drinking water, which is asleep or which is engaged in love-play. You sent your missile at me when I was feeding my fawn. You are guilty of an *adharmic* act. In consequence you shall become a tiger roaming heartlessly in this jungle."

The King heard this curse which the deer pronounced on him. Trembling all over, and with folded hands, he said: "I was not aware that you were feeding your fawn. I hit you without knowing it. So, I beg you to look at me with a kindly eye and forgive me. At least tell me when I shall be released from this curse. When will I regain my human form?"

The deer replied: "A hundred years hence you will meet a cow known as Nandaa. When you converse with her this curse will end."

In terms of the curse, the King instantly became a ferocious tiger bristling with sharp claws and deadly teeth and was terrible to behold. The King-turned-tiger roamed in the forest killing and eating animals and men that came his way.

Thus a hundred years passed.

And then, there came to the part of the forest studded with date trees a mighty herd of cows tended by a number of cowherds. The forest echoed with the deep bellows of the cows and the noisy chatter of the cowherds. Among the cows was one Nandaa by name, the best and most stately of them all. Of well-proportioned features and majestic mien, it proudly walked at the head of the herd as one born to lead.

Before long, however, enticed by the luxuriant growth of green grass that grew far afield, it strayed far

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away from its fold. Losing its way it reached a hill known as Rohita, by whose side there flowed a stream of cool water. All round the hill was a dense forest infested with wild beasts which had their lairs in the caves which abounded in that fastness. Among the denizens of the forest was a tiger of enormous might and fearful appearance.

Seeing the unattended cow walking in front of it, the tiger commanded it to stop and sprang on it with intent to plunge its claws into its hide.

Said he, "How fortunate that you have chosen to come of your own accord as my food today!"

Nandaa heard these terrible words of the tiger and was rattled. Her thoughts flashed back to her young one, white like the very moon itself. Overpowered by her love and concern for her offspring, and despairing of ever seeing her child again, she began to moo and sob piteously.

Seeing her weep, the tiger spoke to her harshly: "Why do you weep? Don't you see that the gods have sent you here today to be my food? Weeping or laughing, you cannot go back alive. So why weep at all? Tell me if you have anything to say. I am eager to hear."

Nandaa the cow replied: "My obeisance to you. I know that none who falls into your clutches can ever escape. I do not grieve over my death at your hands, for, whatever is born must die; and everything that dies must be born again. So, lord of beasts, I do not bemoan the inevitable. Even the gods are helpless in this and they too must meet their fate. Hence I am not the only one who will die.

"And yet, my grief springs from my attachment. Listen to what afflicts my heart. I have a calf, the first to be born to me. He is still in his infancy and lives on my milk; he has not grown old enough to feed on grass. He lies helpless bound to the cowpen and will be looking for me to feed him when he becomes hungry. When I think of him I am overcome by grief as to how he will live when I am dead. Just for once, I wish to suckle him. Having fed him with my milk, and after caressing him I wish to entrust him to the care of my friends and teach him about the good and the bad and how to get along in life. Then, I shall come back to you and you may make a meal of me."

The tiger replied: "Why do you care about your child? Know you not that you are about to die? Every creature is dreadfully afraid of me and none goes back from my jaws with his life. Out of the tenderness of your heart, you speak piteously of your child. Don't you know that no son or austerity, no gift, no mother or father, no friend can rescue one who is fated to die? I cannot believe that when once you get back to your fold, you will come again to this place. Every part of me is itching to drink your blood."

Upon this, Nandaa the cow said: "O lord of beasts! Listen to my words. I have but recently given birth to my first child. Let me go. I shall have a last look at my mates, at my dear child, and at the cowherds. I shall bid farewell to them all and especially to my mother. I swear to you by everything that is sacred that I shall surely return. Pray, let me go just

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for a while.

"Listen! If I do not keep my promise, if I do not come back, let me be visited with the most heinous of sins. May the sin of killing a holy man, of killing one's mother and father descend on me. Let me share in the sin of the avaricious, of the scum of society and of those who poison others. If I do not come back as promised, may I be guilty of violating the sanctity of a cowpen, of kicking one who is asleep. May I be guilty of marrying to another a girl who has been once wedded to a person. May the sin of a preferential treatment of one of two wedded wives light on me if I do not come back to you. May I be guilty of sending back a friend without fulfilling his wish."

Inclined to trust the cow who swore in such terrible terms, the tiger said:

"Though I would fain believe that you would keep your promise, when you go back, you may perhaps say to yourself: 'I have deceived this fool of a tiger.' Others may dissuade you from going back. They may say there is no sin in violating a promise made on oath in specific circumstances ; that a plighted word may be broken to a lady in love, in the affairs of a marriage, in saving a cow and when one is in danger of losing one's life. Fools believing they are wise people may confuse your own mind with specious arguments. Like the landscape painters who delude the onlooker making level ground appear high and low, clever people may make the worse appear the better reason.

"This is an ungrateful world. Generally a benefactor is not remembered with gratitude. Even a calf gives up its mother if she runs dry. To achieve their objects, *rishis, devas, asuras* and men generally seal their compacts with an oath. Even when one makes a true oath in the presence of God, or of fire or of his *guru*, the god of death takes away half his merit. And so, do not break your promise in the belief that you have deceived me. You yourself have spoken the sacred law. Now, do as you please."

Nandaa replied: "Noble one! It is as you have said. But, who can deceive you? He is himself deceived who tries to deceive another."

The tiger said: "Gentle one! Go ; see your dear child ; pour your milk into its thirsty throat ; lick him with all your maternal love. Take leave of your mother and your brother, of your friends and kindred. Be true to your promise and come back quickly."

Having thus made the promise to the tiger and swearing upon everything holy to abide by it and permitted to go back, the cow hastened to her fold panting eagerly for her child. Tears streaming from her eyes, she was the picture of unspeakable agony. Hearing from a distance the bellow of her dear child, she dashed to his side and eagerly rubbed her face against her offspring from side to side.

The calf looked at its mother, and saw the tears flowing from her eyes. Much perturbed, the calf queried. "Mother, you are much agitated ; your look is as of one afraid. You appear unhappy. What is the reason?"

Nandaa could not muster courage to tell the truth, but asked her child to drink his fill from her udder and

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added: "Dear one! This will be the last time that you will drink of me. Alas! Having drunk of me now today, from whom will you drink on the morrow? I have come to you on a short reprieve having sworn to return to the tiger that is waiting to maul and make a meal of me."

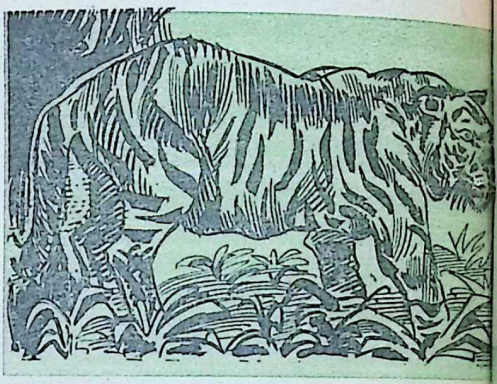
Upon this, the calf replied: "I shall go with you where you go. Nothing will be more meritorious for me than to die with you. Even if I keep away from you now, I must die some day. If the tiger kills me along with you, I shall go to the celestial regions of those who are devoted to their mothers. And so, I must go with you to share your fate.

"Or, mother dear, you stay here. I shall go to the tiger keeping your promise. What avails me to live separated from my mother? Who will protect me rendered helpless when you are gone?

"For infants like me still in the suckling stage, none can take the place of the mother. None can protect them as a mother does. The mother is their sole refuge, in times of distress. The mother is the only friend; she is the true source of joy. The mother is the very god both here and hereafter. Those children who live by this supreme *dharma* prescribed by Brahma Himself, attain a glorious destiny."

Nandaa replied: "Dear child, do not think of going with me. It is to me that death has been ordained. None can take the place of one who is fated to die at a particular moment. This is my parting message to you, dear child. Listen carefully to what I say and act accordingly. Do not be neglectful of your safety while you wander in the forest and along river banks. Creatures come to grief by lack of care. Do not be greedy to graze in dangerous spots. Greed brings about the ruin of people in this world and elsewhere. Those deluded by greed wander forth along oceans, forests and caves. Even the learned do wrong things impelled by greed. The world comes to ruin by greed, neglect and want of care. Hence do not be avaricious, do not be neglectful or too trustful.

"One must take the utmost care to protect oneself. One must guard



against evil creatures and evil men. The mind of those living by themselves is liable to delusion.

"Do not trust any creature which has claws; beware of deep rivers. Avoid horned creatures and those who carry weapons of attack. One should be careful in dealing with women of inconstant minds. Servants should not be relied upon overmuch.

"One should not trust those who must not be trusted and even those who are trustworthy should not be trusted beyond measure. For, the credulous have reason to fear danger and

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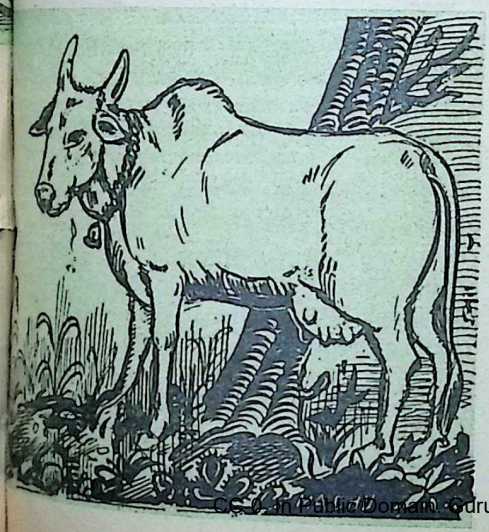
wholesale ruin to themselves.

"Do not rely even on your own body. Do not confide in any one without due care and circumspection. Let your sense of smell ever guard you from danger. Cows see by their sense of smell as kings see through their spies.

"Do not remain alone in a forest. Be always intent on *dharma* and practise it scrupulously. Do not give way to grief that I am going back to die; for, death is inevitable to every one.

"What is life? Just as a traveller seeks the shade of a tree from the scorching sun, rests there for a while and then passes on, the soul takes a body for a brief period and then casts it off. Dear child! The whole world is impermanent. Why grieve for what will not last long? Hence abandoning all sorrow, abide by what I told you."

Then the cow sniffed at her calf and licked him on the head. Sighing heavily again and again at parting from her dear one, she felt as if everything about her was blank due to impending separation from her child. In the midst of her tears, she spoke again and said:



"Nothing can equal the love of a son; the home of a childless one is a terrible void. One who has not begotten a son lives to no purpose. It is by a son that one goes to celestial regions. A sonless person is consigned to hell.

"People say that the sandal-paste is very cool to the skin; but when one embraces one's son, one feels a cooling freshness far exceeding the sandal-paste."

Thus recounting the glory of having a son, casting a lingering look on her calf, the cow took leave of her mother, kindred, and the cowherds.

Nandaa said: "As I was wandering at the head of the herd, the lord of the forest pounced upon me. I was released from his hold on promising to return to him. I came to see my child, my mother, the *gokula* and my kindred. True to my promise, I am going back to the tiger."

Addressing her mother, Nandaa said: "Mother dear! Forgive me my transgressions. This is your daughter's son! What more need I tell you!"

Then turning to the other cows, Nandaa called them by their names and told them in plaintive tones: "Vipula, Champaka, Daama, Bhadraa, Surabhi, Maalini, Vasudhaara, Priyaa, Nandaa, Mahaa-nandaa, Ghatasrava, whatever wrong I may have done to you, knowingly or unknowingly, pray, forgive me, good ones; forgive all my faults. You are all of auspicious qualities; you are all mothers of all worlds; your bounties are without limit; bear with my little son. He is

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now helpless and unprotected, stand guard over him. Sisters all! Take special care of him lest he be consumed by the fire of separation from his mother. I leave him to your kind protection; look at him and nourish him as your own child when he is alone without me. Holy ones! Bear with me and I go back to keep my promise. Do not grieve over my fate; for death ever stands before one who is born."

Hearing these words of Nandaa, her mother and mates were overcome with grief. Surprised at her constancy to her promise, they said: "Nandaa! Self-protection should be the aim of every creation. If you go back to the tiger abandoning your child to his fate, you will be guilty of partiality to truth. Those who know the *dharma* have declared that in a crisis of danger to life, there is no sin in violating a promise. If a lie has to be uttered to save a life, the lie will become a truth. And, truth which endangers life will be a falsehood. In respect of the love-lorn, in marriages, to save a cow from danger and to rescue the holy ones, one need not stick to one's promise even though made on oath."

Nandaa said in reply: "I am prepared to utter a falsehood for saving the lives of others; but I shall not speak a lie for myself, even if it be to save my life.

"One gets into the womb alone; one is alone in death as in life. Joy and sorrow belong to one by oneself. No one can share another's fate.

"The universe is grounded on Satya. Dharma too is founded on Satya. The ocean keeps its bounds out of regard for Satya.

"Making a gift of the whole earth to Vishnu, Bali went down to the nether worlds. Though duped, yet he was steadfast to Satya.

"The Vindhyas were once growing up; as Sage Agastya went past it, he commanded it to cease growing. True to its promise, the mountain keeps to its limits even now.

"Heaven, liberation, *dharma,* all these depend on the truth of the sacred word. He who subverts the word, is ultimately subverted by it.

"If a man understands the *atman* differently from the words of the sacred text, what heinous sin will he not commit? The truth of the sacred text is inviolable. He who seeks to violate it is verily a thief who deceives himself. Of such a one, the god of death annexes half his *dharma.* I shall not consign myself to deadly hell deceiving myself in this way.

"Satya is like a river. Its waters are deep and pure. Forbearance is a pool in that river. Bathing in that pool, released from all sins, I shall attain a superior state.

"When one weighs a thousand *asvamedha* sacrifices against Satya, Satya will always prove heavier.

"Satya is the best penance. It is also the easiest; one need not strain oneself to observe it. It is the treasure of the gentle folk. It is the inheritance of the good. It is superior to all *ashramas.* It is the most spontaneous virtue of men and it is their natural adornment. Observing it, even a fallen one goes to Heaven. How can I give it up?"

Nandaa's mates observed: "O, Nandaa! You are worthy of receiving the obeisance of even the celestial beings. For, to keep your plighted word,

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you are determined to give up your life so dear to every one. Your constancy to *satya* brings everyone in the three worlds within your reach. No more do we grieve over your separation from us or from your dear child. For the women of auspicious mind, no harm can come from any quarter."

Casting a lingering look at her mates, and going round the entire herd, preparing to go back, Nandaa addressed with devout humility the Earth, the Rain, the Fire and Wind, the Moon, the Lords of the ten Directions, the Trees, and Stars and the Planets, and said:

"Ye, holy ones living here, and the divine guardians of the forest, pray protect my child.

"Listen, ye, flowers of diverse hues and forms, and ye stately trees of the forest, listen to my prayer! When my child roams alone in these places, protect him as tenderly as you would your own child.

"Bereft of his sire and mother, alone and unprotected, afraid and afflicted by hunger and thirst, when my child cries piteously in these regions seeing the whole world blank, I beg of ye, take pity on him and guard him from all harm."

Appealing to the denizens of the forest in these terms, overcome by the prospect of separation from her offspring, despairing of seeing her child again, Nandaa felt acutely distressed like a *chakravaka* bird bereft of its mate. She looked almost lifeless, like a creeper fallen from the tree. She walked back with unsteady steps like a blind man who has lost his stick.

She came back to where the dreadful tiger was waiting for her.

Just then, with uplifted tail the calf came galloping to her side and stood before the terrific beast.

Nandaa saw her child on one side, and on the other was the deadly tiger.

Addressing the tiger, Nandaa said: "Lord of the jungle! I have come back to you, true to my word. Eat your fill out of my flesh; feast on my body. Drink my blood to your heart's content. And after I am dead, *but not before*, eat this calf, my dear child, if you will."

The tiger said: "Welcome, gentle creature, you have kept your promise. Nothing untoward will happen to those who are constant to truth. I gave you leave to go back just to test your sense for truth. Else, can any creature escape my jaws? By the very Truth to which you are constant, you have now been released from death.

"Hereafter, you are sister to me; and your calf is my sister's child. And, sinner that I am, you have taught me a holy lesson. I have learnt from you that the worlds are established in Satya and that Dharma is based on Satya. By the power of Satya do streams of milk flow from the cows to be used as sacrificial offerings.

"He who lives by your milk is indeed most fortunate. Fortunate are the meadows whereon grows the grass on which you feed.

"I am amazed at your fidelity to Truth. I do not wish to live henceforth pursuing my evil ways. I wish to be purified of my sins. Alas! How many thousands of helpless animals have I killed and eaten! What will be my fate hereafter? I have been a sinner, given to evil deeds; I have been heartless and cruel. I shudder to

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think of the hell to which I shall be consigned.

"So, I shall try to expiate my sins visiting holy places. Or, I shall fall down from a mountain; I shall immolate myself in fire and put an end to my life.

"Gentle one, teach me how I may get rid of my sins and tell me quickly; for, time is running out."

Nandaa said: "*Tapas* is extolled in Krita Yuga; in the Treta Yuga, *Jnana* and *Karma* are said to be efficacious; sacrifices are the means to salvation in Dwapara Yuga. But in the Kali Age, *daana* is the only sure means. Of all the gifts, assurance of *abhaya* to all creatures is the greatest and the best. He who grants *abhaya* to everything moving and unmoving, is freed from every cause of fear and attains the Supreme."

"There is no gift equal to *ahimsaa*, no penance higher than *ahimsaa*. All virtues are inherent in *ahimsaa* even as every foot-mark is covered by the tread of an elephant.

"Therefore, all *dharmas* are covered by *ahimsaa*. *Ahimsaa* is the shade of the tree of Yoga; Heaven and Liberation are its fruits. Those who are victims of the threefold afflictions seek its life-giving shade. They are no more subject to any grief; for, under it, they attain supreme peace.

"This, in brief, is the great teaching which I have conveyed to you. But, why do you seek it from me? You know it already."

The tiger said: "Cursed by a deer, I have now taken this form. Preying upon other creatures, I have forgotten everything. Your words have brought it back to my mind.

"By the power of Truth which you hold so dear, you will surely attain a noble destiny. But, one more question, dear one. By contact with you, I recall that a hundred years have passed since I was cursed to be a tiger. I have been instructed in the truth of Dharma which is the way of the good. Tell me, auspicious one, what is your name?"

Nandaa replied: "My master is called Nanda; he used to call me Nandaa. But why do you tarry? Make your meal of me."

The moment he heard the name Nandaa, the King regained his human form released from his curse. He stood there as a King with might and main.

Meanwhile, the Lord of Dharma came to see Nandaa, the truthful and said: "I have come here drawn by your absolute devotion to Truth. Ask for the best of boons that you can think of."

Nandaa replied: "Surely, by your grace, I shall attain a high destiny. May this river which flows here be hereafter known by my name as *Nandaa-Saraswati* and may it dower good people who bathe in it with all that they may desire."

Then Nandaa went to the regions of those who ever abide in Truth. Prabhanjana too went back to his kingdom.

This is the story, said Paulastya, of the origin of the name *Nandaa-Saraswati* to this holy river. And, since then it has been flowing southward purifying these regions.

[From the *Padma Puraana*]

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Kulapati K. M. Munshi

BHAVAN'S

SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

BANGALORE KENDRA

on June 8-9, 1963

# *APPEAL*

One of the items of the programme drawn up by the Silver Jubilee Committee of the Bhavan is the setting up of a home for each of its branches in different parts of India.

In order to enlarge the activities of the Bhavan in Bangalore and putting them on a firm footing, it is essential to have a building of our own. It is therefore proposed to secure suitable premises in a prominent locality costing about Rs. 3,00,000/-. It is desirable that the transaction should be concluded before the Silver Jubilee Celebrations in Bangalore which are proposed to be held on the 8th and 9th June 1963. We earnestly hope you will help this effort by:

(A) **your own contribution and contribution from your friends:**

(B) **inducing your other friends to do likewise.**

After the property is acquired it is proposed to organise classes in Sanskrit, Gita, Music and Dance, as also courses in (1) Culture and (2) Journalism, Advertising & Printing to prepare students in the Bhavan's Certificate and Diploma Courses in these subjects.

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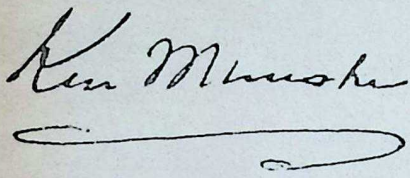
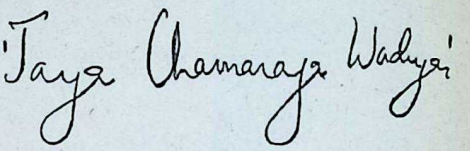
We are sure that Karnatak, with its ancient traditions of culture and religion, as well as love of Sanskrit, will respond enthusiastically to help this scheme.



(K. M. MUNSHI)



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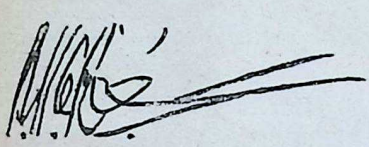

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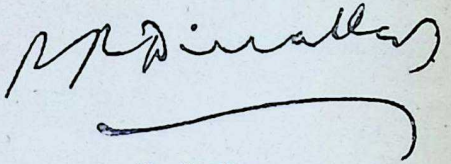
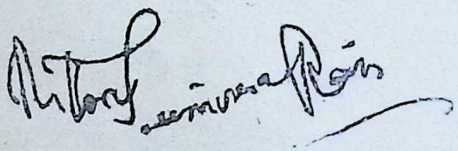


(R. R. DIWAKAR)



(NITTOOR SREENIVASA RAU)

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## PROGRAMME

**SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1963**

1. **Bhavan's Prayer**
2. **Vedic Invocation** (in group)
3. **Sangagaan** (in group)
4. **Welcome address by Vice-Chairman** SRI S. NIJALINGAPPA, *Chief Minister of Mysore.*
5. **Benediction by His Holiness** JAGADGURU SHANKARACHARYA OF SRINGERI
6. **Inaugural address by the Chairman,** H. H. SRI JAYA CHAMARAJA WADIYAR, *Governor of Mysore.*
7. **Speeches by**
   (*a*) SRI NITTOOR SREENIVASA RAU, **Vice-President,** *Chief Justice of Mysore.*
   (*b*) DR. A. LAKSHMANASWAMI MUDALIAR, *Chairman, Bhavan's Madras Kendra and Vice-Chancellor, Madras University.*
   (*c*) SRI R. R. DIWAKAR, *M.P.*, **Vice-President, and others.**
8. **Presentation of Memento to:** DR. K. M. MUNSHI **on completion of his 75th year.**
9. **Speech by** DR. K. M. MUNSHI
10. **Vote of Thanks.**

INTERVAL—5 Minutes

11. **Veena recital.**
12. **Jana Gana Mana.**

*(Continued on next page)*

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SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1963

*Symposium on*

'RE-INTEGRATION OF INDIAN CULTURE'

**Speakers:**

H. H. SRI JAYA CHAMARAJA WADIYAR,
DR. K. M. MUNSHI,
DR. A. LAKSHMANASWAMI MUDALIAR,
SRI R. R. DIWAKAR,
SRI V. K. GOKAK and others.

INTERVAL—5 Minutes

**Staging of Drama in Sanskrit entitled 'MALAVIKAGNIMITRAM'**

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DR. K. M. MUNSHI

**Chairman**

H. H. SRI JAYA CHAMARAJA WADIYAR

**Vice-Chairman**

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**Jt. Secretary :**

SRI K. P. KRISHNAMOORTHY

—*—

# Notes & News

## *LATE SMT. SUDHAVATI*

IN the premature death at the age of 45 of Smt. Sudhavati, daughter of Sri Sri Prakasa and wife of Sri Satyendranarayan Agarwal, Deputy Speaker of the Bihar Legislative Assembly, Bihar lost its most active social worker, particularly in the field of education of women and children and Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan a sincere friend. Smt. Sudhavati was a member of the Bhagalpur University Senate and also an Hon. Magistrate. She had founded a number of institutions including Sundervati Mahila College, Mokshada Girls School, Women's Industrial Training Centre, Child Welfare Centre, Moti Maternity Home, etc. She founded and worked tirelessly for the Tapovardhan Prakritik Chikitsa Kendra. Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh is particularly grateful to her for sending advertisement worth Rs. 2,000/- from Bhagalpur for the Smt. Sarayubala Khandwalla memorial building fund—Garba Brochure. Our sympathy goes to Sri Sri Prakasa in his bereavement and the family of Smt. Sudhavati for the irreparable loss.

## *MUNSHIJI AT GURUVAYUR*

THE fifteenth Kerala Hindu Religious and Cultural Conference and Art Festival were held at Guruvayur from 31st May to 2nd June under the auspices of the Guruvayur Devaswom. The Conference and the Festival were inaugurated respectively by Kulapati Munshiji, President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and Sri R. Sankar, the Chief Minister of Kerala. Lectures were delivered and debates conducted on themes literary, social and religious life of ancient India, and they were followed by a colourful variety of cultural programmes on each day. The Cultural session on the last day was presided over by Mrs. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

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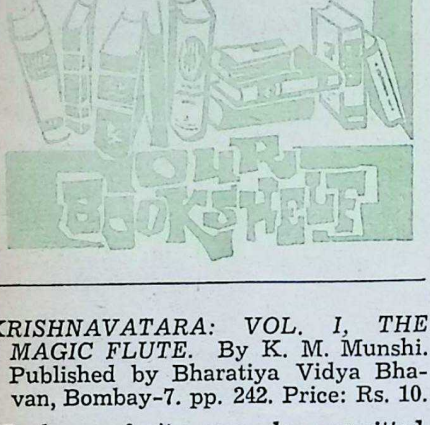


*KRISHNAVATARA: VOL. I, THE MAGIC FLUTE.* By K. M. Munshi. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 242. Price: Rs. 10.

IF the profanity may be permitted, this is old wine in new bottle, and, whether the vintage has suffered a change in its fresh container is a matter of taste. Krishna of the *Bhagavata* is adored as a *poornavatara,* not only because *Krishnastu bhagavaan swayam,* but also because in the vesture of finitehood that God assumed as Devaki's son He acted every human role. Except when one thinks of the superhuman marvels that the *Bhagavata* associates with him, at other times the intensely human in Krishna annexes our heart to him making us kin to Him. This approach to Krishna, does not, however, detract from the sense of devout adoration.

In fact, it can be an interesting exercise of imagination to portray Krishna in human colours projecting into him the storms and stresses of our lives, our attitudes and aspirations; that is, to see Him as Devaki and Yesoda, as many a *gopi* and *gopala,* as Putana and Trivakra, as Kamsa and Sisupala did. It was in a similar way that the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri wished to speak of Rama in his *Lectures on the Ramayana* and that human approach, however, ultimately ended in the final 'coronation of Rama in his heart'.

Sri Munshi has treated Krishna in a like manner in his *Krishnavatara* which he is serialising in the *Bhavan's Journal.* The first part of the story ending with the killing of Kamsa is contained in this book. Wishing to divest Krishna's life-history of 'the legends, myths and miracles' which have grown round it, and impelled by 'the urge which came upon me, time and again, to embark upon a reconstruction of his life and adventures by weaving a romance around him,' Sri Munshi has taken, as he himself confesses, 'unforgivable liberties with the accepted image;' and, as a pious Hindu, he trusts that 'the devout will forgive' him.

Sri Munshi does not narrate the story of Krishna in the conventional style. He has cast it in a modern *milieu* in suchwise that *Krishnavatara* reads more like a novel than as a *purana.* In a sense, that is both the merit and the defect of the book. But one feels that devotional susceptibilities need suffer no jolt and may not be outraged if the story is read as an exercise in realistic imagination, if putting that way is not to indulge in a contradiction; that is, as a literary effort to bring the Puranic Krishna to the modern mind and make Him live and move among the Pandavas—a lovable man with a far-reaching vision, in whose personality and achievement we can trace the lineament of a divinity. The book has to be read, and appreciated with this background.

Sri Munshi is a wonderful storyteller and every page of this book bears evidence of his mastery of this art, blending tension and relief to hold the attention and sustain interest. Shorn of its miracles, Yesoda's child is like any other child, but much more lovely because more mischievous. The love-affair with Radha is so naive and spontaneous that while it draws forth a smile, it does not invite any censure. Narada, Dvaipayana and even Akrura, do not betray that they knew that Krishna was God himself. But the germ of faith that He was born as a redeemer is ingeniously built up. The denouement when *the Moment Had Come* to make the prophecy true by destroying Kamsa is worked up to a dramatic climax. And yet, when one lays the book down after reading it to the end, Krishna emerges again as the adorable divinity that He is always.

—*Hara Hari*

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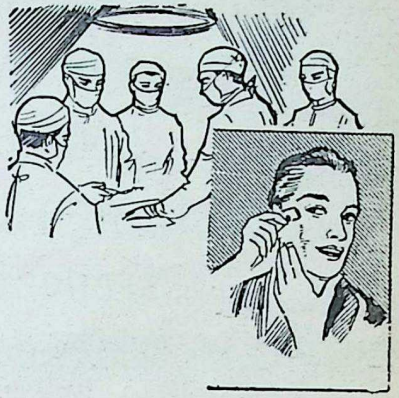
*THE CLASSICAL DRAMA OF INDIA.* By Henry W. Wells. Published by Asia Publishing House, Ballard Estate, Bombay-1. 1963. Price: Rs. 16.

THIS is a collection in book form of some studies in the values of the literature and theatre of the world relating to the Dramas of India and is issued under the auspices of the Literary Half-yearly. As the author himself says, he is not a member of the fraternity of Sanskrit scholars and the book is not written from the point of view of the professional scholars. "Few books have thus far appeared..... dealing with the Sanskrit theatre in any general terms." (Introduction). The studies on the subject that have been undertaken in India have been restricted to highly specialised topics and there is also a feeling in India that the outside world has no interest in the subject. Thus there has been no attempt at a comparative study of the subject. Indian drama has been known to the west for nearly two centuries when Sir William Jones made the *Shakuntala* of Kalidasa available. There has also been a German rendering at that time. This was followed by *The Theatre of the Hindus* by Wilson and by books by Sten Konov and Levi. Keith's *Sanskrit Drama* is a masterpiece. But he has his defect through a commitment to British morality and much more to the conservative view in aesthetics with the Greek Tragedies as the norm and the *Poetics* of Aristotle as the standard. This, as the author says, is the background. The author is a good student of the dramatic literature of the world and of the theatres. Towards the close of the Introduction, he gives a brief account of the book chapter by chapter. Each chapter is complete in itself and as such there is some repetition. The book is neither a glorification nor a condemnation of the Indian drama. It is a very judicious presentation of the various points that arise when one studies the drama. The author takes note of only about fifteen dramas and as such it is not also a historical sketch of the dramas. Although mainly an



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appreciative estimate of the dramas, there is a chapter on the defects in the dramas. The topics dealt with relate to Sanskrit and English dramas, world stage and modern stage, Indian thought, equilibrium, the religious dramas, the defects, certain techniques like swooning on the stage, theatrical techniques, style, and an analytical study of the *Mricchakatika* and the *Uttararamacharita* as specimens of the two major types of Indian dramas. There are many contexts where he says that the Indian dramas can stand comparison with the drama of any other country and that there are also contexts in which they excel the others. His analysis is sometimes superb. He gives his own suggestions regarding the few revisions that may be needed to make the dramas presentable on a modern stage. The author does not seem to know Bharata and his directions regarding the staging of the dramas and also the traditions of stage representation that have been preserved in certain parts of the country. He could have been clearer in the matter of distinguishing between the actual scenic arrangements and also what the actors bring to the view of the audience through their acting, without actually presenting the objects on the stage. The author is not himself free from certain obsessions. He overemphasises the spiritual and religious aspects in the drama. No one can deny that there is the religion and the philosophy in the background of the dramas. But there is no drama in which the religious side or the philosophical side comes into prominence, except as reflections from the background. They are not in the drama but only behind the drama. That is the case with the prayer in the beginning and in the end of the worship in which the hero of one of the dramas, the *Mricchakatika* was engaged when the drama starts. Even in the *Nagananda,* where alone the divine makes a presence and influences the course of events, we must realise that the characters are demi-gods. Man's affairs in the world, represented in the dramas, are not influenced by gods, and also by the religious sides. What he says about Bhasa and about the sins of the hero and the heroine in the *Shakuntala* and about the uncomplimentary character of the hero in the *Malavikagnimitra* are also what he has secured from outside the dramas. He speaks about the length of the dramas as what may create difficulty to stage a Sanskrit drama on a modern stage. He also says that most of the dramas are two dramas joined together. The first half is like a pedestal and the second is the statue over it. He also says that in western dramas, there is a knot which is untied at the end while in Sanskrit dramas, there are many ends in the beginning which we knot together by the end. The fact is that when we try to knot the two ends together, some wrong knots also come into the situation and there is the untying of those knots at the end. It is this that divides the dramas into two parts. Most of the people, especially in India, who have written on Sanskrit dramas, seem to take Bharata as the norm and to explain the dramas with that footBharata wrote the

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work, not one of the available dramas had been written and he explained only what he had known and not what he wanted to lay down as universal standards. Thus, when people write about the prevailing *Rasa* in the *Uttararamacharita,* they think that Bharata has said the last word on the subject of the *Rasa* and that all dramas should fall within this scheme. The author has shown that the dramas can and should be studied from within and that they must be studied in relation to the dramas of the world. He has also a study on a Tamil drama about Harischandra and a Tibetan drama. No one can question his procedure while many of his conclusions may provoke serious problems for controversy. The book is a good lead though it may not be a resting place at the close of a journey. The author himself does not claim it as anything else. He has shown that there is a need for making a new presentation of the subject of Indian dramas, departing from the classical studies now available.

—*Dr. C. Kunhan Raja*

*IRAN AND INDIA THROUGH THE AGES.* By Firoze C. Davar. Published by Asia Publishing House, Ballard Estate, Bombay-1. 1962. pp. xii + 312. Price: Rs. 15.

THE contact between Iran and India was long, superficially sustained, sometimes quite intimate, but of a too varied nature. Indians and Iranians were very close to each other in the pre-Vedic and possibly in the early Vedic days, and though later they parted company, the Iranians, that is the Zoroastrians, found refuge in India when Islam overwhelmed Iran.

Islam came to India also, in a small measure from Arabia, but mainly through Iran, but not always through Iranians; as a matter of fact, the Persian-speaking Muslims who invaded India were mostly Turks and Afghans. Then the Mughals came, but the first Mughal Emperor wrote his autobiography in Turki. Next conqueror Nadir was a true Persian; after him India lost contact with Iran.

Which of these heterogenous movements may be said to be the real point of contact between Iran and India? Unfortunately Sri Davar neither poses the question nor, therefore, does he answer it. Indeed his book is a collection of data ranging from the earliest times to the end of the Mughal rule, including, for reasons not quite clear to us, Indo-Arab relations also.

The book is not without its use; as a compendium of information on the subject, it provides the basic material for a more analytical and less enthusiastic treatment of an interesting aspect of the history of the two countries.

—*Dr. A. K. Majumdar*

## PERIODICAL

*SMILES AND SNEERS* (Anniversary Number). Edited by R. K. Dalal, 49-55, Apollo Street, Fort, Bombay-1.

Distributed free for a year on contribution of Re. 1 towards postage. Institutions and libraries exempted.

*"SMILES AND SNEERS"* supplement the editor's earlier 'Smiles and Tears'. This is a collection of witty sayings, anecdotes and parables, shrewd and penetrating observations that combine humour and subtlety of speech with a wealth of uncanny wisdom. Collected from varied sources they have a true literary aroma as they amuse the reader no less than they instruct. They never degenerate to dullness but flash forth revealing gleams of the variegated realm of human thought. In the form of exposure and suggestion, pun and comment, amusing definitions and grave observations they provide rich material for serious reflection and cogitation and one, while sharing the smiles and sneers, is indeed the wiser for steering through their irony and sarcasm, their unfailing felicity, subtle significance and ingenious purports.

—*P.V.*

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Adv. & Ptrs., Bombay-34. Mg. Ed. J. H. Dave; Associate Ed. V. A. K. Ayer.
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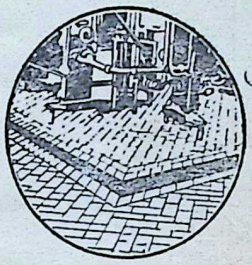

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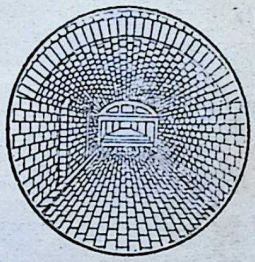

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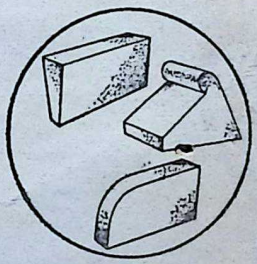

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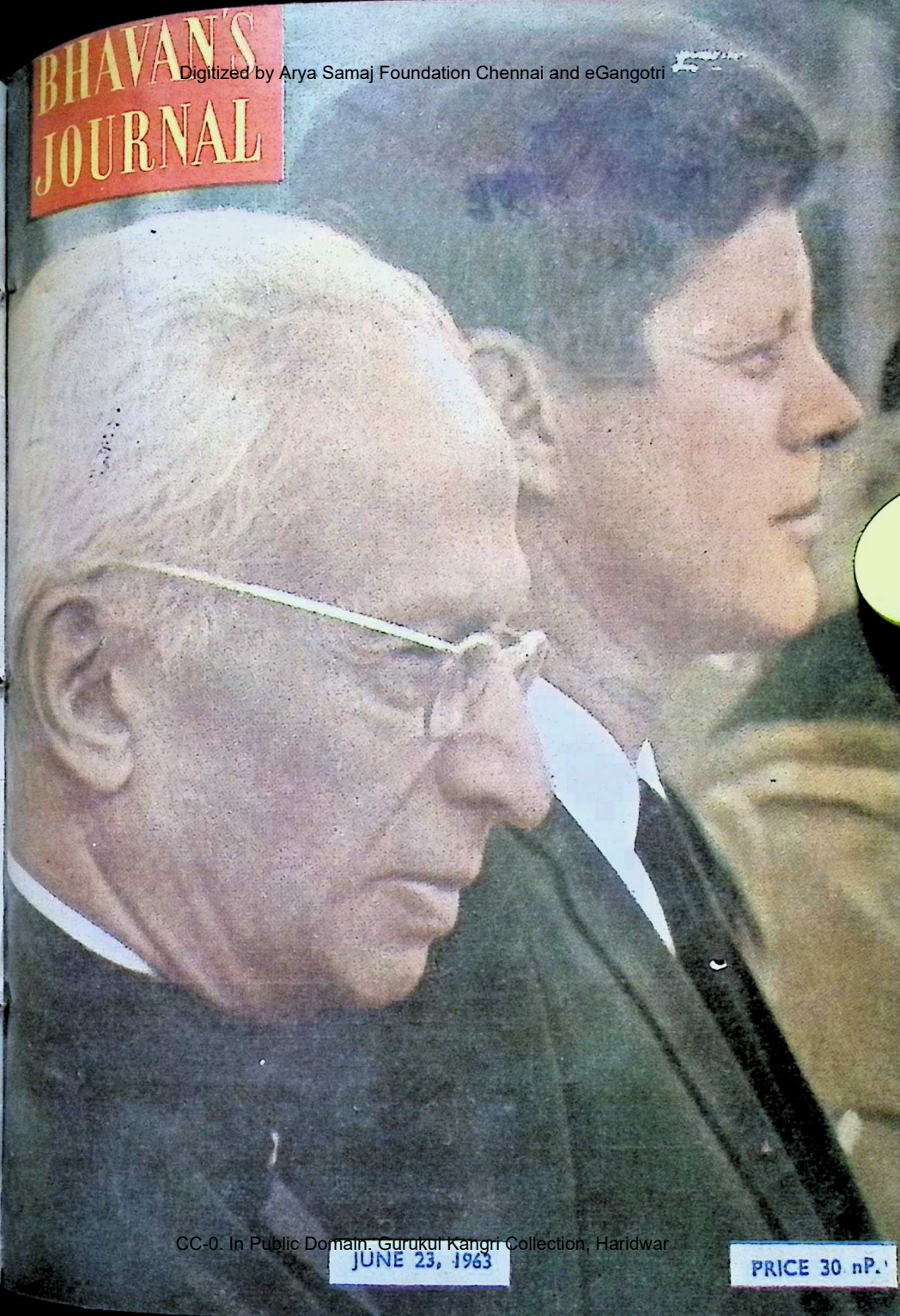

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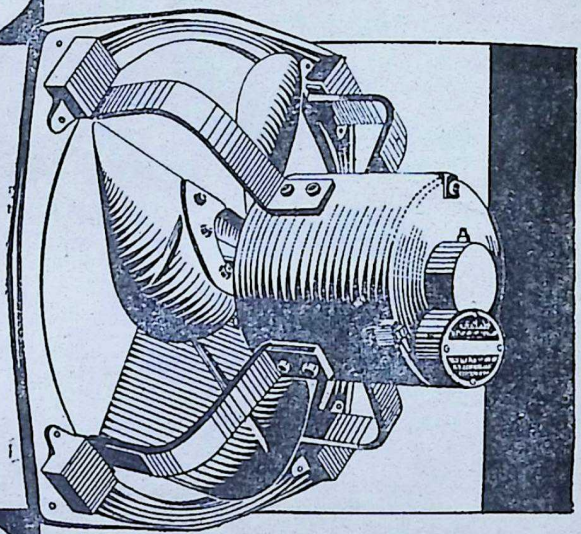

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Vol. IX No. 24

JUNE 23, 1963

# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY

*Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture*

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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अकामो धीरो अमृतः स्वयंभू
रसेन तृप्तो न कुतश्चनोनः।
तमेव विद्वान् न बिभाय मृत्यो-
रात्मानं धीरमजरं युवानम् ॥

One who is desireless, self-possessed, immortal and self-existent and filled with supreme bliss, is not deficient in any respect. Such an intelligent one, devoid of decay and eternally young, knowing the Atman, is free from the fear of death.

—*Atharva Veda, X*, 8.44

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# Kulapati's Letter

ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

## No. 286


## ★ BANGALORE KENDRA ★ OVERPOWERING BIGNESS ★ AFFIRMATION OF ANCIENT VALUES ★ SECRET OF TAPAS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
JUNE 23, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON the 8th of this month, the Bangalore Kendra of the Bhavan celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the Bhavan and feted me on my attaining 75th year. In reply to those felicitations, I said:—

I am deeply obliged to the friends who have so generously offered me their congratulations. I wish I were worthy of them. But this I know that the words that they have spoken about me are not for what I have done, but because of their appreciation of the work which the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has been doing and of the values, *Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram* and *Shraddha*—Truth, Love, Beauty and Faith—for which it stands.

As I have been saying all along, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is not merely an institution. It is a movement which has flourished by the will of God. It is now no longer restricted to one place. Branches have sprung up and are springing up in many parts of India. Its message has found a place in the hearts of quite a few hundred thousands of men and women not only in India but in some other parts of the world as well.

Of one thing I am certain. If we have any love for Indian Culture, we should view it, not in the abstract, not only in the light of what our ancients said or did, not as if it was a stagnant pool of water,

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but as flowing in the stream of time. Its vitality has been shaping attitudes, disciplines and approaches to life to suit new conditions, age after age—as vigorously in the past as in the present.

Today the problem before us is how to adjust the values and disciplines of our culture with the demands of a fast-changing, technological civilization. A conflict has arisen between modernity and tradition. We are torn between the wind of change which is blowing mercilessly upon us and our inherent cultural tenacity.

Overpowered by an oppressive sense of the present, we are often swept off our feet. We become obsessed with the idea that a big new world is before us; that no age has undergone the experience or faced the challenges that we are doing; that the salvation of India began when the Bhakra dam was built; that all problems were solved when some important personage proclaimed some 'ism' from a public platform.

This obsession creates the problems of the day. Sometimes it produces mental aberration. We lose our sense of historical continuity. Every important political pronouncement is declared to be historical; every election, epoch-making. Every man enjoying power, position or publicity, becomes a hero to be offered the homage of the day.

●●●

Everything is big—growing bureaucracy, galloping technology, advancing science. Governments are big; so is business. The bigness of things has invaded literature in the shape of mass production of ephemeral value. The Press is being given over more and more to bigger sensations, to advertising bigger crimes and scandals, to bigger entertainment and amusement. The cinema and the novels, not to be left behind, are big with sex and violence.

We are so overpowered with this bigness that we have no patience to ponder over the dignity of character (*Satyam*), the richness of love (*Shivam*), or the beauty of a rich and fulfilled life (*Sundaram*). We have no time to develop a sense of proportion, much less to contemplate on things and deeds in their intrinsic value.

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Even the Universities, which are traditional homes of discipline, are growing bigger like service-stations for the current needs of society. Eminent educationists have spoken disparagingly of the changing shape of modern education. Not unoften have they characterised the educational profession as lacking in quality, thoroughness, seriousness and integrity.

Not being trained in the art of self-discipline, the modern educated man is an unfulfilled man with no urge for a beautiful life.

●●●

A beautiful life is not a life of riches or comforts. The life of many of our rich men is anything but beautiful—ugly, morbid with passions and frustrated because of a ceaseless craving for pleasure. On the other hand, the life of many members of the middle income groups, living in austere poverty, is more often devoted to learning and service, lived in harmony and love and sometimes in beauty.

No life is beautiful or happy until we learn to look upon it as a solemn burden which we have to bear cheerfully to reach the goal of self-fulfilment. Bharatiya Vidya is a training-ground for leading such a life; it neither fails for sorrow nor falters for sin.

Such a life is possible only if we develop an awareness of continuity with the past by developing a livelier sense of tradition and of the experience gathered by our ancestors.

Then alone we can stand unafraid before the rapidly-growing bigness of our technological civilization and reach towards a balanced life of modern efficiency and ancient beauty.

Then we would not be staggered or hypnotised into believing that we are making a new world or that we are bringing peace on earth by hypnotising speeches or formulas.

Then we will realise that human nature has remained the same and will remain the same till it is transformed through affirming the values of our culture in our individual and collective lives.

Then only will a proper adjustment between the civilization of the day and the past genius of our people—social, moral and spiritual—be brought about.

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The affirmation of ancient values is not merely a matter of words. It is a purifying process of the body and the mind which is compressed in a significant word conveying the basic value of Indian culture: *Tapas*. *"Kaayendriya shudhir tapasaha"*, says Patanjali. Tapas is the process of purifying the body and the mind. That a man becomes a true Brahman only when he has undergone this process—*"tapasa a Brahmano jataha"*.

The process is elaborated by Sri Krishna:

> "Worship of the gods, of the learned and the pure, of the teachers and the wise; cleanliness; conformity with the rules of nature; sex-control and non-violence—that is the *tapas* of the body.
>
> Speech which hurts no one and yet is truthful and beneficial, together with sacred recital—that is the *tapas* of the speech.
>
> Cheerfulness, sweetness of temper, silence, self-control and the purification of attitudes and emotions—that is the *tapas* of the mind."

Of them all, purification of the attitudes and emotions—which enters into all the other qualities—is the secret of *tapas*. No life of nobility can be lived without an active sense of this *tapas;* for, it purifies both the individual and the society.

*Tapas* is not dwelling in a cave. Nor is it giving up food or the affairs of the world, nor torturing the body. It is—*Bhaavasamshuddhi*, the training which enables us to conquer greed, hate and fear, to sublimate our passions, purify our attitudes and emotions, and re-cast our personal relations in the framework of understanding and love.

It is *tapas* alone that brings us the discipline of the intellect, the emotions and the animal instincts in us, as well as the altruisation of social instincts. It is by it that we will be able to balance the claims of change against the need to lead our own way of life.

*Tapas* is not only for the saint; it is something which has to do very much with worldly life. It is one of the central values of

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Bharatiya Vidya. Everyone in his own life, in every experience, small and big, can invest his attitude with beauty.

We should have a clear idea of the alchemy which *Tapas, Bhaavasamshuddhi,* can perform in ordinary life. How can it be performed?

One can look upon the father as a tyrant, or like Shravan* look upon him as a divinity; upon a wife as a biological counterpart, or as a worship-worthy *grihini,* presiding deity of the home; upon a husband as a wicked slave-owner, or as a deity; upon a child as a tiresome brat, or as a *Balagopal,* to be loved and worshipped.

A student can treat his teacher as an enemy to be baited, to be jeered at, to stage strikes against, and thus destroy his own self; or he can look upon him as *acharyadeva,* treat him with reverence, sit at his feet and absorb whatever learning he can. In the same way, the teacher can look upon the student as an irrepressible nuisance which he is paid to lecture to, evincing as much interest in him as in a co-traveller at a railway waiting room, or treat him as a 'spiritual son,' look to his needs, bring to him sympathetic understanding and inspire him to greater effort.

One can look upon a political office as an instrument of personal aggrandisement and enrichment, or as Sri Ramachandra did, as a sacred trust with which one is charged. One can revel in riches, evade taxes, roll in luxuries, deal in black-market, build palaces, run motor cars, or treat himself as *daneswari* Karna, as a trustee for the welfare of others.

*Tapas* can affect the social structure much more effectively than the social and economic devices of the Welfare State. You can treat marriage as a biological accident or lift it as the unity of souls associated with Vasishtha and Arundhati. You can treat the family as an economic burden to be grudgingly borne or like the Pandavas cheerfully accept it as a training school for self-sacrifice, mutual understanding and love. You can treat your caste as an exclusive tribe to be assisted at the cost of others, or as a larger family to whom you extend your sympathy and help from your own resources.

---

* The boy-whom King Dasaratha's arrow accidentally killed.

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In the same way, *tapas* can enable us to look upon India as an undeveloped country with an explosive population, or as Bharat Mata, the Motherland of the Spirit, whose children we are, whose rivers and mountains we worship, whose Constitution we cherish, and for whose independence we are prepared to die.

We can look upon the world as a cauldron of restless men and women, or rise higher and attain the sublime vision of seeing God in all and all in God.

If I may add a personal note, we can treat the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan as a mere educational institution, or look upon it as a family, every member of which is bound together in pursuit of the values of Bharatiya Vidya.

This form of *tapas—Bhaavasamshuddhi*—does not make us blind to realities.

We are free to take the first path—look upon realities as ugly things and reach the goal of frustration, cynicism, heart-breaks and despair, and create a hell for ourselves.

We can also take the path of *tapas*. Knowing full well the realities for what they are, we rise above ourselves, convert realities into things of beauty and find fulfilment in our lives—in short, make a heaven of this earth.

The second is the path of true *tapas*, the core of the Bharatiya Vidya. It is the secret of the masters who have built up its immortal structure.

Let me re-define *tapas* as I understand it—*tapas* for which the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan stands: It is essentially the process which progressively enables us to eliminate fear, greed, lust and hate in all that we feel and do, and infuse elements of perfection in them, thereby transmuting them into things of beauty.

This *tapas*, this *Bhaavasamshuddhi*, is not self-delusion nor a subjective attitude. It has the miraculous power, if we have the necessary faith, of materialising the beauty that we cherish. If our *tapas* is concentrated, as was the *tapas* of our *rishis*, what we believe to be beautiful will in the end become beautiful in fact.

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Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan can perform this alchemy only if we try to bring it into our individual life. No work, no knowledge, no ritual, no discipline, has any meaning unless our personal life is transformed by it.

In this faith alone, we of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan should try to live. It is by this faith alone that we may hope to see the Bhavan become a dynamic movement, spreading its creative activities wherever its influence reaches.

I have nothing more to add. Again I thank you very much for your kindness.

In the end, let me wish that the Bangalore Branch of the Bhavan will soon establish itself in the hearts of the people of this region bringing to all the unity and the inspiration which is the culture of our land, Bharatiya Samskriti.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

---


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सर्वत्र प्राणिनां देहे जपो भवति सर्वदा।
हंसः सोऽहमिति ज्ञात्वा सर्वबन्धैर्विमुच्यते॥

*Japa—Hamsassoham—continues unintermittently in our body, of its own volition. By realizing the identity of one-self with Paramatman, one attains liberation.*

तर्पणं स्वसुखेनैव स्वेन्द्रियाणां प्रतर्पणम्।
मनसा मन आलोक्य स्वयमात्मा प्रकाशते॥

*The highest form of* tarpana *consists in the sacrifice of one's own pleasures to the senses. By looking at the mind with the mind itself, the Atman becomes refulgent.*

आत्मनि स्वप्रकाशाग्नौ चित्तमेकाहुतिं क्षिपेत्।
अग्निहोत्री स विज्ञेयश्चेतरा नामधारकाः॥

*Real* havan *consists in pouring out the oblation of* chitta *in the self-effulgent fire of Atman. He alone is the real Agnihotri and not others.*

देहो देवालयः प्रोक्तो देही देवो निरञ्जनः।
अर्चितः सर्वभावेन स्वानुभूत्या विराजते॥

*The body is the temple; Atman is the Supreme Being. Worshipped multifariously and with self-experience, embodied Atman shines as such.*

देहन्यासो हि सन्यासो नैव काषायवाससा।
नाहं देहोऽहमात्मेति निश्चयो न्यासलक्षणम्॥

*Sannyasa consists in ignoring the body; that, and not the ochre robe is the criterion for Sannyasa. And the criterion for* nyasa *is the realization, 'I am not the body but the Atman.'*

अभयं सर्वभूतानां दानमाहुर्मनीषिणः।
निजानन्दे स्पृहा नान्ये वैराग्यस्यावधिर्मता॥

*Dana, according to the wise, consists in Abhaya or forswearing violence to all* jeevas. *They call love of internal bliss, in total exclusion of external pleasure as the limit of Vairagya or non-attachment.*

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—Sankara Bhagavatpada

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# *What Else?*

*Thou that art not known nor felt in experience*
*By the Seers of great wisdom nor by celestials—*
*Thou that art the source of Life to all diverse beings,*
*Our healing balm that cures me of life's afflictions.*
*Purest Space that came forth from dense darkness,*
*Dweller in the great holy shrine, Siva—*
*O Bliss immaculate, beyond the ken of gunas,*
*What else can they lack who have neared Thee?*

*Perfect Fullness, flawless Ambrosia,*
*Mount of endless flaming light!*
*O King who came as the Vedas and its meaning,*
*And did enter the portals of my being,*
*Breaking all bounds like the rushing torrent.*
*Siva, dweller in the great holy Shrine,*
*Sovereign Lord, who hast made my body thy abode,*
*What else can I now beg of Thee?*

—Saint Manikkavachakar

[From *Tiruvachakam* by Ratna Navaratnam,
a Book University volume]

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# ON PRAYER

Prof. D. S. Sarma

PRAYER is of various kinds. It may be a petition for one's self or for others in whom one is interested.

Or it may be a thanksgiving or a confession of sins or an invocation or a hymn of praise or communion with God.

These are in the ascending order of merit.

The first is of the lowest kind and the last is of the highest.

But even the lowest kind of prayer should not be despised.

There is nothing wrong in praying for the good things of life either for one's self or for those whom one loves.

An approach to God even with a selfish object has some merit in it.

The *Gita* says that even if the most sinful man approaches God he should be regarded as one who has done the right thing and that such a man would soon become righteous and obtain lasting peace. (IX, 30-31)

We may say, therefore, that a man who prays for some selfish object will soon learn to pray for higher things.

The mistake lies in getting irritated and ceasing to pray when the prayer is not granted.

Also it is a mistake to hope to alter the will of God by our prayers.

Our aim should be to know it and co-operate with it.

We are all instruments of God's purposes. But we should try to become conscious instruments.

Very often our prayers are not granted. But our duty is to go on praying without questioning the wisdom of God in not granting our prayers.

Our duty is to approach God as a child approaches its father or mother and lay before Him our needs and wants and leave it to Him whether to grant our prayers or not.

If we go on doing this we get more happiness by entering into His presence than by asking for anything.

The presence of God will be more satisfying to the heart than the satisfaction of desires.

It will be more satisfying than even righteousness.

One of the most remarkable things in the lives of all saints was the intimacy which they cultivated with the Deity whom they loved and worshipped and the happiness they felt in His presence.

All that they wanted was that He should be ever present in their minds.

They did not want His gifts. They wanted Himself.

[From the author's *Pearls of Wisdom* in the Bhavan's Book University Series.]

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THE king said, 'Holy Nagasena, what are the marks of faith?'

'Peace and hope, O king.'

'And how is peace the mark of faith?'

'As faith springs up in the heart, O king, it clears the five hindrances —lust, ill-will, mental sloth, spiritual pride, and doubt; and the heart, free from these hindrances, becomes pure, serene, untroubled.'

'Give an illustration.'

'Just as a king, when on the march with his four-fold army, might cross over a small stream, and the water, disturbed by the elephants and cavalry, the chariots and bowmen, might become fouled, turbid, and muddy. And when he was on the other side the monarch might give command to his attendants, saying: "Bring some water, my good men. I would fain drink." Now suppose the monarch had a water-clearing precious stone, and those men, in obedience to the order, were to throw the jewel into the water; then at once all the mud would precipitate itself, and the sandy atoms of shell and bits of water-plants would disappear, and the water would become clear, transparent, serene, and they would then bring some of it to the monarch to drink. The water is the heart; the royal servants are the recluse; the mud, the sandy atoms, and the bits of water-plants are evil dispositions; and the water-cleansing jewel is faith.'

'And how is hope the mark of faith?'

'Inasmuch as the recluse, on perceiving how the hearts of others have been set free, hopes to enter as it were by a leap upon the fruit of the first stage, or of the second, or of the third in the Great Way, and thus applies himself to the attainment of what he has not reached, to the experience of what he has not yet felt, to the realisation of what he has not yet realised,—therefore it is that hope is the mark of faith.'

[From *"The Questions of King Milinda"* II, I. 10]

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# DEVOTION

## Ecstatic : : Intellectual

*Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa*

THE *gopis* had ecstatic love, unswerving and single-minded devotion to one ideal.

Do you know the meaning of devotion that is not loyal to one ideal?

It is devotion tinged with intellectual knowledge.

It makes one feel: 'Krishna has become all these. He alone is the Supreme Brahman. He is Rama, Siva, and Sakti.'

But this element of Knowledge is not present in ecstatic love of God.

Once Hanuman came to Dwaraka and wanted to see Sita and Rama. Krishna said to Rukmini, His queen, "You had better assume the form of Sita; otherwise there will be no escape from the hands of Hanuman."*

Once the Pandava brothers performed the Rajasuya sacrifice. All the kings placed Yudhishthira on the royal throne and bowed low before him in homage. But Vibhishana, the king of Ceylon, said, "I bow down to Narayana and to none else." At these words Lord Krishna bowed down to Yudhishthira. Only then did Vibhishana prostrate himself, crown and all, before him.

Do you know what devotion to one ideal is like?

It is like the attitude of a daughter-in-law in the family. She serves all the members of the family—her brothers-in-law, father-in-law, husband, and so forth—, bringing them water to wash their feet, fetching their towels, arranging their seats, and the like; but with her husband she has a special relationship.

There are two elements in this ecstatic love: 'I-ness' and 'my-ness.' Yashoda used to think: "Who would look after Gopala if *I* did not? He will fall ill if *I* do not serve Him."

* Because Rama and Sita were Hanuman's Chosen Ideals.

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She did not look on Krishna as God. The other element is 'my-ness.' It means to look on God as one's own—'*my* Gopala.'

Uddhava said to Yashoda: "Mother, your Krishna is God Himself. He is the Lord of the Universe and not a common human being."

"Oh!" exclaimed Yashoda. "I am not asking you about your Lord of the Universe. I want to know how *my* Gopala fares. Not the Lord of the Universe, but *my* Gopala."

How faithful to Krishna the *gopis* were!

After many entreaties to the door-keeper, the *gopis* entered the royal court in Mathura, where Krishna was seated as king.

The door-keeper took them to him; but at the sight of King Krishna wearing the royal turban, the *gopis* bent down their heads and said among themselves: "Who is this man with a turban on his head? Should we violate our chaste love for Krishna by talking to him? Where is our beloved Krishna with the yellow robe and the bewitching crest with the peacock feather?"

[From: *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*]

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*One man, when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favour conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still, in his own mind, he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third, in a manner, does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has caught the game, a bee when it has made its honey, so a man when he has done a good act, does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season. Must a man then be one of these, who in a manner acts thus without observing it? Yes. What more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? Art thou not content that thou hast done something comfortable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it, just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet should demand a recompense for walking?*

—Marcus Aurelius

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# Repel the Foe

**Dwijendralal Roy**

Onward, onward, all to the front with vibrant songs of victory!
Mother India calls to strafe the myrmidons of tyranny.
Who would hesitate his life
to give for his mother, sister and wife?
Brothers, to arms! Repel the foe:
the drums boom, hark, and bugles blow!
Answer we must Her ringing call:
hail, Mother mine! our All-in-all!

Who would laze or loll when vandals desecrate our heart and home?
Who dare dally in his Motherland's hour of peril? Comrades, come!
Shall our swords stay sheathed? Awake!
Assault! Her honour is at stake.
Brothers, to arms! Repel the foe:
the drums boom, hark, and bugles blow!
Answer we must Her ringing call:
hail, Mother mine! our All-in-all!

None shall now yield ground or falter, none the enemy's prisoner be.
Adverse Fate we will not fear, nor parley with iniquity.
Shall brute power subdue our soul?
Nay, we're vowed to attain or fall.
Brothers, to arms! Repel the foe:
the drums boom, hark, and bugles blow!
Answer we must Her ringing call:
hail, Mother mine! our All-in-all!

Onward, onward, all to the front, to annihilate the phalanxed hordes!
How can India, the hallowed haunt of Light, brook Night's dictator lord?
How can India, the hallowed haunt of Light, brook
Night's dictator Lord?
Expiate they shall, by God,
the blood they've shed with their own blood.
Brothers, to arms! Repel the foe:
the drums boom, hark, and bugles blow!
Answer we must Her ringing call:
hail, Mother mine! our All-in-all!

[*Translated by Dilip Kumar Roy*]

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*PEACE ON EARTH—4*

*Continued from last issue*

# POLITICAL COMMUNITIES and WORLD COMMUNITY

**H. H. POPE JOHN XXIII**

RECENT progress of science and technology has profoundly affected human beings and influenced men to work together and live as one family. There has been a great increase in the circulation of ideas, of persons and of goods from one country to another, so that relations have become closer between individuals, families and intermediate associations belonging to different political communities, and between the public authorities of those communities. At the same time the interdependence of national economies has grown deeper, one becoming progressively more closely related to the other, so that they become, as it were, integral parts of the one world economy. Likewise the social progress, order, security and peace of each country are necessarily connected with the social progress, order, security and peace of all other countries.

At the present day no political community is able to pursue its own interests and develop itself in isolation, because the degree of its prosperity and development is a reflection and a component part of the degree of prosperity and development of all the other political communities.

*Universal Common Good*

The unity of the human family has always existed, because its members were human beings, all equal by virtue of their natural dignity. Hence there will always exist the objective need to promote, in sufficient measure, the universal common good, that is, the common good of the entire human family.

In times past, one would be justified in feeling that the public authorities of the different political communities might be in a position to provide for the universal common good, either through normal diplomatic channels or through top-level meetings, by making use of juridical instruments such as conventions and treaties, for example: juridical instruments suggested by the natural law and regu-

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*. . . a public authority, with universal common good as objective, must be set up by common accord . . .*

lated by the law of nations and international law.

As a result of the far-reaching changes which have taken place in the relations between the human family, the universal common good gives rise to problems which are complex, very grave and extremely urgent, especially as regards security and world peace.

On the other hand, the public authorities of the individual political communities—placed as they are on a footing of equality one with the other —no matter how much they multiply their meetings or sharpen their wits in efforts to draw up new juridical instruments, they are no longer capable of facing the task of finding an adequate solution to the problems mentioned above. And this is not due to a lack of goodwill or of a spirit of enterprise, but because of a structural defect which hinders them.

It can be said, therefore, that at this historical moment the present system of organization and the way its principle of authority operates on a world basis no longer correspond to the objective requirements of the universal common good.

*The Common Good and Political Authority*

There exists an intrinsic connection between the common good on the one hand and the structure and function of public authority on the other. The moral order, which needs public authority in order to promote the common good in human society requires also that the authority be effective in attaining that end. This demands that the organs through which the authority is formed, becomes operative and pursues its ends, must be composed and act in such a manner as to be capable of bringing to realization the new meaning which the common good is taking on in the historical evolution of the human family.

Today the universal common good poses problems of world-wide dimensions, which cannot be adequately tackled or solved except by the efforts of public authorities endowed with a wideness of powers, structure and means of the same proportions: that is, of public authorities which are in a position to operate in an effective manner on a world-wide basis. The moral order itself, therefore, demands that such a form of public authority be established.

*By Common Accord*

A public authority, having world-wide power and endowed with the proper means for the efficacious pursuit of its objective, which is the universal common good in concrete form, must be set up by common accord and not imposed by force. The reason is that such an authority must be in a position to operate effectively yet, at the same time, its action must be inspired by sincere and real impartiality: in other words, it must be an action aimed at satisfying the objective requirements of the universal common good. The difficulty is that

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*. . . the purpose of public authority is not to limit any sphere of action but help fulfil duties . . .*

there would be reason to fear that a supernational or world-wide public authority, imposed by force by the more powerful political communities, might be or might become an instrument of one-sided interests and even should this not happen, it would be difficult for it to avoid all suspicion of partiality in its actions, and this would take from the efficaciousness of its activity.

Even though there may be pronounced differences between political communities as regards the degree of their economic development and their military power, they are all very sensitive as regards their juridical equality and their moral dignity. For that reason, they are right in not easily yielding in obedience to an authority imposed by force, or to an authority in whose creation they had no part, or to which they themselves did not decide to submit by conscious and free choice.

*Personal rights*

Like the common good of individual political communities, so too the universal common good cannot be determined except by having regard to the human person. Therefore, the public authority of the world community, too, must have as its fundamental objective the recognition, respect, safeguarding and promotion of the rights of the human person. This can be done by direct action when required, or by creating on a world scale an environment in which the public authorities of the individual political communities can more easily carry out their specific functions.

*The Principle of Subsidiarity*

Just as within each political community the relations between individuals are governed by the principle of subsidiarity, so too the relations between the public authority of each political community and the public authority of the world community must be regulated by the light of the same principle. This means that the public authority of the world community must tackle and solve problems of an economic, social, political and cultural character which are posed by the universal common good. For, because of the vastness, complexity and urgency of those problems, the public authorities of the individual states are not in a position to tackle them with any hope of a positive solution.

The public authority of the world community is not intended to limit the sphere of action of the public authority of the individual political community, much less to take its place. On the contrary, its purpose is to create, on a world basis, an environment in which the public authorities of each political community, its citizens and intermediate associations, can carry out their tasks, fulfil their duties and exercise their rights with greater security.

*Modern Developments*

As is known, the United Nations Organization (U.N.O.) was esta-

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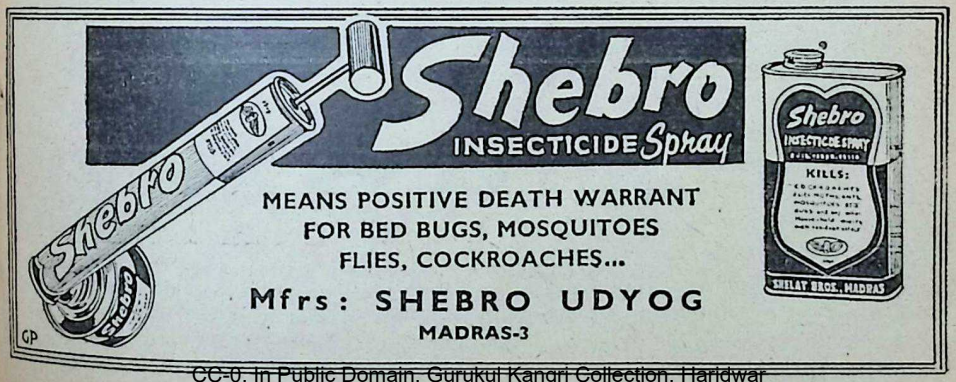
blished on June 26, 1945, and to it there were subsequently added intergovernmental agencies with extensive international tasks in the economic, social, cultural, educational and health fields. The United Nations Organization had as its essential purpose the maintenance and consolidation of peace between peoples, fostering between them friendly relations, based on the principles of equality, mutual respect, and varied forms of co-operation in every sector of human society.

An act of the highest importance performed by the United Nations Organization was the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, approved in the General Assembly of December 10, 1948. In the preamble of that declaration, the recognition and respect of those rights and respective liberties is proclaimed as an ideal to be pursued by all peoples and all countries.

Some objections and reservations were raised regarding certain points in the declaration. There is no doubt, however, that the document represents an important step on the path towards the juridical-political organization of the world community. For in it, in most solemn form, the dignity of a person is acknowledged to all human beings. And as a consequence there is proclaimed as a fundamental right, the right of free movement in the search for truth and in the attainment of moral good and justice, and also the right to a dignified life, while other rights connected with those mentioned are likewise proclaimed.

It is our earnest wish that the United Nations Organization—in its structure and in its means—may become ever more equal to the magnitude and nobility of its tasks, and that the day may come when every human being will find therein an effective safeguard for the rights which derive directly from his dignity as a person, and which are therefore universal, inviolable and inalienable rights. This is all the more to be hoped for since all human beings, as they take an ever more active part in the public life of their own political communities, are showing an increasing interest in the affairs of all peoples, and are becoming more consciously aware that they are living members of a world community.

*[To be concluded in the next issue]*

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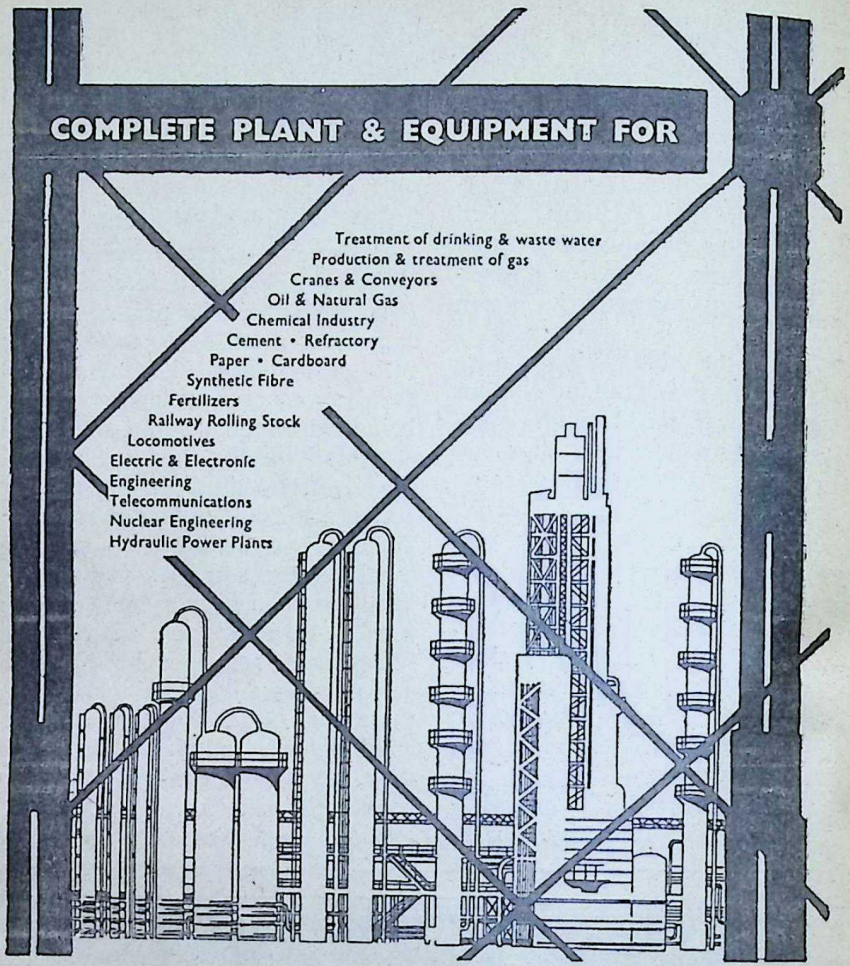


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गुरुकुल काँगड़ी

# Krishnavatara

PART III

CHAPTER XXIII

## Last Wish of Aaryaka

THE news that the Naga territory on the north bank of the Yamuna had been invaded, did not dampen the ardour of the conquering party, which returned to Nagakoota with drums beating and pipes playing. On the way, wherever it halted, the villagers gave it a hearty welcome with songs and dances, and were eager to see the presents sent to their beloved King by the King of the Rakshasas. And the announcement that no longer would a Rakshasa eat a Naga, sent a thrill of relief in every heart.

Uddhava, however, was not quite happy. When he told the story of his adventure to Karkotaka and Ravika, his eyes sought the twins in vain. Somehow or other, they invariably slipped away no sooner he began to talk about himself. This was unexpected, and Uddhava felt that there was something wrong. The twins would not evade him in this noticeable way without some reason.

Uddhava took Manimaan—who by now was feeling like a warrior in his own right—into confidence. 'Brother mine, what is wrong with Kapila and Pingala? Why do they shun me? Are they still very angry?'

Krishna, who was talking to Prince Karkotaka at the time, overheard this whispered conversation and turned to Uddhava: 'Uddhava, the twins piteously begged of me to bring you back alive. They came here all the way to welcome you. Can't you guess

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why they are angry?'

'Angry with me? What have I done?' asked Uddhava penitently.

'You! You have done nothing but offend them all the while,' said Krishna with a mischievous smile.

'What have I done!' exclaimed Uddhava.

'You are their husband—at least they have accepted you as one. They expect you to seek them out. They want to hear all about your heroic adventures, not in a crowd, but by themselves alone. When will you be a good husband?' asked Krishna, laughing at Uddhava's surprised look.

'I, a husband! Even you, Krishna, want me to marry the twins?' asked Uddhava helplessly.

'The twins have already married you and also won you by their devotion. Uddhava, when women are bent on winning husbands, there is no escape. If I were you, I would yield in good grace,' said Krishna and turned to Manimaan. 'Manimaan, will you take Uddhava to the twins when there is no one else present? And don't stay there yourself. The twins want an opportunity to cry to their heart's content when Uddhava tells them how he was on the point of being cooked alive and eaten by the Rakshasas, and how at that very moment, his last thought was of them.'

'How do you know that I thought of them then?' asked Uddhava.

'You did, didn't you? How I came to know of it is my secret,' said Krishna, as he laughingly walked away.

●●●

When the party reached Nagakoota, it was received ceremoniously by King Aaryaka, though everyone was agitated over the news of the invasion. The same day, festivities were held to celebrate the victory over the Rakshasas. The Nagas and the Yadavas danced till most of them could stand on their legs no longer and ate and drank till the early hours of the morning.

Next day, messengers brought the details of the invasion. Chekitaana, the Yadava King of Pushkar, had been attacked by Duryodhana, the Crown Prince of the Kurus. Instead of surrendering, the Yadava Chief, with his people, had crossed the Yamuna and in his turn, had been driving the Nagas out of their settlements and appropriating their possessions. In the skirmishes which had followed, many Nagas had been killed. Unable to resist the powerful Yadavas, the Nagas were fleeing into the interior of the forest.

It was very disquieting news. So far the Aryas had respected the Yamuna as the boundary between themselves and the Nagas; now they were crossing over in large numbers.

There was panic when the news spread among the people. King Aaryaka, deeply perturbed, convened a meeting of the chiefs, to which Krishna, Uddhava, Saatyaki and Shvetaketu were also invited. All the chiefs were highly agitated. They talked of sending a large contingent of Nagas to the rescue of their people living on the banks of the Yamuna.

When Aaryaka sought Krishna's advice, he said quietly: 'Venerable Grandfather, I sense something sinister behind this move of Duryodhana's.

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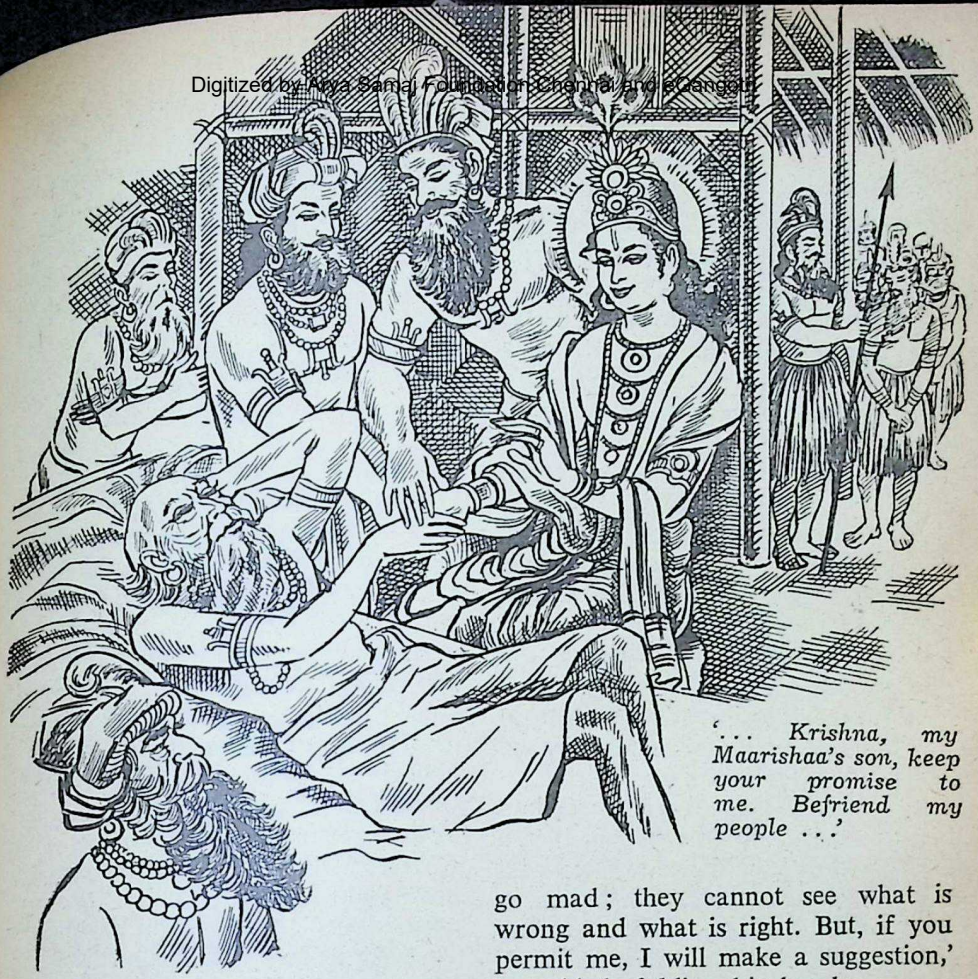

*'... Krishna, my Maarishaa's son, keep your promise to me. Befriend my people ...'*

Chekitaana is a Yadava chief; he stands guard over the highway between Saurashtra and Hastinapur. Duryodhana might have captured Pushkar to prevent us from coming northwards. Chekitaana, unable to resist, must have crossed the Yamuna in order to find an asylum in your territory.'

'He is not seeking an asylum,' said Aaryaka, a little impatient at the way Krishna was looking at the situation. 'He is destroying our settlements and killing our people.'

'I agree it is all wrong,' said Krishna. 'Once there is a war, people go mad; they cannot see what is wrong and what is right. But, if you permit me, I will make a suggestion,' he added, folding his hands.

'By all means, do. We want your advice,' said Aaryaka.

'Noble Grandfather, if I am right in my guess, it would be wise to extend hospitality to Chekitaana and his people during the rains', said Krishna with quiet persuasiveness.

'What if he takes advantage of our hospitality and destroys us?' said Karkotaka. 'We have had enough experience of the Aryas; in war they are merciless; in peace they are deceitful.'

'You are right, Uncle,' said Krishna with a disarming smile. 'We have a bad record as conquerors, particularly

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against weak people. But if I give you my word that Chekitaana would leave your territory at the end of the rainy season, would you still insist on driving him out by force?'

Karkotaka clearly showed in his face that he had no confidence in what Krishna was saying. He looked at his father to enquire as to what he should say.

'Uncle, please do not place confidence in me,' said Krishna. 'But you know Uddhava well; he will soon marry the twins. If he stayed in your midst and promised to drive Chekitaana out of your territory in case I fail to induce him to leave it, would you give me a chance?'

Aaryaka looked at his son, who in turn looked at the chiefs who looked distrustfully at Krishna.

'Grandfather, by all means send an army to drive out Chekitaana, if you are so minded. Uddhava will go with it, and if necessary, Saatyaki also. And you will win the war, I have no doubt,' said Krishna and continued: 'But it will mean war—killing, plundering, burning settlements and raping women.' Krishna paused for a while for effect. 'On the other hand, if you accept my suggestion, you would have given Chekitaana by way of hospitality only what he would now extract from you by force. And then I will see that he goes out of your land,' he added with an earnest insistence. 'And what I have promised shall come to pass,' said Krishna in a tone of finality.

The Naga chiefs, who had already been hypnotised by Krishna's miraculous feat in overcoming the Rakshasas without striking a blow, were impressed by the transparent sincerity with which he gave the promise.

Aaryaka raised himself from his litter, closed his eyes for a moment and said firmly: 'Lord Pashupati is great. Krishna, my son, my people will extend hospitality to Chekitaana. But you will have to see that our territories are vacated after the rains.'

❁❁❁

The next day when Krishna came to meet King Aaryaka at his invitation, he was shocked to see the change in the old man, who was shaking in every limb, his eyes having lost their glow.

Krishna prostrated himself before his father's maternal grandfather, folded hands, and said: 'Grandfather, give me your commands.'

'Krishna, I want to talk to you in confidence,' said the old King, his voice low and shaky. With a wave of his feeble hand, he commanded Karkotaka and the chiefs to leave them alone. When the others had gone, Aaryaka added pathetically: 'Krishna, give me your hand.'

Krishna gave his hand to the old man.

'Krishna,' the old man said in a low, tremulous voice. 'The news which we received yesterday has given me a great shock. I could never think that an Arya king would cross the Yamuna to harass my people. I am distressed—very distressed,' he added, as tears trickled down his cheek. 'Listen to an old man's story—an old man who has only a few days to live. You are my Maarishaa's grandson. I have a claim on you, Krishna.'

Krishna patted the hand of the old man affectionately and said: 'Look

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upon me as you look upon Manimaan, Grandfather. I am yours.'

The old King paused for a while. Then, trembling with emotion, he continued in his usual crisp voice, 'The advice that you gave us yesterday was wise. I could never have expected it of a young man like you. May Lord Pashupati give you the strength to fulfil your promise.'

'Don't worry, Grandfather. It is for the Great God to protect us. But even at the cost of my life, I shall try to fulfil my pledge,' said Krishna.

'Krishna, my son, I fear that a grim future awaits my people,' said Aaryaka.

'Why should it be so, Grandfather?' asked Krishna, his voice expressing sympathy.

'When I was young, we, Nagas, laughed at the Aryas who came riding in chariots, with bows and arrows in hand,' said Aaryaka in a weak voice reminiscently. 'I then thought that we were a powerful people whom none could oust from our domain. But your grandfather's people—the Yadavas—came and converted our forests on the other bank of the Yamuna into settlements for themselves. The lands on the banks of the Ganga were also part of our heritage ; slowly the Kurus and the Panchalas came and settled there. My people invariably had to retreat into the forests before them.'

The old man was silent for a little while. Then with a long sigh, he continued: 'My people are good-natured, easy-going and peace-loving. They like petty skirmishes, but hate to fight wars ; in fact, they cannot stand them. They do not easily take to the ways of your people, to bows and arrows, to horses and chariots, to rearing cattle and cultivating lands. We are stuck in our old, old ways. If things continue as they are, they will disappear from the earth.'

Krishna was moved by the grief which the voice of the old man betrayed, and went on patting his thin, trembling hand.

'I am thinking, thinking, thinking all the time: What is it that is driving us into the interior of the forests?' The old man's voice was almost inaudible. After a moment's silence, he continued: 'Karkotaka is not equal to the fight. My other brave sons are all dead. Manimaan is very easy-going. We cannot match the Aryas in strength, skill or vigour.'

Aaryaka paused for breath, while Krishna admired the shrewdness of the old King. 'When I saw Uddhava and you come into our midst, I felt that Lord Pashupati had responded to my prayers to save my people,' continued the King. 'I consulted our priests ; they agreed with me that you had come at the behest of Pashupati to save us. In a few days you have breathed a new life into my people. A spirit of adventure—maybe short-lived—has come to them. The peace with the Rakshasas has given them a new hope.'

'I am so glad that our coming has helped you all,' said Krishna.

'So far I resisted my people taking to the Arya ways of living. I thought that if my people are peaceful, nobody would attack them. But during the last week, I have been thinking during the day, during the night, thinking, thinking. I have now decided that my people should take to Arya way of

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living, forge arms and fight, rear cattle and horses, grow barley and rice, as your people have been doing. Though our people love their old ways, they will listen to you. They think of you only as Maarishaa's grandson. And more: they are not afraid of you. They believe that you do not want to enslave them or be their king,' said the old King.

'I can assure you, Grandfather, that I have no ambition to be the king of the Nagas or of the Aryas either. More than once I was offered a kingship, but I refused,' said Krishna. 'Once you are a king, the hearts of the people are closed to you. I want them to come to me with open hearts, so that I can enter them.'

'Help me, Krishna, help me,' said Aaryaka. His trembling hands made a futile attempt to take Krishna's hand as tears rolled down his shrunken cheeks. 'Lead my people from helplessness unto strength.'

'Venerable Grandfather, it is easy to think of horses and chariots, but it is not easy to acquire them,' said Krishna.

'Why? I do not understand,' said Aaryaka.

'Horses and chariots, bows and arrows are weapons of war; they are costly; they require experts to handle them. Rearing horses requires labour, skill and money. Whatever is needed for them must come from the fertile earth, from the multiplying cattle, particularly from the cows which are the mothers of plenty, and from hard, very hard work. You cannot have the one without the other,' said Krishna.

'How did you manage to get them when you took your people to Dwarka?' asked Aaryaka.

'When we marched to freedom through the deserts, we passed through a fiery ordeal, and from this ordeal we emerged as a tough people. That was our making. We had taken our horses and cattle to Saurashtra. We were adepts in tilling lands and rearing cows.[1] So we could immediately turn Saurashtra into a land of plenty. Besides, the Great God gave us ports—Dwarka, Prabhas and Sabar Kachha.[2] They have been pouring unlimited wealth into our lap. So we were not required, like other kings, to wage wars, to levy tributes to maintain us in our strength,' said Krishna.

'You are lucky. God has blessed you with wisdom, Krishna. What would you advise me to do?' asked Aaryaka.

'If you want your people to survive, let them keep to such ancient ways which are needed to maintain self-respect and adopt the Arya ways where they want strength,' said Krishna.

'Show me the way, please, my son,' besought Aaryaka pathetically. 'I do not want my people to sink into slavery. I want to save them.'

Krishna paused for a while. 'Grandfather, the first thing is to open your people's eyes to what is happening outside.'

'Oh, I know it will not happen,' said Aaryaka.

'It will happen if you invite a *rishi* to establish an *ashrama* here. It will be a home of learning and love. where your people can learn the ways of

1. *Krishi-go-vidya*—Bhagavad Gita.
2. Modern Lothal.

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*dharma* and *tapas*,' said Krishna.

'But what about getting strong—strong enough not to be overwhelmed by the Aryas?' asked Aaryaka.

'That means that the Nagas must give up their easy ways and take to stern *tapas*. Shvetaketu will train them to our ways of war; above all, train your people to breed horses. The Aryas are all powerful because they worship the horse, the divine winner of all battles, from whom all strength flows.' Then he added: 'The Nagas will have to learn how to win wars. I hate bloody wars. I have never fought them unless in defence of righteousness. But every man should be ready to fight for *dharma*, and if necessary, to die for it.'

'But what do you want me to do?' asked Aaryaka, unable to follow the implications of what Krishna was saying. 'Do not speak to me in riddles.'

'I will speak plainly,' said Krishna. 'Saatyaki can go and meet Chekitaana. I can send an invitation to Dhaumya rishi to take a few promising boys in his *ashrama* at Utkochaka Tirth. I would place at your disposal the twenty-five horses and ten mares which King Drupad presented me with. I can also send him a request to present you with a hundred cows, rich in milk, for the *ashrama* in the first instance. Guru Sandipani perhaps can spare an expert in arms to instruct your people in the use of the latest weapons,' said Krishna.

'But without you, my people will not take to new ways easily. I know how difficult they are,' said Aaryaka.

'I cannot stay here indefinitely,' replied Krishna. 'I must go to Avanti where Guru Sandipani awaits me. But after his marriage with the twins, Uddhava can stay here for a whole year, in fact till I come back in the month of Pausha of next year.'

'Are you coming back in Pausha next year?' asked Aaryaka.

'Yes. I will also bring some Yadava warriors with me. We are going to attend the *swayamvara* of King Drupad's daughter. And if I can get King Drupad to invite Manimaan, he can attend it too. He is deeply attached to Uddhava,' said Krishna.

When Karkotaka and the chiefs, as also Shvetaketu, Saatyaki and Uddhava were recalled, the old King lay for some time with closed eyes. The others sat around silently, waiting for him to open his eyes.

When he opened his eyes, there was a glow in them. 'Karkotaka, chiefs, the prophecy which Lord Pashupati inspired our High Priest to make, has come true. Krishna has promised to befriend us.' The old man's mouth twisted into a vague semblance of a smile. 'Krishna will lead you to victory. Give me your hands and swear that you will obey him implicitly.'

Karkotaka, Manimaan and the chiefs gathered round the litter and each gave his right hand to the old man, who, by a feeble gesture, placed it into the hands of Krishna. The large eyes of the old man grew larger.

'Krishna, my Maarishaa's grandson, keep your promise to me? Befriend my people,' said the old man.

Krishna, overwhelmed with emotion, bent his head low over the outstretched hands of Karkotaka and the other chiefs. For a while no one spoke.

Tears ran down the hollow cheek of Aaryaka. 'I can now die happily,' he whispered and threw back his head, a smile frozen on his twisted lips.

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[*To be continued*]

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# Sentinel of Culture

IN the long and chequered history of the struggle for Freedom in India, many prominent names will occur to chroniclers as the founders of the national movement, which ultimately won for the country the desired goal, under the dynamic guidance of the Mahatma. No doubt, the early Congressmen believed in a type of agitation which later was found inadequate to shake the British lion out of its complacency. The Moderates, as the group that stuck to constitutional methods of agitation was named, was in itself once a powerful body, with very great men like Pherozeshah Mehta, D. E. Wacha, Surendranath Banerjee, Gopala Krishna Gokhale and V. Krishnaswami Aiyar of Madras to lead its destinies. However much later Congressmen might take pride in the fact of their direct revolt alone as having paved the way for the Britisher to realise the necessity to grant freedom to a vast country seething under the yoke of a foreign Government, still it cannot be denied at all that either in genuine patriotism or force of character any of their predecessors of the moderate persuasion, who had really furthered the cause of the country did the mistake of merely petitioning the Government, when a powerful tool like *Satyagraha* could alone have achieved what was most coveted. If it had not been the Mahatma's, certainly any other leadership should have perhaps gone to prove the actual non-co-operation movement as an unorganised attempt foredoomed to failure. The country required an extraordinary man to shape its forces and co-ordinate them into a single purpose of achieving Freedom. There is, therefore, no point in imagining that the Moderates by themselves could have done the miracle. If everybody else was not either so one-pointed or imbued with an unprecedented sense of righteousness for the great cause as the Mahatma, it was no blame to have served the Moderate camp with ardour and loyalty, especially when its services were also very opportune and helpful.

V. Krishnaswami Aiyar of Madras, though he was a lawyer by profession and had contributed to the national movement with both finance and moral assistance from the 1893 Congress, was much in agreement with Gokhale in the feeling that Britain was not a very bad master and that by sheer persistence in asking for Reforms, the share in the Administration of the country could be manned with Indian elements. Krishnaswami Aiyar so much agreed with Gokhale that after the Surat split in 1907, when everybody felt floundered on the rock of disappointment, it was his genius that suggested the idea of a *convention* to meet and carry on the work of the Congress, undismayed by the efforts of the Extremists to dislocate the organisation. It seems

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V. KRISHNASWAMI AIYAR

[*b.* June 15, 1863; *d.* December 28, 1911.]

*Late Sri V. Krishnaswami Aiyar's birth centenary was celebrated at Madras on the 15th instant.*

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Gokhale hugged Krishnaswami Aiyar and said: "We too have read constitutional history; but when the time came for application of our knowledge, it was you who could show the resourcefulness". So, in 1908, the Madras Congress was a successful congress of the Moderates who welcomed the Minto-Morley Reforms. Owing to domestic necessities and failing health due to diabetes, Krishnaswami Aiyar, accepted a Judgeship of the Madras High Court in 1909, which was short-lived because the then Governor of Madras, Sir Arthur Lawley, wanted him to fill in the place of an Indian Member of his Executive Council under the new Dispensation. Gokhale strongly advised Krishnaswami Aiyar to accept the Membership, for the sole reason of working the Reforms in a measure that would provide satisfaction both to the public as well as to the British authorities. He yielded to the pressure, and his brief period of administrative work was noted for many promises of strength and efficiency.

If Krishnaswami Aiyar had remained merely a politician or an administrator or a Judge, his name would not have been so much remembered as it is for the many acts of spontaneous help to deserving causes with money as also for founding institutions for education in the Sastras in order to make our young men raise their heads among those who had been educated in English colleges and in other modern types of learning. Ayurveda, which till then was a sealed science here, became known by his efforts in founding a college to teach the learning as well as a free Dispensary for practical application of the knowledge in relieving thousands of the poor afflicted with diseases; and this brought to the surface his higher sense of values and true patriotism. His founding of the Indian Bank Ltd., just on the eve of the failure of the famous Arbuthnot Bank, was a signal proof of not only his vision of our own ability in running such responsible institutions but also of his boldness and undaunted spirit to carry his convictions to a successful finish especially at a juncture when the country was paralysed under the recent crash of a foreign concern.

Many other institutions, like the Mahajana Sabha of Madras, the Suguna Vilasa Sabha for the development of amateur dramatic talents, the Mylapore Club to provide amenities to citizens to meet and improve social relationship with each other, the Madras Branch of the Servants of India Society, the Madras University of which both in the Senate and the Syndicate he had a creditable record of service, the Madras Sanskrit College, where the 'Siromani' course was introduced in the Sastras, and a number of other bodies, which had the objective of public weal, received his warmest support. None of the institutions he had started or supported has become inane or suspended its activities; on the other hand everyone of them has flourished, vindicating that the high purpose and noble ideal for which he had striven are not ephemeral in their values or duration of service.

As a man, he was forthright and sincere. Both to his relatives and to the

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public, he maintained to the last an equal sense of obligation in all matters pertaining to their welfare. If occasionally he was found irritated and impatient, it was because of his desire not to lose time with the people at large benefiting by the outcome of his endeavours. In his public utterances, he was always clear, cogent and powerful. The rapidity of his delivery never resulted in his distinctness suffering. His Convocation speech delivered at the University of Madras on the 23rd of November, 1911, has been deemed a classical performance for its soundness of advice as well as its suggestions for the future improvement of our education.

To the blessed Swamis, Vivekananda and Ramakrishnananda of the Sri Ramakrishna Order, he felt he owed much for the spiritual uplift of the country for which also his mind had all along been devising plans and measures of advancement.

More than anything else, he believed in the regeneration of our country by the constant cultivation of the high ideals of our forebears, and hence his compilation of the monumental work of the *ARYACHARITA* —an anthology of Sanskrit stories collected from our classics immortalising the names of the great men and women of our land who are eternal beacons of our eternal culture.

In his forty-eighth year, in December 1911 he passed away, leaving the country much poorer for his loss. He fought for truth in his own strong manner and tried to establish also as many efficient bulwarks against the influences undermining our culture as he could.


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JV-12a.


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# What is Wrong with Medica

THE tradition of medicine, which began with Hippocrates, recognizes that the prime physician on any case is nature, and that the doctor's role is to work with nature, to assist, support, and minister to her. As a matter of fact, the very word physician is derived from the Greek *phusis*, which means nature. If I had to define medicine I would define it as the art of doing for nature what nature would like to do for herself if she could. The physician co-operates with nature's forces, which are ordered to health. It was Walter Cannon, the Harvard physiologist, who, in his book *The Wisdom of the Body*, named these forces "homeostatic." Actually, we not only have physiologic homeostatic forces but psychologic and social as well.

When a person faints he falls to the horizontal position, a position that is curative. Nature accomplishes this all by herself. Now when a person feels faint, we usually get him to lie down. A doctor, if called in to handle a simple faint, has only to remove that which is preventing nature from doing her work. He unprops the patient who has been inadvertently propped up. Fainting is an instance where nature's homeostatic forces are working to get the patient well; these forces are an immediate counteraction to what has happened to the patient.

Another example: the body reacts to poison with vomiting and diarrhoea as a means of getting rid of the poison. Now what does a doctor do for the poisoned person? He uses emetics and gastric lavages to empty the stomach, and moves in with drugs to produce diarrhoea. Sometimes a patient will be vomiting and be having diarrhœa with such frequency that he approaches a state of shock. The doctor, if he for-

**Dr. Herbert Ratner,** M.D.

gets he is only the assistant to nature and zealously takes over the stage, may so add to what nature is already doing well that he may actually throw the patient into shock by the vigour he adds to nature's forces.

I give you these two simple illustrations to show that if you analyse medicine carefully you find it is imitating nature.

Most medical schools are confused about their basic purpose. We do not know any longer whether our goal is to turn out physicians or research men. This is an age of research scientists. It is through them that the medi-

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IMITATING NATURE . . .

# Education Today?

*Are we turning out physicians or research scientists?*

cal schools get their present glory and money. It is here that the ego of the scientist is satisfied by publishing papers. But today the medical schools are having a harder time getting applicants. We are losing them to the physical sciences where there is plenty of glory and lots of money and outer space to move around in. This is what happens when we compete with the physical sciences on the wrong grounds, when we fail to pose the inner man against outer space.

We forget, in the competition for medical students, that the true and chief function of the medical school is to turn out physicians, that is, artists, not scientists; professional men, not high-level technicians. We should appeal to students as humanitarians, not as technologists; as makers of health in the suffering rather than pursuers of truth in the laboratory, which calls for a different bent of mind. The difference here is between art (to make) and science (to know), and involves a delicate distinction, one easily misunderstood. It relates in its bad aspects to the difference between looking at people as guinea-pigs rather than as human beings, as statistics rather than as persons.

This has all kinds of grave implications for contemporary medicine, which is moving away from the individual patient-physician responsibility towards the mass medicational approach, and this usually turns out to be mass manipulation by hand-selected, well subsidized, overtly committed scientists backed by powerful public relations departments of wealthy national health-agencies.

The confusion is now affecting the curriculum. We are streamlining the educational process in the wrong direction by stressing the technological at the expense of the humanities. We have gone a long way since the famous reply of Sydenham, a great English physician, to Sir Richard Blackmore's question about what medical books he should read. Sydenham simply answered, "Read *Don Quixote!*"

And so we have a paradox: at the same time we pay lip-service to the concept that we have to treat the whole person, and at the same time we pay our respects to the psychosomatic complexity of the human person; we concentrate increasingly on test-tube and technical know-how courses and substitute sketchy survey courses for a true liberal arts education, as if in the cure of the sick human being and remember the word

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*...Contemporary medicine is moving away from individual patient-physician responsibility towards mass medication...*

*cure* comes from the word *care*—the highly technical, assembly-line medical centre is superior to the private physician's office, and as though the mechanically sensitive laboratory procedure is superior to a humanly sensitive person, the broadly educated family physician.

Perhaps the prime fact is the tremendous amount of research-money available to the medical schools from government, foundation, and pharmaceutical sources. It is common knowledge that we have more research money available than we have worthy researchers and worthy research ideas, and this available money seduces. Research scientists, rather than good teachers and practitioners, have become the sought-after commodity for medical schools.

*Specialization*

This is a very interesting but complex question and has to be broken down. First, let me say that I know of no generation of physicians since the time of Hippocrates that did not respect the complexity of medicine. It is true that today we have more proximate scientific knowledge; for example, we know that a certain mosquito carrying a certain parasite causes malaria. But Hippocrates, who did not know about the mosquito or parasite, and had no microscope, had to master some very complicated knowledge in order to handle malaria. He had to know about swamps; he had to know about the winds (*malaria* means bad air); he had to know where to build a city in relation to a swamp; he had to know geography, geology, meteorology, and astronomy.

Today, we say we have to know a bewildering array of synthetic drugs, but if you go back to the time of Galen and to the Galenic formulas up through the nineteenth century, you find there was a multiplicity of natural drugs to be known then. Today we have to know more chemistry, but yesterday they had to know more botany. And they also had to know how to compound drugs. Without additional knowledge, a contemporary medical graduate would probably flunk out of medical school at the time of either Hippocrate or Galen. Even in the late sixteenth century Harvey had to discourse for one full hour on any one of Hippocrates' aphorisms in order to graduate. Most of these aphorisms are deceptively profound. I don't think the modern medical student could comment adequately for an hour on many of them. In many areas of bedside-medicine his knowledge would be inadequate compared to that of the Hippocratic physician. For one thing he would be lost without a laboratory.

More than a century ago, Dr. Jacob Bigelow gave his view on the medical education of his day. They were published by vote of the medical faculty of Harvard University, which at least attests to their acceptance by Bigelow's colleagues. He came up with such a familiar complaint of our present medical educators that it is embarrassing to think it was made in

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*. . . rescue the guinea-pig of medical student from the clutches of the ego-needs of the specialist . . .*

1850. "In modern times," he said, "the constituent branches of medical science are so expanded that they are not acquired by any physician in a lifetime and still less by a student during his pupilage. The same is true even of many individual branches. It is not therefore to be conceded that 'a scheme of scientific construction should embrace the whole science and no part should be omitted,' nor that 'a well-digested plan of lectures embraces all that is to be known and taught.' Medical science has at this day become so unwieldy and contains so much that is unnecessary, at least to beginners, that the attempt to explain to students the whole is likely to involve the result of their learning but little."

This passage not only gives witness to the perennial problem of medical education, but it more or less establishes the innocent confusion of modern medical educators who keep reassuring one another as an apology for not having a solution that they are facing a problem unique to their day. By failing to maintain an historical perspective on their problem they also fail to see the solution, because there is no question that Dr. Bigelow does something other than lament; he comes up with a basically sound insight that points to the solution. If I understand him properly, he would substitute the more generalized principles for the detailed facts and minutiae and he would rescue the guinea-pig—the medical student—from the clutches and ego-needs of the Ph.D. and the specialist, remembering that the goal of the medical school is to turn out a practising physician, not a master of individual specialized subject-matters.

In the mid-nineteenth century they also lamented the proliferation of medical journals which exceeded the ability of the individual physician and sometimes the individual library to keep up with them. And, again, we gain from a former age the sharp insight that pinpoints the real problem. Oliver Wendell Holmes called attention to this phenomenon in 1878, not with pride in the extensive output or the expenditure of research money but with critical awareness of the dangers of a disease that still affects us:

"I have spoken of the importance and the predominance of periodical literature and I have attempted to do justice to its value, but the almost exclusive reading of it is not without its dangers. The journals contain much that is crude and unsound. The presumption, it must be maintained, is against their novelties unless they come from observers of established credit. Yet I have known a practitioner, perhaps more than one, who is as much under the dominant influence of the last article he had read in his favourite medical journal as a milliner under the sway of the fashion plate. The difference between green and seasoned knowledge is very great. And such practitioners never hold long enough to any of their knowledge to have it get seasoned."

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*. . . modern medicos are sitting ducks for the canned speeches of drug-house detail men . . .*

Holmes also brilliantly added that "there is a dead medical literature, and there is a live one. The dead is not all ancient, the live is not all modern."

Now everybody should recognize that much of what is being printed in the myriad medical publications coming out today will prove to be erroneous; that something printed this week disproves something printed last week. What is needed at any time in the history of medicine and medical literature is the seasoned knowledge Holmes called for—the ability to separate the wheat from the chaff, not to lose sight of the whole of knowledge in the face of an overflow of partial or episodic knowledge; the kind of wisdom and acuity that comes from the possession of a genuine philosophy of medicine with its resultant training of the mind that permits one to evaluate the literature intelligently. This is what contemporary products of our medical schools do not get. They become, instead, sitting ducks for the canned speeches of drug-house detail men. This despite our much vaunted claim that physicians pre-eminently, by virtue of their years of arduous education are masters of the scientific method. That, I think, is the biggest illusion held by medical educators today.

The modern medical school is really not much different from the veterinary school. It could, for the most part, just as well have the horse for its subject. There are only a few medical schools in the country that give a course in how to communicate with patients, for instance.

Hardly any medical schools have a satisfactory course on medical ethics, and, since medical ethics are primarily based on the natural law rather than on denominational teaching, this is what every medical school should be doing with great advantage to the performance and to the public image of the physician.

Daniel Drake, one of America's great pioneering physicians, stressed this need: "A stricter regard should be had to the moral character of candidates.....As a means of promoting this object, and of advancing the responsibility of the profession, there should be, in every medical school, a series of....discourses, by one of the professors, on the morals of the profession, and the virtues and vices of medical men, embracing their duties to their patients, and a system of medical ethics."

In medical schools, as elsewhere, a rigid and misguided secularism has done its damage, and our chief concern today with doing what is right is the negative one of avoiding malpractice suits. Finally, despite the lip-service medical schools pay to the "whole patient," the student, because the medical school is so specialist-oriented, rarely gets to see the patient as a whole.

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*A great many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices.* —William James

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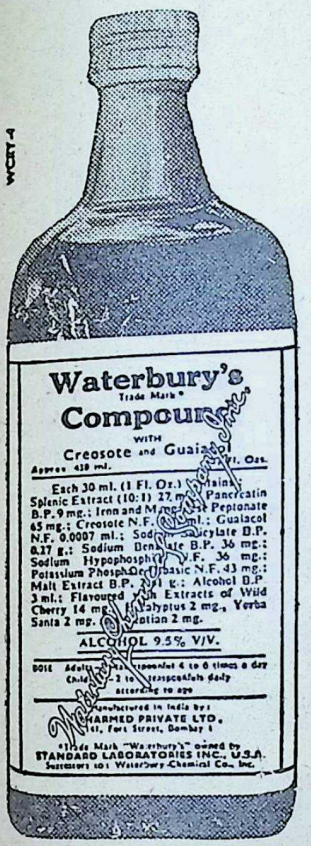


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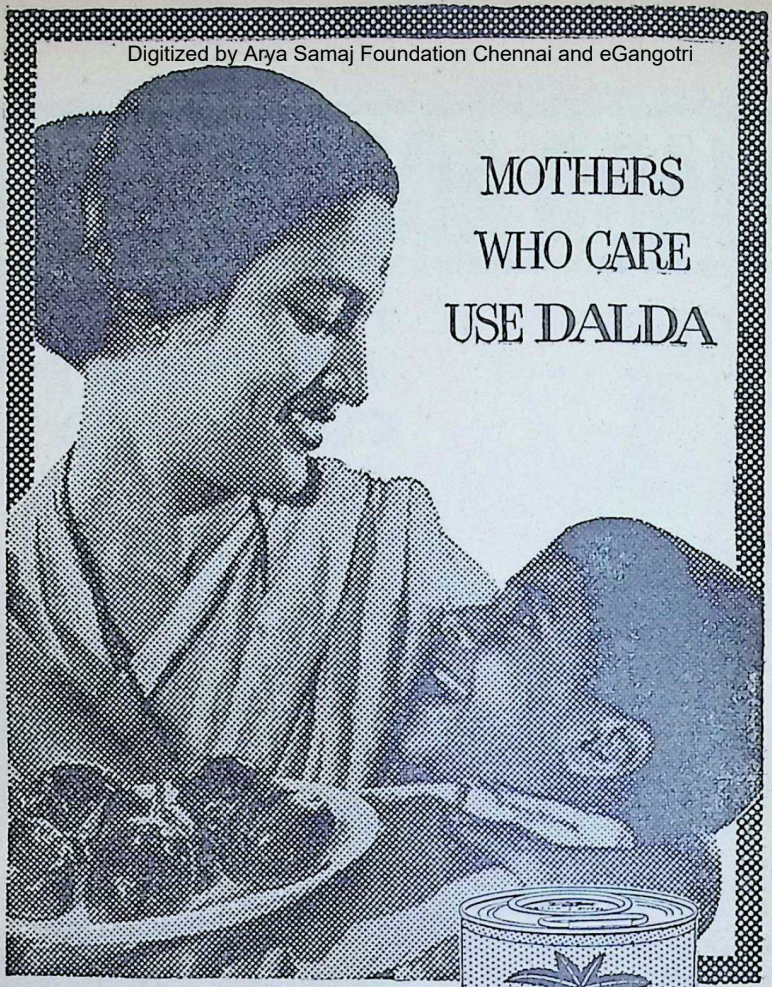


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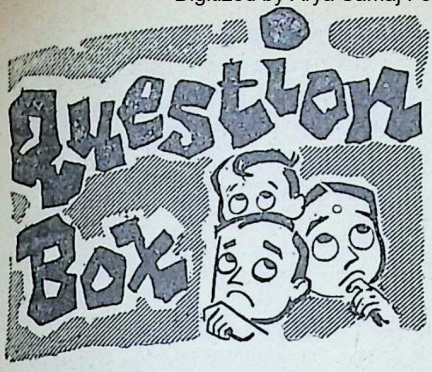


ANSWERS BY

**K. M. MUNSHI**

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1097

Sri Suresh Bahadur Chitravanshi, Vienna.

*Q.*1: *Why are there, Vedagaan, prayers, etc. in the programme of the Bhavan's Silver Jubilee?*

A: You refer to religious practices of 'Vedagaan,' etc. as stupid things. You forget that, in some form or the other, the moral, religious and spiritual life of 98% of Indians of all communities, revolve round these practices, which you look down upon with such scorn. They bind the highest and the most advanced intellectuals in the land with the poor and the lowly, in an inseparable bond. At the Kumbh-mela in 1954, five million people got together in one day, to take their bath in the 'sangam' and offer worship. Among them were the President of India and several Governors. Quite a few hundred men of intellectual eminence were also present. These are not 'stupid things' but provide inspiration for a higher life.

In spite of the historical vicissitudes through which our nation has passed, our people have survived for centuries on account of the tenacity of faith given to them today by these 'things'. They had and have a tremendous value in our historical survival. Today, if India has been able to secure stable existence since freedom, it is not to a small extent due to our attitude towards life which revolves round these practices.

These 'things' are not stupid, nor rigid nor obscurantist; their content and significance have changed from age to age, and even in this scientific age, the best and the noblest minds cling to them after giving it a new and inspiring content, for they provide a source of strength.

*Q.*2: *Have we not suffered so much on account of such religious practices?*

A: You write that 'we have suffered a lot due to these religious feelings'. Suppose we had no religious faith, how could we have survived the Turkish, the Afghan and the Moghul invasions? How otherwise would India have created the modern Renaissance, with its vast movements of the spirit, which have made modern India what she is?

*Q.*3: *Does not our religious background keep us from receiving the benefit of the industrial revolution?*

A: You appear to think that religion and industrial revolution are

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contradictory terms. Industrial revolution is a part of the civilization that changes from age to age. Religion embodies those fundamental values which go to the root of our being. If our religious background were not there, we as a people would disintegrate, the moral fibre of our people being destroyed by hedonism. It is a modern superstition restricted to a few in India that technological advance cannot co-exist with a religious attitude to life.

You appear to think that we are poor and undeveloped because we are religious. Perhaps a little study of history will enlighten you that we went under, not because of our religion, but because India's richness offered a tempting prize for international freebooters who did not leave us in peace for long periods of time. At the same time, you must not forget that in spite of our military collapses before the invaders, we resisted the inroads of foreign culture, preserving our vitality to put forward a great struggle which brought us freedom.

Nobody denies the value of modern technology. India is going in for it. Even the Bhavan, which you criticise for its bias for religious practices, has got modern colleges, a College of Journalism, Advertisement and Printing, and an Engineering College. If technological advances are not associated with moral and spiritual values and with the self-respect which comes by maintaining the continuity with the past, we would turn into technology-mad barbarians.

*Q*.4: *If we reject our religious feelings, would we not be as rich and flourishing as Austria?*

A: Austria may look glamorous; it looked to me so when I was there. But the glamour of Europe is the result, not of its being irreligious, but of Europeans gathering the wealth of the world, during the 18th and 19th centuries, when Science was developing its productive aspect and we were passing through a period of chaos, or were being exploited by foreigners.

Europeans are different from us. But to say that they are culturally or morally or even socially superior is to be a prey to inferiority complex.

We may be economically less-advanced because of being underdeveloped. We may be militarily backward, because we hadn't the means to equip ourselves. But so long as we have the vitality to make good that deficiency and to live for the values which we have cherished for ages, we need not be ashamed of ourselves.

---

*He that will not reason is a bigot; he cannot reason is a fool and he does not reason is a slave.*

—Anon

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*Petrosyan*

# Two Chess Champs

IT is a far cry from *Chaturanga* to Farooq Ali and Tigran Petrosyan but the fact remains that the world is indebted to Queen Mandodari of *Ramayana* fame to have invented this most intellectual of indoor games with which she regaled her husband Ravana when Sri Rama was knocking at his doors in battle array!

From Tretayuga we descend to *Bhavishya Purana* in which a four-handed game of chess using dice is confronted. We see the game subsequently transported to Persia by the 6th century A.D. where it corrupts itself into *Chatrang* and finally *Shatrang* and *via* Europe trekking back to India as chess! In the process each country contributes its own strong points to the game and evolves a unified code.

Thus the greatest of all board-games, and one of pure skill, is seen originating in Bharatavarsha, irrigating the intellectual plains of the west, itself undergoing great advances in the process and now causing mild tremors in the corners of the earth by its tournaments. Despite its hoary heritage we see the first International Chess Tourney chronicled as having taken place in 1851 at London!

One great advantage in modern chess is that the games can be recorded and any aspiring beginner can play over the master's game of several years past and also enjoy current games, no matter in what part of the world they are played.

Speaking of modern chess, Lasker, Capablanca, Alekhin, Euwe and Botvinnik are names to conjure with as World Chess Champions. This year, thirty-five-year-old Tigran Petrosyan of Georgia (USSR) has annexed the World Championship title by drawing on the 11th move in his 22nd match with Mikhail Botvinnik (12.5-9.5) in a series of nerve-wracking matches in Moscow against the leading lights of the world.

The past month had been the venue of two great events in the world of

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chess. One was the World Championship event narrated above. The other is the Fifth Indian National Championship Tourney. In the National Chess Championship played in North Bombay, Maharashtra's Farooq Ali won the National Championship Tourney by 11 points to Sakhalkar's 10.5.

There is a world of difference between the two champs; while Petrosyan by all accounts is a sophisticated product, a seasoned artist, Farooq Ali is a genius in the raw. Petrosyan has all the advantages of education and training. The very first book on chess that came his way was Capablanca's and the master's positional style has since left its impress on the young champion. His first coach was Archil Ebralidze, a Capablanca fan.

Young Farooq who was born in Hyderabad, used to stand for hours on end looking at his late father playing the game. That was all he got by way of tuition in the most intellectual of games. Spending most of his time in a small hotel moving Bishops and Knights, his education was consigned to the limbo, and he never reached the high-school stage. He has not read a single book on chess. He started life in Bombay, where he moved into four years ago, as a mill-hand; later as *hamal*, he carried boxes and crates in order to earn his livelihood. He had not even a roof to lie beneath. All the same, chess was his passion. Thuswise he made his debut in the second National at Poona. He represented India at the Chess Olympiad at Bulgaria. Today he belongs, by profession, to the class IV cadre of the Reserve Bank of India's employees!

*Farooq Ali*

India's title-holder Manuel Aaron having woefully gone out of form, failed early and Farooq went all-out for a win and justifiably got it. The only other person who could be even with him was Sakhalkar. He, having been neatly disposed of by Nasar Ali, Farooq became the undisputed champion. Pragmatic in approach and adventurous in spirit, curly haired, soft-spoken, 24-year-old Farooq, our new champ, is a player of genius.

Petrosyan is his complete antithesis. From boyhood days he has taken to chess as a career. From early positional style, he shifted to the brilliant combination of Alekhin and Chigorin. In his 20th year, he went to Moscow and studied chess under Lilienthal. In 1959 and 1961 he won the National title. He rarely lost in the tournaments he played and hence came to be nicknamed "Iron Tigran." He has an uncanny sense of position and the ex-champion Max Euwe said of him several years ago that "if only he

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starts combining a little, it would be impossible to play him." His combinations are always faultless: miscalculations never occur. He is famous for an ability to quickly calculate variants to size up the position correctly and to channel the game in such a way as to have the most favourable chances for a win. Thus, invulnerability in defence, combined with the know-how of pointed and powerful attack is the secret of his cultivated success. He qualified himself for the world title after finishing up on top at the last Challengers' Meet at Curacao.

Petrosyan is married to Rona who is a graduate from the Foreign Languages Institute. Tigran too is a graduate and presently enrolled as a post-graduate student at the Institute of the Faculty of Philosophy. The Petrosyans have two sons, Mikhail and Vartan both of whom are studying.

And now, one is left wondering how far Farooq Ali will progress in his championship. Can he aspire to world-championship at all? Will he ever succeed in wresting the glory of world championship in this game, back to its place of birth? Will there appear again Sultan Khans on the Indian chess horizon? But before expecting that, what are we, the people and Government of Bharat going to do about this year's National champion? Just let him rot as Class IV employee?

---

*No one ever gets very far unless he accomplishes the impossible at least once a day.* —Elbert Hubbard


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# FLASHES FROM SANSKRIT

Bribery is like the tabla (percussion instrument). There is sweet music as long as the fingers play on it.

* * * *

Mantra is like a cocoanut. The latter is welcome whether whole or broken. Mantras are beneficial whether one understands their meaning or not.

* * * *

The fragrance of an incense-stick is felt more by others than the one who holds it. Even so are one's bad qualities.

* * * *

The guilt of cutting a tree falls on the person rather than the axe which does it. So do sins attach to the jiva rather than the body which is inert.

* * * *

When a boy is madly in love, he little cares for the wealth, education or even the family of the girl. So does self-surrender to God make all other good deeds superfluous.

* * * *

Others' faults and merits should be treated like ghee and oil on water respectively. When drops of ghee fall on a sheet of water, they contain themselves into a ball. So should one treat the faults of others. On the other hand when drops of oil fall on water, they spread everywhere. So should you treat others' merits.

* * * *

Accumulated wealth is like the water-level in a canal. When it rises above safety level, the bund will burst or inundation will take place. The engineer will naturally keep open the outlet-sluices to avoid that catastrophe. Charity, then, is the safety-valve for wealth.

* * * *

The forest is safe because the lion lives there and the lion is safe because it lives in the forest. So is friendship, mutual.

* * * *

The miser and the broomstick are alike. Both are neither producers nor enjoyers, but merely collect.

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# EQUALITY and INJUSTICE

JAMBUNATH was a holy Brahmin. He had drunk deep the essence of Vedic and Sastric lore, and had earned a reputation for sagacity and originality of approach in the preaching of *dharma*. It was a peculiar trait of this pious character to set off every year on *padayatra* accompanied by one of his disciples called Bhushan.

Once, during such a tour, Jambunath visited the town of Vasadha, accompanied by Bhushan. Taking his abode in one of the *choultries* of the main bazaar, Jambunath sent his *chela* to the bazaar to buy some provisions.

Bhushan was very calculative. He went from shop to shop and enquired of the prices of the articles he wanted to buy. But to his great astonishment and bewilderment, he discovered that the prices of almost all the articles were equal, i.e. all articles were sold at same rate for the same measure. And the prices were incredibly low. For instance, he could obtain one seer of rice for one pice, and a seer of pulse for one pice; sugar, ghee—all these, and everything else.

On further reflection Bhushan felt delighted at the novel idea that dominated the market of that town. "If things can be so cheap, why should I wander about and take great pains to learn the difficult and intricate *Sastras*, and suffer hardship and privations in life? No, I shall not do so hereafter. I shall stay in this town, where I can do with just a little money to procure provisions to last me for months, and that little money I can easily earn with whatever learning and knowledge I already possess. I shall request my Guru too to stay in this town."

Resolving thus he returned to the *choultry* and spoke to his Guru: "Sire, we have travelled far and wide, and times there were when we were hard-pressed for food. It is God's grace that has sent us to this town. Here, I have purchased everything at the rate of one pice for a large measure! Sire, it is my earnest request that we should continue to make this town our permanent abode, so that we shall not feel the want in anything and we need no more look for valuable gifts from kings and nobles, and feel con-

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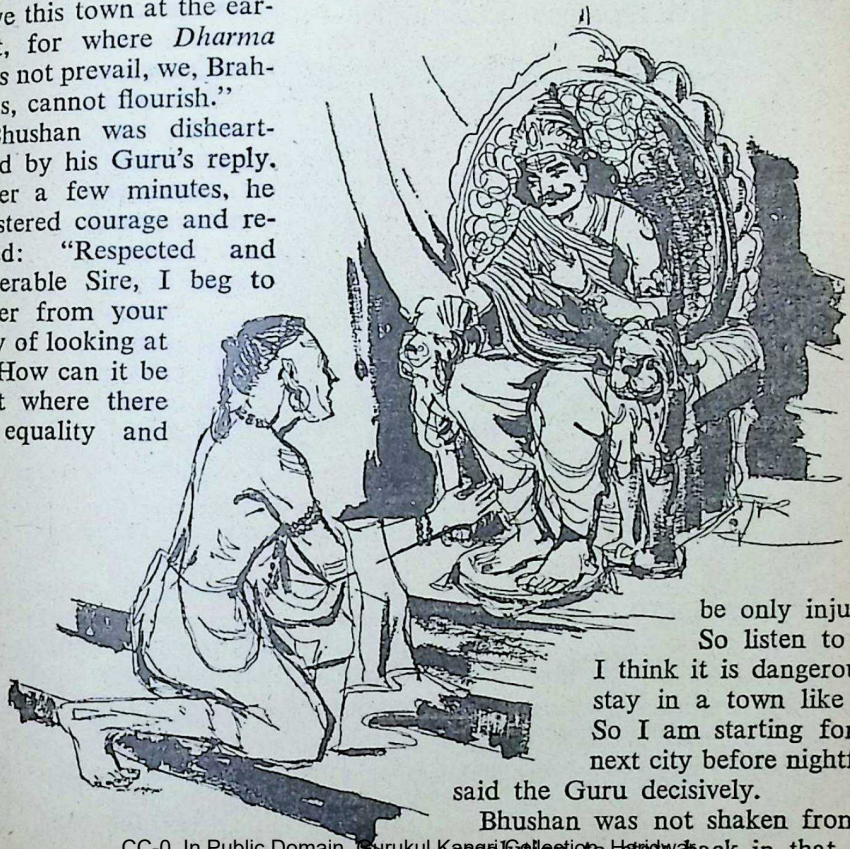
tent with the humble offerings from the common folk."

"My son, what you say strikes me very strange," replied Jambunath. "If, as you say, sugar is sold at the same price as wood, then there is something very seriously wrong with the administration of this town. Remember, my son, all that glitters is not gold. If wood is valued on a par with sugar, ghee with rice, it is evident that there is no fair and equitable sense of values, and there can be no impartial justice in this country. So, my son, it is better that we leave this town at the earliest, for where *Dharma* does not prevail, we, Brahmins, cannot flourish."

Bhushan was disheartened by his Guru's reply. After a few minutes, he mustered courage and replied: "Respected and venerable Sire, I beg to differ from your way of looking at it. How can it be that where there is equality and therefore parity, plenty, therefore cheapness, there can be no just administration of law? Instead, there must be equality of justice; a peasant will be treated on par with a nobleman."

"My son! You have no experience of the world. Where there is a flat equality such as existing in the bazaar of this town, it is a clear indication that there is no discrimination, there is no distinction between right and wrong, and there is no difference between good and evil. And justice, if ever such a thing exists here, it will



be only injustice. So listen to me: I think it is dangerous to stay in a town like this. So I am starting for the next city before nightfall," said the Guru decisively.

Bhushan was not shaken from his resolution to stay back in that town

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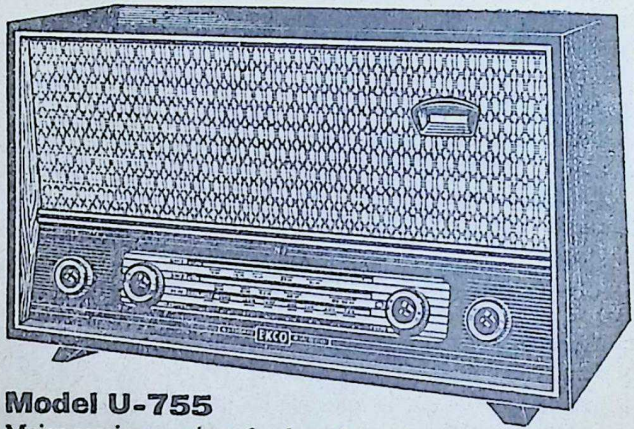


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of Vasadha. So he pleaded with his Guru to permit him to stay behind and not to insist on his following him. The Guru warned his *chela* that one day he would come to grief and then left Vasadha.

Bhushan was delighted. He roamed about the town, eating to his heart's content and almost doing nothing. He grew fat and plumpy; his skin became smooth and shining, and he had a carefree air about him. He became familiar with everyone in the town, and all who saw him envied his life.

After the lapse of six or seven months, a furious storm swept the country. Part of a wall in a house in the city collapsed and killed a man. The wife of the victim went to the King and complained that her neighbour had not built the wall strong enough to withstand the storm and therefore her husband was killed by the falling of the wall. She requested the king to do justice by punishing the neighbour for his carelessness.

The king, who administered justice, summoned the neighbour whose wall had killed the poor woman's husband and said:

"Well, my man, I am in duty bound, as befitting the King of this land, to give justice to my subjects by redressing their grievances. Here stands the woman, who is your neighbour, and whom you have widowed by building the wall not sufficiently strong, or not mending it suitably to prevent its falling in the storm."

"Here, in this land of my ancestors," continued the King, "justice is equal, as everything else is. Here, it is the law of tooth for a tooth, eye for an eye and life for life. So I order that you shall be suspended on a gibbet."

"Oh good King, listen to my words. Am I not one of your subjects, and have I not a right to demand justice in the same way as the widow demands? I humbly submit, good King, that you have erred in your judgement. It was not I who built the wall, but it was the mason Kalu. I paid him handsomely for the work, but now that the wall has fallen it is beyond doubt that Kalu must have used bad and inferior materials that must have made the wall weak and caused it to collapse. So, sire, it is Kalu who should be punished for his negligence

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in the proper performance of his duty."

The King was easily taken in by such a clever argument and he ordered the mason to be brought before him. The mason who had seen how fickle the King's decision was, took courage to frame a plausible story and said: "Sire, it is true, that I was well-paid for my work, and I did it to the best of my ability. But how can one do one's work satisfactorily, if one has not the proper implements to work with? As you are aware, oh good and kind King, we depend upon the ironsmith to make us good tools, and the spade he had made for me was crooked and however much I tried I could not do the work satisfactorily with that crooked spade. Oh King, do not hold me responsible for the fault of the ironsmith."

The King believed the mason's story to be true and ordered the ironsmith to be produced.

The ironsmith too pleaded not guilty by urging that if the spade was crooked and badly made, it was not due to his negligence or want of skill, but it was due to the wet coal supplied by the collier.

"Sire, how can I strike the iron, if it is not red hot," said the ironsmith, "and how can the iron be heated to the required redness unless the coal burns brightly producing furious flames? And instead of sending up flames, the coal sent up black smoke, that not only spoiled the iron, but also blurred my vision! Good King, neither skill nor effort can produce the best result under such circumstances, and Your Majesty, I paid the collier more than the actual cost of the coal he supplied; therefore it is the collier who should be sent to the gallows."

The King was pleased. "Yes, I must get at the root of the matter," he told his minister, who sat beside him. "The fruits grow at the top of the tree, and to make the tree grow, blossom and bear fruits, we water the roots and feed the roots with manure. The case before me is similar to that of the tree. Yes, I must get at the root of the matter." Assuring himself thus, he ordered the ironsmith to be released and commanded that the collier should be produced.

When the collier appeared the King said: "You wicked man, by supplying wet coal you have caused a life to be destroyed, and you will have to expiate the crime with your life. Is it

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not true that if you have not supplied wet coal a life would have been saved?"

Now it was the turn of the collier to justify himself.

The collier said that if the coal was wet, it was not his fault. He was bringing coal in bags laden on bullocks early in the morning. It was unusual for any village damsel to be out at that hour of the day to fetch water from the stream. It so happened that on that early morning a belle of the village came along the road on her way to fetch water from the nearby stream, and that the collier could not but be attracted by so lovely a creature. He argued: "Good King, are not the gifts of Nature a feast to the eyes, and a solace to the heart. Do we not stand and stare at a bunch of rose or *Kumuda* flowers, or a lotus pool? Is there anything in Nature's creation, more enticing, more pleasing to the eyes and more soothing to the heart than a graceful and lovely female form? And good Sire, as I looked on at the village belle the bullocks had strayed from the path, and had descended into the stream to slake their thirst and so the bags of coal had got wet, all owing to that village belle coming out on the road at that time. Had not the woman come, the coal could not have got wet. Good King, it is as clear as crystal that the fault lies with the woman and not with me."

The King, whose gullibility was not small, believed the collier's story and ordered the woman to be brought up for trial.

The father-in-law of the village belle, on hearing the commands of the king, considered that it would be a disgrace to his family and the clan, if his daughter-in-law were to present herself at the public court, and therefore he offered himself to the gallows to suffer for his daughter-in-law's crime. The King was only pleased to find that at last there was someone on whom the guilt could be fixed, and ordered the man to the gallows. But the executioner raised the objection that the man was very lean and sickly and therefore was most unsuitable for the halter and he pleaded that a stout person might be found. The King accordingly empowered the executioner to procure a stout man from the bazaar, and the executioner's choice fell on Bhushan, who had by now grown smooth, oily and corpulent after having enjoyed all the good

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things in the market almost for a song.

Thus the King dispensed justice and the day was fixed for the execution of Bhushan. The news spread like wild fire and Guru Jambunath who was staying in the next town was greatly agitated and grieved to learn that it was his disciple who was to be executed for no fault of his. The Brahmin who had known the capricious character of the administration thought that there must be something seriously wrong and so hastened to Vasadha, determined to save the life of his disciple.

By questioning a few persons in the bazaar, the Brahmin discovered how his disciple was selected to be executed and the Guru hit upon a plan to save him.

He ran to the King and falling at his feet said: "Oh good and great King! I have travelled from a great distance to obtain this supreme felicity; suffer me not to be disappointed. I understand that a foolish youth is to be executed simply because he is plump. But that can be done on any other day but not today. And how can I permit that insignificant youth to ascend the scaffold today, when I know for certain that one who ascends the scaffold today will mount to the paradise above? Oh good and wise King, I have lived all these long years a pious life and now the time has come to end my life to attain eternal bliss. I request you, therefore, to grant me this favour of making me mount the scaffold in place of that plumpy youth."

The King thought to himself that the celebrated Brahmin must be speaking the truth and if so, why could not his (King's) father, who had been old, sick and suffering, be relieved of bodily and mental pain and be directly sent to the region of eternal bliss and happiness. Arriving at this superlatively wise conclusion, he ordered his father to the gallows and the old King was executed to the joy of those who believed in their ignorant zeal that they were witnessing a holy act!

Relieved of the danger to his life Bhushan now expressed his gratitude to his Guru and vowed that he would always follow his wise advice. He said that he had also learnt almost at the risk of his own life that justice is the essence of judicious discrimination.

---

*My crown is in my heart, not on my head;*

*Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,*

*Nor to be seen; my crown is called content;*

*A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.*

—Shakespeare.

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*They Stood for Our Dharma—3*

# Springs of Prosperity

ENVIOUS of the prosperity of Yudhishthira and his brothers, Duryodhana once addressed his father Dhritarashtra thus: "Great sire, Yudhishthira holds glorious court in Indraprastha in the midst of plenty and prosperity. Every day he feeds ten thousand learned Brahmanas on golden platters. His countless wealth and riches fill me with an overpowering remorse; for who will look with equanimity on the prosperity of one's enemies?"

Dhritarashtra replied: "My son, if you wish to attain to an opulence equal to or even greater than that of Yudhishthira, acquire a noble character. Even the three worlds can be conquered by one's character. Mandhata obtained rulership of the earth overnight; Janamejaya in three days and Nabhaga in seven days. There is nothing that a man of character cannot secure."

Duryodhana asked: "Father, I wish to know how such character (*seela*) is acquired by which one can conquer the whole world."

Dhritarashtra replied: "Listen, my son, to this ancient story narrated by Sage Narada."

Prahlada annexed the domains of Devendra by the force of his character and made himself lord of the three worlds. Thus dispossessed, Indra went to his Preceptor Brihaspati, and with due humility, begged him to teach him the means by which he could attain spiritual excellence (*shreyas*). Brihaspati taught him the means and said that if he pursued it steadfastly, it would lead him to *shreyas*.

Indra queried how that path would lead him to *shreyas*. Brihaspati replied: 'Learn about it from the Asura-guru Sukracharya. He will explain it to you.'

Upon that, Indra approached Sukracharya. The latter directed him to Prahlada who, he said, was better equipped in the matter.

Happy to hear it, Indra went to Prahlada in the guise of a Brahmana and begged him to teach the path to *shreyas*.

Prahlada put him off saying: 'I have no time now to instruct you. I am fully occupied with the administration of the three worlds.'

The Brahmana pleaded: 'Teach me, pray, when you have the leisure; I seek you as my supreme preceptor.'

Pleased with the earnestness of the Brahmana, Prahlada taught him highest wisdom, choosing an auspicious hour. The Brahmana received

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it with due reverence and humility; and then, inquired of him how he obtained lordship of the three worlds.

Prahlada replied: 'I am never conceited that I am King; I do not treat the learned and holy ones with derison. Listening to their words of wisdom, I discipline myself and give liberally. They speak to me in confidence and I let myself to be guided by them in all things. They establish me safe and secure in the path of *dharma* as the bees confine honey in the honeycomb. I have conquered anger and my senses are under my control.

'Thus I live in the company of those whose speech keeps pace with their understanding, delighting in the nuances of knowledge. The words of wisdom coming from the lips of a learned person really make for *shreyas*'.

Pleased with the Brahmana's ser-

*Shree abandoning Prahlada*

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vice, Prahlada offered him a boon and bade him ask whatever he wanted.

The Brahmana said: 'Royal sire, if you are so pleased with me, and would give me anything that I would seek, I wish to obtain from you the gift of your character. Give me your *seela*.'

Taken aback by this request of the Brahmana, the King was beside himself for a while. Yet, a promise was a promise, and a boon granted could not be revoked. He made a gift of his entire *seela* to the Brahmana who went away from his presence with that precious treasure.

Prahlada was sitting brooding over what had happened. At that time a spirit of superlative lustre emanated from his body.

Prahlada asked: 'Who are you?'

It replied: 'I am *seela;* you have divested yourself of me. I am going from you to reside in the Brahmana to whom you have given me away.'

It then disappeared into the body of Indra who had received it as a gift from Prahlada.

No sooner had that spirit gone than another like it arose and came out of Prahlada's body.

'Who are you?' asked Prahlada.

'Know me to be Dharma,' replied that spirit. 'I am going to that Brahmana to tenant his person ; for, I reside where there is *seela*.'

Then a third spirit too came out of Prahlada's body as if it would consume everything by its splendour. Upon Prahlada asking it, as before, 'Who are you?', it replied: 'I am Truth or *Satya*. I go today in the wake of *Dharma*.'

When *Dharma* left, there came out another spirit from the King's body. In reply to the King's query, it said: 'I am Conduct (*Vritta*) ; I reside where there is *Satya*.'

When *Vritta* too had gone, a great noise arose from the King's body. When asked, it said, 'I am strength (*bala*) ; I am inseparable from *Vritta*.' So saying, it too disappeared.

Then, a lustrous woman of great divinity came out of Prahlada's body. He asked her 'Who are you?' And she replied: 'I am *Shree ;* I am everything that makes for whatever is auspicious and for prosperity. I have been residing in you this long. Abandoned by you, I go away following strength and valour.'

Prahlada got really afraid and he

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anxiously asked: 'Where do you go, noble lady? You are divinity itself. Tell me who is this Brahmana who came to me?'

Shree replied: 'That Brahmana is the very lord of the *devas;* he is Indra. Taught by you, he has deprived you of the lordship of the three worlds. You are well versed in all the laws and practices. You conquered the three worlds by your *seela.* Learning that secret, he has divested you of it and has the virtues of *Dharma, Satya, Vritta, Bala* and ultimately, he has annexed me also. For all these virtues spring from *seela* and we all reside only where there is *seela.*'

"No wonder, my son," said Dhritarashtra addressing Duryodhana, "that Yudhishthira is so prosperous; for, he possesses an extremely noble character; his *seela* is absolutely beyond reproach."

Then addressing his father, Duryodhana said: "Best of the Kauravas! I wish to know the truth of *seela.* What are the means to acquire it?"

Dhritarashtra briefly instructed his son in the secret of *seela,* and said: "In thought, word and deed, one should refrain from evil to every creature. Beneficence and bounty are the marks of *seela.* One should not do what may injure another or whatever one would feel ashamed of. One should do only that which evokes praise in the assemblies of holy ones. This, in a nutshell, my son, is the essence of *seela.*

"Maybe some people not wedded to *seela* are prosperous in the world. But their prosperity will not last long; for its roots are neither deep nor strong.

"Knowing this, my son, acquire the virtue of *seela* if you wish to attain a measure of prosperity greater than that of Yudhishthira himself."

[From *Mahabharata,* Shanti Parva.]


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## *BANGALORE KENDRA*

HIS HIGHNESS Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar, Governor of Mysore, inaugurated the Bangalore Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and also the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of the Central Organisation at a function at the Town Hall, Bangalore, on the 8th instant.

Sri S. Nijalingappa, Chief Minister and Vice-Chairman of the Bhavan's Bangalore Centre, welcomed the distinguished guests. In his speech he said he would do his best to provide a suitable site for putting up a building for the Bhavan's Kendra at Bangalore.

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri, who graced the occasion by his presence, offered his blessings. In his benedictory speech, he stressed the need for preserving our glorious tradition and culture and trying to blend them with modern civilization.

In his inaugural address, the Governor said that the need for the experience of history and the wisdom of philosophy and realization of ethical and spiritual values had never been greater than today. Continuing he said, the subordination of spiritual to material values was at the root of most evils from which the world was suffering. It was essential to realise that moral restraint was an integral part of strength and freedom. In labouring for the right understanding, balance, for the proper sense of proportion, virtue and a good life, institutions like the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan could render the greatest service. He paid a handsome tribute to the services rendered by the Bhavan for the promotion of art and culture and the cause of ancient learning through publications and promoting the cause of Sanskrit.

Kulapati K. M. Munshi was felicitated on his attaining 75th year by the distinguished guests and he was presented with a memento on that occasion.

In his moving speech (full text in *Kulapati's Letter* in this issue), Munshiji pointed out how we are overpowered with the bigness of things so much so, we have lost our patience to ponder over the dignity of character, richness of love or the beauty of a rich and fulfilled life.

Sri R. R. Diwakar, M.P., Vice-President of the Bangalore Kendra, in his speech said that India was now marching towards the common goal of amity, peace, harmony and integrated progress. Towards this end she must make her own distinctive contribution.

Sri P. L. Sastry proposed a vote of thanks.

## *POPE JOHN XXIII*

A STAUNCH fighter for world unity and a teacher to mankind is lost to the world in the death of Pope John XXIII on June 3, at the age of 81. During his reign of a little over four and a half years, he had won universal love and respect and established a name for himself as a reformer who broke with tradition and instilled fresh vigour and ideas into the domain of the Church.

Born on Nov. 25, 1881 of peasant stock in Northern Italy, his association with the Church was as long as his life. After a spell of distinguished service, he was made a Cardinal in 1953 and on October 28, 1958 he was elected to the high office of the Pope and crowned a few days later. A man of radical ideas and broad outlook he reconstituted the role of the Church to suit 20th century conditions. The most memorable events of his reign are his convocation of the 21st Ecumenical Council and the issue of his famous encyclicals 'Mater et Magistra' on modern social questions and 'Pacem in Terris' on peace currently being serialised in this Journal.

Compassionate by nature, he was a frequent visitor of prisons and hospi-

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*(Continued on next page)*

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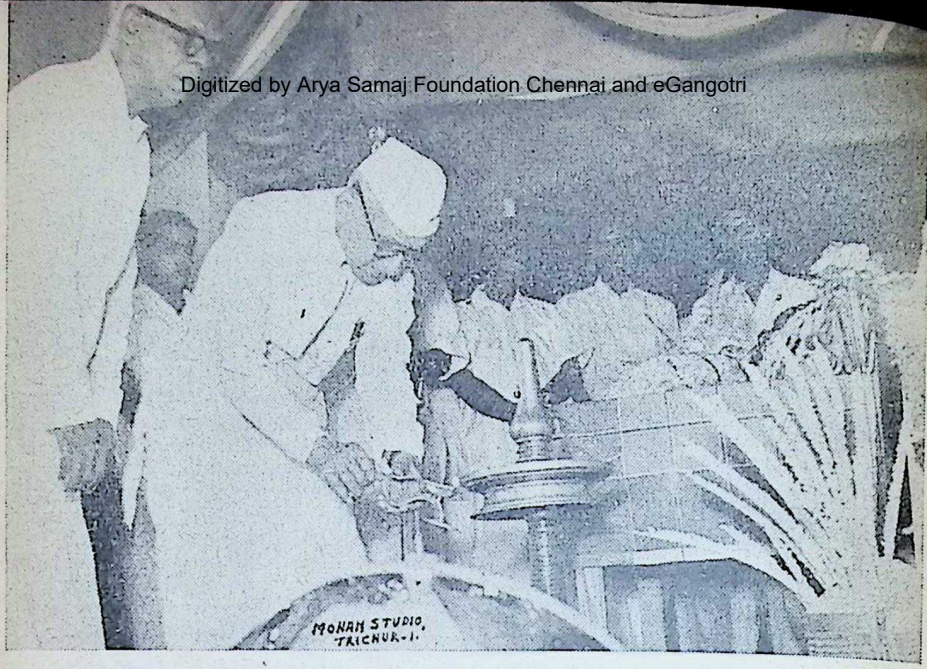


*Kulapati K. M. Munshi inaugurating the 15th Kerala Hindu Religious and Cultural Convention on the 31st of last month in the traditional manner.*

*Mr. William Unsoeld (in hat) and Mr. Barry Bishop, the two American Everest climbers.*

NOTES & NEWS—*contd.*

tals and had a tolerant attitude towards all political ideologies. Above all, he was an exalted soul who knew that love could create more than hatred could destroy. May his soul rest in peace.

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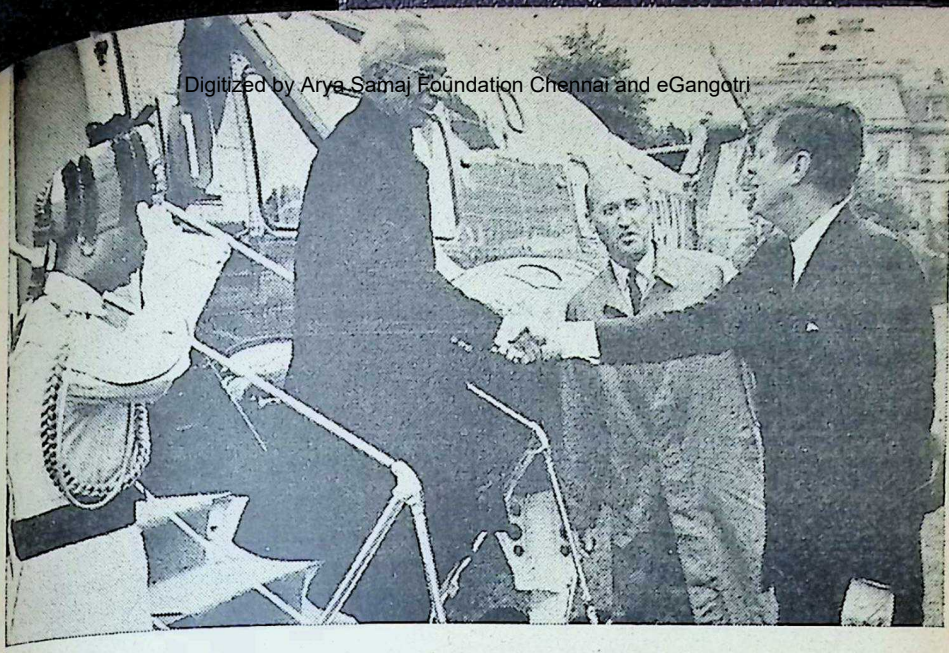

*President Kennedy greets President Radhakrishnan on the latter's arrival by helicopter at the White House lawns.*

*Dr. Radhakrishnan shaking hands with President Kennedy prior to replying to the latter's welcome speech at the North Portico of the White House. Ambassador Galbraith looks on.*

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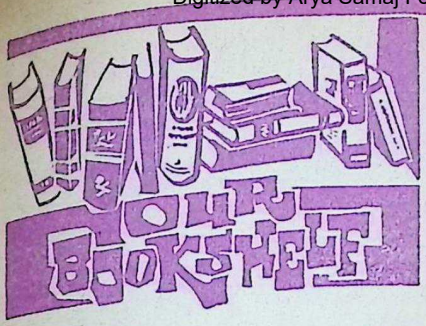


*STUDIES IN INDIAN HISTORY AND CIVILIZATION.* By Dr. Buddha Prakash. Published by Shiva Lal Agarwala & Co. (Private) Ltd., Educational Publishers, Agra. pp. 444. Price: Rs. 15.

THE Maurya and the Gupta periods constituted two of the most glorious epochs of our history. In this volume we have a welcome study in depth of some of the outstanding controversial problems that have exercised scholars for well nigh a century. The author who is head of the department of Ancient History and Culture in Punjab University fully vindicates his prefatory claim to an objective and scientific assessment of historical data gleaned from archæological, numismatic, epigraphic and literary sources (including the legendary) in deriving his conclusions regarding the topics selected for discussion. These cover a vast range—from identification of personalities (such as Poros, Chandragupta Maurya, Vikramaditya, Kalidasa, Rajashekhara) and the nature of the impacts of invaders (like the Sassanids, Greeks, Hunas, Sakas) to the fixing of the authorship and age of works like the *Mricchakatika*, *Karpuramanjari*, etc., etymology of terms like 'Thakura', the identity of tribes like the Kidarites, etc., etc.

It is not possible in á brief notice like this even to indicate the full amplitude of the issues dealt with by the learned author in the nineteen recondite chapters of this valuable treatise. Most of the discussions are, no doubt, of interest only to academic students who patient to assess, accept or reject the varied and valuable evidences and conclusions. But Dr. Prakash does not miss the wood in merely counting the trees. Hence his critical observations contained in Ch. XIV (The Geographical and Cultural Aspects of the Northern Itineraries of Raghu as described by Kalidasa), in Ch. VIII (The Main Trends of the Social and Economic History of the Maurya Empire), and in Ch. VII (Fall of the Maurya Empire) will be found illuminating even by general readers. The author's philosophical approach and perspectives are clearly and succinctly presented in the opening chapter of the book, on the Hindu Philosophy of History. In it he deals with Hindu Historiography, Law and Freedom in History, the quest of universal cultural values, and the applications of these to World History.

While it may be possible to differ from Dr. Prakash in some of his inferences, it is difficult to assail his authorities. "In these studies the endeavour has been made to follow the scientific method of the study of historical facts and cultural phenomena and to approach historical legends and traditions contained in literary works and chronicles as well as the data of archæology, epigraphy and numismatics with an open though critical mind." (preface).

—*Prof. S. R. Sharma*

*WHITHER INDIA?* A Symposium. Published by Gandhi Smarak Nidhi, New Delhi, & Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 102. Price: Re. 1.

THIS is a symposium of views on the way things are tending which can be read with pleasure and profit. The views collected here are those of thoughtful persons who speak from the depth of experience and, are, in many respects, anchors to hold on to in an uncertain sea. High seriousness is the prevailing note and though the concern exhibited the reader will find himself sharing, he will be rewarded as it is stated without any mincing of words. Sri C. Rajagopalachari has diagnosed the malady and indicated the

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briefer or more telling. The reader can choose for himself the article he likes best. Dr. Munshi, Sri Jayaprakash Narayan and others are forthright in the expression of their views, and in Rajkumari Amrit Kaur's plea for a return to the way of life shown by Gandhiji, you can almost hear her heart beating in anguish.

In the maddening clash of platitudes constantly preached from public platforms and in official or semi-official pronouncements, you can turn to this book for refreshment and relief and for reliable direction.

—*Cayenne R.*

*RAMAKRISHNA LIVES VEDANTA.* By Swami Chidbhavananda. Published by Tapovanam Publishing House, Tirupparaitturai P.O., Trichy Dt. pp. 484. Price: Rs. 7.

TO read the life of Sri Ramakrishna is an education, to follow him is *sadhana*. His life is an open book, each page of which has something instructive to say. But unless one is guided, one is apt to miss the full significance of the various events, utterances, etc. that have been recorded. From this point of view the present work by Swami Chidbhavananda breaks new ground in Ramakrishna literature.

Swamiji narrates certain key incidents in the life of the Saint and points out in what precise way they illustrate particular spiritual truths, how far they corroborate the tradition of the Vedanta. The whole narration is woven in the form of a life-story with appropriate headings, e.g. Priesthood, Brahmanhood, God-Knowledge, Vivekananda, Sri Sarada Devi, Religions Harmonised, Spiritual Ministry, etc. Important subjects of spiritual importance like Guru, Mantra, Kundalini, Grace—all these are dealt with in a beautiful manner. How Ramakrishna showed no reaction on reaching Nadia which he long wanted to visit as the birthplace of Chaitanya, but was overcome by ecstasy in the midst of the river, and how it was found on enquiry that the real Nadia which was the birthplace of the Vaishnava Saint was lying under water and the present Nadia was a new town, is only one of the several interesting incidents narrated in the book with appropriate background and comment.

Well-planned and fluently written, this book is an important addition to our spiritual literature.

—*M. P. Pandit*

## TELUGU

*SRI VANADURGA MAHAVIDYA PANCHASATI.* Published by the Oriental Power Press, Tenali (A.P.) pp. 120 + vii. Price: Rs. 3.

IN the Upāsana path there are various Vidyas of which Sri Vana Durga Mahāvidya is one. It bestows both this worldly and other-worldly fruits. People all over India, are following Sri Vana Durga Mahāvidya based upon *Kalpa Kaustubha* of *Rudrayāmala Tantra*. Another version based upon *Skanda Yāmala* is also in vogue. There are textual differences in all these. There is *Sapta Sati* ignoring even the indication given in *Kaustubha: "Srikarāh Srimahavidyāmantrāh Panchasatam Matāh"*. Some pandits have done Mantra Vibhaga for *Pancha Sati* following *Kaustubha* like what has been done for the *Sapta Sati* following *Kātyayani Tantra*. Now the three present authors—T. Veera Raghava Swamy, Sri Ramamurty and V. Venkata Rama Sastry—have examined various texts and done the Mantra Vibhāga. People who have gone through works like *Durgopanishad, Vana Durgopanishad, Skandayamala* and various traditional practices would be able to appreciate the pains taken and efforts made in bringing out the publication. We are glad to learn that it is contemplated to bring out *Sri Chakra Pratista, Sri Vidya Diksha, Sri Chakra Rajoddārakah* etc., and we look forward to their early publication.

—*Sri P. R. Raghava Raju*

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## TAMIL

*SRI KAVERI RAHASYAM*. Published by P. Mahadeva Iyer, 'Karyadarshi', Amarabharati Pariksha Samiti, Tiruvanmiyur, Madras-20. Price: Rs. 4.

THIS is an account of the river Kaveri, not only of the river but of the river goddess, for the waters of the river not only fertilise the fields but are believed to purify the soul. Her course from source to sea is sketched and the legends which have gathered round her related. The course of the river is dotted by shrines, some of which are ages old and gems of architecture. On her banks have lived and flourished wise and good men, whose lives are still an inspiration to South India. This is more than a guide-book, it is philosophic in tendency and a good addition to the devotional literature of South India.

It has the blessings of His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti *peetam*.

—*Cayenne R.*

## KANNADA

*SHVETAASHVATAROPANISHAD*. By Swami Adidevananda. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Ashram, Mysore-2. pp. 92. Price: Re. 1.

THIS Upanishad declares boldly that it has realised the Divine Reality who is attributeless, who is the ruler of the Universe, who is the all-pervasive dweller in the heart of material creation (VI-ii). Though traditionally included in the list of the 12 famous Upanishads, along with the Kausheetak, it has not been commented upon by any of the three famous Acharyas. (The Commentary printed as Sankara's in the Vani Vilas cannot obviously be by Adi Sankara, but by some other Sankara). It is affiliated to the Krishna Yajurveda. Its importance can be realised when we remember that it introduces the word 'Bhakti' for the first time into our philosophical quest in the last mantra (23) of its last (sixth) chapter. This doctrine of Bhakti dominates the philosophical quest ever afterwards almost exactly like the

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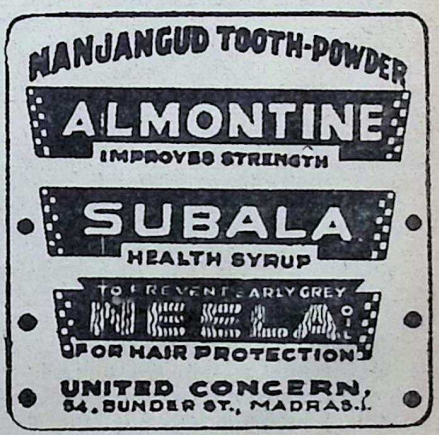


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Shvetaashva (Arjuna) of the Bharata Epic. This is a theistic testament apparently Saivite but quoted also by Vaishnavas like Ramanuja and Madhva because of its catholic outlook. The notes and the editing are excellent.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

*BRAAHMANYADA RAKSHANE.* Part I. By Kota Vasudeva Karantha. Published by himself at Nehru Avenue Cross Road, Mangalore-3. pp. 289. Price: Re. 1.10 nP.

THE author himself, a highly qualified scientist who has recently retired after having been the Chief Electrical Inspector for Madras State, seems to have done very good work after retirement. Eminently gifted with a religious bent of mind, he has started a Brahmana-seva Book series. Perhaps within seven years, he has brought out as many religious books dealing with various subjects like devotional *stotras*, our priests, significance of Gayatri, what a Brahmin should read and so on, and, what is more important, he has made them available to the public at large at amazingly cheap prices. He proves how almost all the religious practices prescribed by our ancestors fully stand the tests of the scientists and so his books should serve as an eye-opener to the modern student who would consider that the time spent in offering Sandhyaa prayers is a waste. A 'must' book for every Kannada student.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*SRI KAMALAMBAL ISAI MANIMALAI*—VOL. 2 (In Tamil): By T. V. Ramamurthy, Geeta Kamalalayam, Karnatic Music School & Publications, No. 1, Seeta Kunj, Sakharamkir Road, Mahim, Bombay-16. Rs. 2/-.

*VOICE OF TAYUMANAR:* by Shuddhananda Bharati. Published by Shuddhananda Library, Yoga Samaj, Adyar, Madras-20. pp. 134. Rs. 2/-.

*CHITRA RAMAYANAM:* (Story of Sri Rama in words and pictures) by C. R. Ekambaram. Published by The Little Flower Co., Tyagarayanagar, Madras-17. pp. 124. Rs. 3.80 nP.

*INDIAN CRICKET:* Edited by S. K. Gurunathan. Published by Kasturi & Sons Ltd., Madras. pp. 290. Rs. 5/-.

*MAHALAKSHMI RACING GUIDE:* by V. S. Mudaliar, Copies available from Sri V. S. Ramanathan, 14/L, Besant Road, Royapettah, Madras-14 and also 9, North Road, Cooke Town, Bangalore-5. pp. 130. Price: Rs. 10 or Sh. 20.

*MY REMINISCENCES OF BABU RAJENDRA PRASAD:* By Prof. Ram Nirikshan Sinha. Published by Sahitya Sadan, P.O. Samartha, Darbhanga. Rs. 2/-.

*HAMARA AHAR* (In Hindi): By Harischandra Srivastav and others. Published by Ganesh & Co., Madras-17. Rs. 2/-.

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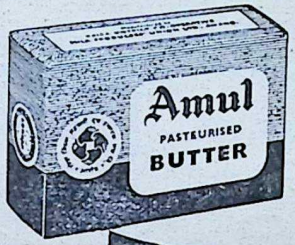


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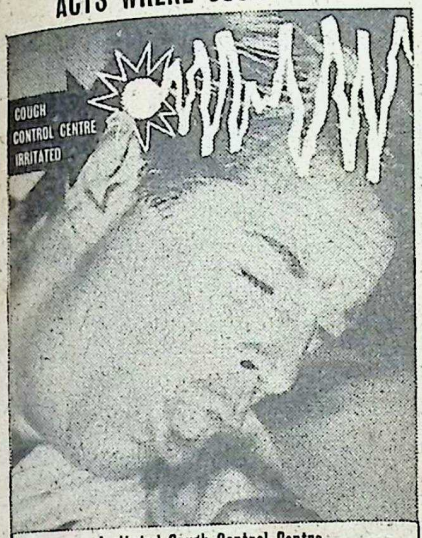


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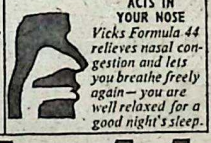

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# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

*FORTNIGHTLY* *Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture*

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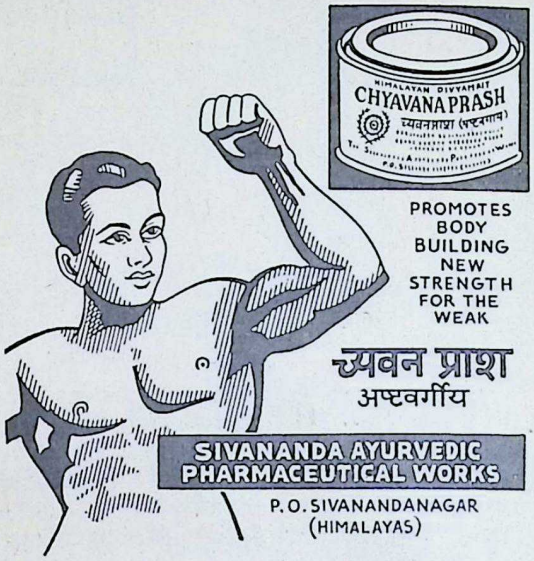


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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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# BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

## ADHERENCE TO DHARMA

मा प्र गाम पथो वयं मा यज्ञादिन्द्र सोमिनः ।
मान्त स्थुर्नो अरातयः ।।

O Lord, allow us not to deviate ever from the path of righteousness nor from meritorious sacrifices. Let not the niggardly obstruct our path.

—*Atharva Veda*, XIII, 1-59.

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 287

# ★ PROF. SOROKIN ★ HIS SYNTHETIC OUTLOOK ★ SCIENTIFIC BACKGROUND TO INDIAN THOUGHT

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

MY YOUNG FRIEND, JULY 7, 1963.

THE American Sociological Forum published early this year a volume* of critical evaluations on the contributions made by the great social scientist Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin to modern thought. Men like Prof. Arnold Toynbee, Prof. Carrado Gini of Italy, Prof. Gosta Carlsson of Sweden and others took part in that Forum. From India I was invited.

Referring to his critics in the same book, Dr. Sorokin writes in connection with my contribution: "Dr. Munshi's penetrating observation of a congeniality of my views with the prevalent currents of Indian philosophical, ethical, and psychological thought well agrees with my own experience in this matter." Here then is, what I wrote:

> Professor Pitirim Sorokin is the pre-eminent social philosopher of our age. His studies embrace social institutions and ideals; religion and philosophy; instincts, urges, and aspirations; the flight of man through ages into the region of the Spirit in search of Truth, Beauty and Love; and his ageless yearning for God. His conclusions are based on massive evidence collected with scrupulous care and marshalled with scientific precision.
>
> Among living thinkers, Sorokin and Toynbee have spent their lives in studying the past and the present to find a pattern for the future. Toynbee's outlook and training are those of a historian,

* *Pitirim A. Sorokin in Review* (Duke University Press).

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while Sorokin brings to his work on social philosophy a spiritual insight which was denied to Auguste Comte and an optimism that Spengler never had. Professor Sorokin's penetrating analysis of the social, moral, and political conditions in the modern world, particularly in Europe and America, discloses the trends which fully justify his two main conclusions based on undisputed data: first, that we are passing through a decadent age; and second, that we are on the threshold of a new and creative age; which will give free play to the moral and spiritual urges of man. The first conclusion is as devastating as the second one is heartening.

Some of Sorokin's works strike a deep chord in Indian hearts. When we read his books, we find Indian thought interpreted in terms of world movements. What to our seers was given through inspiration or intuition, we find expounded with scientific accuracy and thoroughness on the background of comparative studies in history, sociology, and religion. His outlook throughout is synthetic as of Indian seers. Today, when man is emerging from the present decadent order, he looks forward to an era of integrated culture based on universal moral order, or as Indian thinkers would term it *Dharma*, based on *Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram*—Truth, Love, Beauty.

One of the remarkable conclusions to which Sorokin comes after his study of society through the ages is that the belief that man is making a continuous progress, except in the narrow sense of technical progress, is historically unfounded. This was anticipated by ancient Indian thought when it divided individuals and societies into *daivi* and *asuri*—"rising Godward" and "falling demon-ward," or to use Sorokin's words, "ideal-ideational" and "sensate." Many of the passages in his works describing modern sensate culture appear to be an echo of the thought succinctly expressed in the *Bhagavad Gita*. When describing men who are the creatures or the victims of their egoistic impulses fostered by the "falling demon-ward" culture, the Lord says:

Such lost souls, with vision dim
Like determined foes
Come forth with cruel deeds to destroy the world.
Quenchless are their longings.
By fraud, conceit and lust,
They live inspired and strive

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Deluded, grasping lies for truth,
Bound to vows impure.
Engrossed in ceaseless worries are they
Till they die; satisfying their desires their only goal.
Enmeshed by a hundred fetters of hope,
Steeped in desire and wrath,
They seek but to gather wealth
By unjust means,
Bent only on satisfying their lust.

"See what I have secured today," they say,
"On this is my mind set next,
Already this much is mine;
This much more shall be mine hereafter.
This enemy have I slain today:
Those others I shall slay anon.
I am the lord: I enjoy as I like.
Successful, strong, and happy am I.
I am high born, wealthy—
Who else is there like me?
I shall offer sacrifice;
I shall scatter gifts, rejoice."

Deluded by ignorance, maddened by fancies,
Caught fast in delusion, these men,
By sensual pleasures dragged,
Rush headlong into Hell.
Such cruel men of malice, most vile of men,
I hurl back again in other godless wombs.
Deluded fools these,
Birth after birth passing through godless wombs,
Never do they come unto me, son of Kunti!
They wend their way to the lowest of low estate.

The ancient Hindu thought again has a cyclical theory. According to it, whenever *adharma* or unrighteousness prevails, the society is destroyed and the rule of righteousness is re-established again. This basic thought acquires scientific validity in the works of Sorokin.

Sorokin is one of the very few Western thinkers who have appreciated the standpoint and technique of yoga. Speaking about the technique of yoga, in his book, *The Ways and Power of Love*, Sorokin says:

> The system of the techniques of each yoga contains in itself some of the techniques of other Yogas. The integral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo (and also the various techniques practised by Ramakrishna) deliberately attempts to unite the main techniques of all the Yogas.

In many respects, Sorokin's works provide a scientific background to the integral philosophy of Sri Aurobindo, the great Indian

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mystic and thinker, who has synthesized ancient and modern thought in India and elsewhere. Both, one by insight and the other by scientific study, stand against materialism and that brand of rationalism which denies to man a higher or a supra-conscious mind. Both of them, each in his own characteristic way, stand against the insectifying psychology of Freud. Both stand for an integrated approach to reality. The true reality and value, according to Sorokin, is "an infinite manifold; has sensory, super-sensory, rational and super-rational aspects, all harmoniously reflecting this infinity."

The altruism of Sorokin was emphasized in Indian thought as *paramartha,* "seeking other's welfare," and has the same goal as the integral yoga of Sri Aurobindo, viz., the total transformation of man and society to be achieved by overcoming the conflicts in individual and collective life and releasing creative energy.

Like Indian seers, Sorokin holds the view that genuine creativeness demands "something more than the operation of our conscious egos." It can be realized only by developing the inspiration or intuition of the superconscious, in Sanskrit called *prajna,* by developing which, as Patanjali, the ancient author of the classic textbook Yoga Sutra, puts it, all things are seen in "their real meaning and significance."

With regard to the imperative need of developing the forces of the superconscious, which Indian seers emphasize, Sorokin says:

> If the as yet largely unknown "fission forces" of the superconscious are revealed and fully exploited, they can become the most decisive agency of man's self-control, as well as of the control of others and of all the known and unknown forms of the inorganic, organic, and conscious energies in man and the universe. Their neglect by sensate science has been one of the chief reasons for its failure in the fields discussed. What is needed is a concentration of humanity's efforts on unlocking the secrets of the superconscious as the realm of the most powerful, most creative, and most ennobling forces in the entire universe. The more man becomes an instrument of the superconscious, the more creative, wiser, and nobler he grows; the more easily he controls himself and his unconscious and egoistic conscious energies, the more he comes to resemble God, as the supreme ideal. In the superconscious lies our main hope, the road to humanity's "promised land" of peace, wisdom, beauty, and goodness.*

---

* P. A. Sorokin, *Reconstruction of Humanity* (Bhavan's Book University Series), pp. 183-86.

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Referring to the technique of evoking the superconscious followed by seers in all lands, Sorokin summarizes the position, as follows:

*As a preliminary condition for obtaining control of the unconscious and conscious by the superconscious and for unlocking the forces of the superconscious, they unanimously demand the liberation of a person from all forms of egoism and the development of a love for the Absolute, for all living beings, for the whole universe, in its negative aspect of not causing pain to anybody by thought, word, or deed, and in its positive aspect of unselfish service, devotion, and help to and sacrifice for others.*

The same is true of the systems of all the great mystics, stoics, ascetics, and other true followers of these systems. *They all unanimously say that the practice of kindness and love is one of the best therapies for curing many mental disorders; for the elimination of sorrow, loneliness, and unhappiness; for the mitigation of hatred and other anti-social tendencies; and, above all, for the ennoblement of human personality, for release in man of his creative forces, and for the attainment of union with God and peace with onself, others, and the universe.**

After a comprehensive survey of religious thought and practice, Sorokin establishes the scientific value of the goal of human effort as envisaged by the *Bagavad Gita.* In that Lord's Song, Sri Krishna, the Lord, says.

Integrated in yoga, the man who has realized himself sees the Supreme Self abiding in all things and all things in Him. To Him, all things are equal.

He who thus sees Me everywhere, and sees everything in Me, is never separated from Me, nor I from him. With all his powers fully integrated, he worships Me as dwelling in all created things.

Both Toynbee and Sorokin agree in the view that humanity cannot survive without the religious spirit born of faith. Even Jung, after a clinical experience of thirty years and of many hundreds of patients, in his *Modern Man in Search of a Soul,* comes to the same conclusion that men in modern times are unhappy because of want of faith. Those alone are happy, who are rooted in supreme faith. Thus we have been seeking light, though the light was there all the time.

Rightly, therefore, Sorokin comes to the conclusion that the older world religions need not be replaced, for their "intuitions and conceptions are essentially valid and supremely edifying." That confirms the attitude of Indian thought towards all religions. "Whatsoever the form," Sri Krishna says, "in which the devotee desires to worship with faith, that faith I strengthen in him."

* *Ibid.*, pp. 202-203. Italics by the author.

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Sorokin's solution for human ills, among other things, is for the individual to escape "religious shells" and revitalize his own religious spirit by developing a vital sense of the living presence of God any by transforming overt conduct in the direction of practising what he preaches. This is the age-old concept of *ishvar pranidhana,* surrender unto God, and *Satya,* the unity of thought, word, and deed.

Indian religious philosophy and literature are replete with *bhakti,* love in the sense of agape described as God's way to man —or rather God Himself. We have in India practical textbooks like Narada's *Bhakti-sutra,* devotional epics like the *Bagavata,* and hymns of saints and mystics which have uplifted millions for centuries.

Such form of devotion is described, preached, and practised in most religions. But, for the first time in modern thought, Sorokin, as a result of modern research carried on with scientific precision and thoroughness, describes, analyzes, and illustrates all the aspects and techniques of love, in his monumental work, *The Ways and Power of Love,* and makes it the basis for transforming individual and collective life.

Thus, all aspects of life, conduct, urges, and aspirations are passed in review and co-ordinated in Sorokin's works to produce a system of social and psychological reconstruction, which the seers of every country stood for and which alone can lead man out of the sorry mess which he has made of his life in modern times.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

---

*The greatest happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves, or rather loved in spite of ourselves.*

—Victor Hugo

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# THE SINE QUA NON

*'If the salt loseth its savour,*
*Wherewith shall it be salted?'*
—Sermon on the Mount.

OF late there has been a spate of comment in many countries involving the conduct and reputation of leading men holding high public offices. In this connection, the *London Times* has stated that an effective antidote to this is the fostering of a moral and spiritual climate. The fact of the matter is that modern governments, in their feverish and endless preoccupation with the raising of the *standard of living*, essential though it is, have grossly neglected the raising of the *standard of life*. Unless there is a balanced approach, the result cannot be anything but what we are witnessing today. In the craze for the goods of life, people are forgetting the need for a good life.

In a democracy, sovereignty is said to *reside* ultimately in the people. But it *functions* from day to day in the hands of those to whom the governance of the country has been committed. The man in the street may be the *de jure* sovereign; but the high-ups in the hierarchy of administrators are the *de facto* sovereigns. Severally and collectively, they are the modern counterparts of the kings of old.

When King Dasaratha asked his subjects why they were eager to have his son Rama as their Yuvaraja, they replied with one voice:

'Many are the *Kalyanagunas* that adorn your son'. As pre-eminent among them they declared:

रामः सत्पुरुषो लोके सत्यधर्मपरायणः।
साक्षाद्रामाद्विनिर्वृत्तो धर्मश्चापि श्रिया सह॥

'Rama is a *Satpurusha* in this world ever devoted to *satya* and *dharma*. *Dharma* with which true prosperity is ever knit issues forth from him.' They spoke of him as *Dharmajna*, one who knew the law, as *Satya Sandha*, constant to Truth, as *Seelavan*, of noble conduct. Valmiki teaches us that these are the chief *atmagunas* which one who wishes to be a ruler should try to possess.

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It is the same idea that is conveyed by Manu and by Kautilya when they speak of the qualifications of a Minister. Both of them lay great emphasis on *Saucha* or purity of character which always goes with sense-control. For, says Manu:

जितेन्द्रियो हि शक्नोति वशे स्थापयितुं जनान्।

'It is only he who has conquered his senses that can establish his subjects in righteousness.'

Manu points out that two forces which undermine the senses for *Dharma* in a ruler are lust and greed; and he adds that when *Dharma* declines, prosperity ebbs away. Speaking about who should be appointed a Minister, Manu says that he should be *anuraktah*, with concern for the welfare of the people and *suchih*, pure and undefiled by woman and wealth.

Writing to the same effect, Kautilya observes:

एवं वश्येन्द्रियः परस्त्रीद्रव्यहिंसाश्च वर्जयेत्।

'Thus controlling the senses, the ruler should keep away from woman and wealth that do not belong to him, and he should abstain from causing injury. The sensual eye corrodes the individual; the greasy palm corrupts the society.

Necessary as these abstinences are for any person, they are all the more so for those who are charged with the task of government. The ancient idea of a king is not associated merely with wielding power. The king is a *rakshaka*, the guardian of the people, administering the eternal *dharma*. Never was he considered to be above the law. *Dharma* was held paramount, above the king, and he had to submit to it like any one of his people. Kalidasa speaks of King Dilipa as being a father to his subjects by virtue of his disciplining them in the art of righteous living, his protecting and supporting them.

There cannot be one law for the rulers and another for the people. Rama had not to think twice before he exiled his wife to silence slandering tongues though he knew that Sita did not deserve to be put away. That a Chola king caused his chariot to be driven over his prostrate son to expiate for the Prince's sin of unwittingly killing a calf under his chariot wheel is a fact of recorded history. Kannaki's anger consigned the Pandyan capital to flames as her lord and husband had been falsely accused and hastily punished. Thus when a king or minister violates

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*dharma*, knowingly or unknowingly, he falls from his high estate and in the process deflates the moral standards of his people. As the ancient dictum goes यथा राजा तथा प्रजः – 'as the king, so the people.'

The rulers in a democracy, the ministers, are the representatives of the people. More than being the instruments to implement the General Will, they are those to whom have been entrusted the peoples' sense for morality and their respect for *dharma* to be observed as the Directive Principles of State Practice. *Satya* and *Saucha*, Truth and Purity, should be their twin guiding stars.

It behoves the representatives of the people vested with administrative authority to keep true to this trust without yielding to temptations of private desire or personal profit. If they belie this trust, they do so at grave peril to themselves. Legend and history alike testify to the dire consequences of disregard of *dharma* by those placed in charge of the destinies of a people. The contemporary scene too provides striking instances of men in position, who made secret trysts with lust or lucre, coming to an ignoble end. That is a lesson for those who, inclined to sophistry, may consider the stories in our classics pointing this moral as false and utopian.

Dharma protects its protector, but it vanquishes him, however exalted he may be, who seeks to subvert it:

धर्मो रक्षति रक्षितः। हतो हन्ति च हन्तारम्।

God's mill grinds slow but sure.

The individual or the family or the government that allows an entrance to and tolerates the germs of immorality—lust, lucre, duplicity, dissension and the like—is ruined for ever. The *sine qua non* to salvation is to recognise the majesty of the Moral Law and to take effective measures to prevent moral decay. This is best done by ensuring that the higher echelon in the administration is composed of people of unimpeachable integrity and uncompromising rectitude. No amount of ability is of the slightest avail without character. The great hope of society is in individual character. An honest man is the noblest work of God.

*The noblest contribution which any man can make for the benefit of posterity is that of a good character. The richest bequest which any man can leave to the youth of his native land is that of a shining, spotless example.* —R. C. Winthrop

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# MAN IS NOT A BRUTE

**Mahatma Gandhi**

*...A man in the grip of sensual desire is a man without moorings. If such a one were to guide society, where would society be...?*

He who has realized the misery of mankind in all its magnitude will never be stirred by passion.

He will instinctively know the fountain of strength in him, and he will ever persevere to keep it undefiled. His humble strength will command respect of the world, and he will wield an influence greater than that of the sceptred monarch.

But I am told that this is an impossible ideal, that I do not take count of the natural attraction between man and woman.

I refuse to believe that the sensual affinity, referred to here, can be at all regarded as natural; in that case, the deluge would soon be over us.

The natural affinity between man and woman is the attraction between brother and sister, mother and son, or father and daughter. It is that natural attraction that sustains the world.

I should find it impossible to live, much less carry on my work, if I did not regard the whole of womankind as sisters, daughters or mothers.

If I looked at them with lustful eyes, it would be the surest way to perdition.

A man in the grip of the sensual desire is a man without moorings.

If such a one were to guide society, to flood it with his writings and men were to be swayed by them, where would society be?

And yet, we have the very thing happening today.

Supposing a moth whirling round a light were to record the moments of its fleeting joy and we were to imitate it, regarding it as an examplar, where would we be?

Marriage is meant to cleanse the hearts of the couple of sordid passions and take them nearer to God.

Lustless love between husband and wife is not impossible.

Man is not a brute. He has risen to a higher state after countless births in brute creation.

He is born to stand, not to walk on all fours or crawl.

Bestiality is as far removed from manhood, as matter from spirit.

[Courtesy: *Navajivan Trust*]

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# Guru and God

Swami Sivananda

*THE full-moon day in the month of Ashadha is the extremely auspicious and holy day of Guru Purnima. On this Ashadha Purnima Day, sacred to the memory of the great sage Sri Vyasa Bhagawan or Sri Krishna Dwaipayana, Sannyasins settle at some place to study, do Vedantic Vichar, and discourse on the thrice-blessed* Brahma Sutras *composed by Maharshi Vyasa.*

*Sri Veda Vyasa has done unforgettable service to all humanity for all time by editing the four Vedas, writing the eighteen Puranas, the* Mahabharata *and the* Bhagavata. *We can attempt to repay this deep debt of gratitude we owe him only by constant study of his works, and practice of his teachings imparted for the regeneration of humanity in this iron age or Kali Yuga.*

*In honour of this divine personage, all Sadhaks and devotees perform Vyasa Puja on this day; aspirants worship their Guru. Mahatmas and Sadhus are honoured and entertained, and acts of charity done by all Grihastis with deep faith and sincerity.*

शिवे रुष्टे गुरुस्त्राता
गुरौ रुष्टे न कश्चन।
लब्ध्वा कुलगुरुं सम्यग्
गुरुमेव समाश्रयेत् ॥

When God is angry, Guru is the saviour. When Guru gets angry none is the saviour. Therefore, one must obtain a suitable family-Guru and seek his refuge.

GURU-BHAKTI and Guru-Seva are like the two oars of the boat of Sadhana that takes the disciple across the torrential stream of Samsara. One who has surrendered himself to his Guru, one who serves the Guru whole-heartedly, one who has great Guru-Bhakti, knows no grief, no sorrow, no fear, no pain, no misery, no ignorance and is eventually sure to attain God-realization.

If the disciple humbles himself and takes shelter at the lotus-feet of a Guru—one who has known what has to be known, one who has attained what has to be attained, and who is in a position to show the way—he must think that he is really thrice-blessed.

Obey implicitly the orders of your Guru and be very persevering in it. Obedience should be very practical, whole-hearted and consistent. If the disciple tries to fulfil the dictates of the Guru in the fullest possible, practical manner with perseverance and determination, only then the Grace of the Guru will descend upon him and help him speedily attain the goal of Self-realisation.

The following story will amply testify this:

Rishi Ayuda Dhaumya had three disciples, namely Aruni, Upamanyu and Veda. They attained to great eminence on account of their intense and

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unswerving devotion to their Guru even under difficult circumstances.

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One day the Rishi asked Aruni of Panchala to go and stop a breach in the water-course in his field. Aruni went to the spot but could not stop the breach in spite of his earnest efforts. He felt very sorry for his inability to carry out his preceptor's bidding, but at last he found out a means. He entered into the breach and laid himself down there and was finally able to stop the breach.

Sometime later the Guru enquired the other disciples as to the whereabouts of Aruni. They replied, "Adorable Guru! He has been sent by you to stop the breach in the water-course in the field." The Guru decided to go out to the fields with his disciples to know the whereabouts of Aruni.

When they arrived at the fields, Rishi Dhaumya called out, "O Aruni, where are you? Come here, my child."

Hearing the voice of his preceptor, Aruni rose at once from the breach and ran to him. He said to his Guru, "I was in the breach of the water-course. Being unable to stop the water by any other means, I myself entered into the breach. It was when I heard your honour's voice that I left the place and allowed the water to escape. I salute you, great teacher! Please tell me what I am to do now."

The Preceptor was highly pleased with his disciple and said "As you have plugged the breach in the water-course with your body, you shall be henceforth known as Uddalaka, as a mark of my favour. As you have obeyed my commands, you shall obtain good fortune. All the Vedas will shine in you, and so will all the Dharma-Shastras. They will give you power and will become clear to you. You will be very happy in life."

Being thus blessed by his Preceptor, Aruni departed to the country to which he belonged. In later life he became very famous under the name of Uddalaka.

It was the Guru's grace and blessings that made Aruni happy and famous. It was the Guru's grace that helped him to obtain knowledge of Brahman. Aruni obtained his Guru's grace through sincere and unswerving service and devotion.

Service of Guru is a supreme blessing. Devotion to the Guru is great purifier of the heart. Guru's grace alone can help the aspirant to cross this formidable ocean of Samsara.

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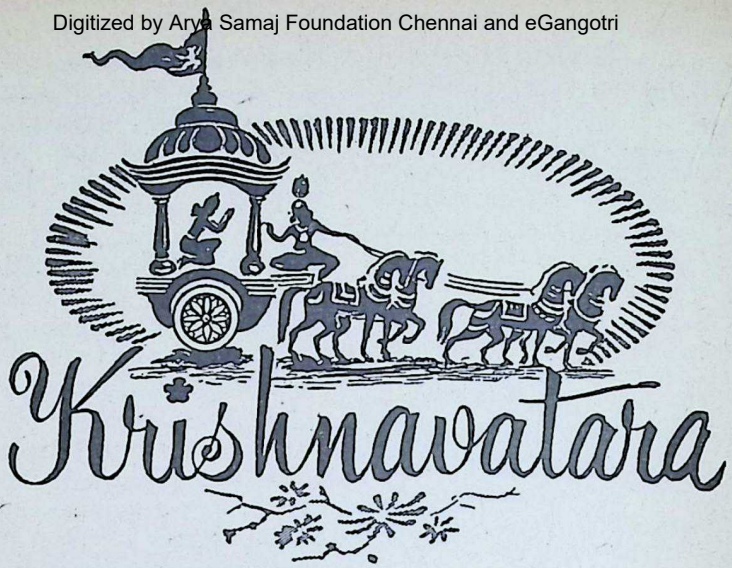


PART III

CHAPTER XXIV

# The Boy Who Was a Girl

DRONAACHARYA, the great military leader of the Kurus, sat in his usual seat in front of his mansion in the *yuddhashala* of Hastinapur. A frown was on his brow and his brilliant eyes were lit up by displeasure.

Before him stood Duryodhana, the stout and handsome Prince of the Kurus, the elegant master-bowman Karna, the King of Anga, and also his own son Aswatthaama. They had come to their teacher to tell him of the great victory they had won over Chekitaana, the Yadava King of Pushkar, but remained to be reproved for their impetuous, thoughtless action.

'I told you, Duryodhana, to make a friend of Chekitaana and bring his son to be educated here. And what did you do? You went and overwhelmed him. There was no sense in the Kurus crushing a small fly like that. And you drove him across the Yamuna,' said Dronaacharya.

'He was obstinate, Master. He did not acknowledge defeat,' said Karna hastily, his fine face flushed in indignation. 'He had therefore to be driven out of his kingdom.'

'He was a brave man; that was why I wanted to make him a friend,' replied Dronaacharya, showing his displeasure by the way he spoke. 'Who will now guard that highway? The Yadava chiefs are settled all along the highway to Pushkar.'

'But you approved of our march-

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ing on Chekitaana, father,' said Aswatthaama, with ill-concealed dislike of the rebuke.

'He would never have been our friend, Gurudeva,' said Duryodhana peevishly.

'I wish you sometimes applied your mind to making friends,' said Dronaacharya.

'He could never be our friend', said Karna emphatically. 'And he should be uprooted like a poisonous plant.'

'But how can you destroy enemies without friends? asked Dronaacharya.

'With Pushkar in our hands, we can look after Virat and Krishna both. The whole highway between Saurashtra and Hastinapur will be under our control,' said Karna.

Dronaacharya looked at his pupils with contempt. 'If the Yadavas and Virat combine against us now, we will have our hands full with them. Then who would stop Drupad from marching on Hastinapur?'

'And I have asked Vikarna to take charge of Pushkar,' said Karna.

'But where will you find the Kuru warriors to settle in a wilderness—with hostile Virat on one side, Shalva on the other, and the Yadava chiefs gathering round Chekitaana? Well, now go. My blessings. I will discuss the matter with Grandfather and see what we can do,' said Dronaacharya.

After the three youngsters had left, Dronaacharya was wrapped in thought. Duryodhana was headstrong, self-willed and impetuous as ever; he could never take to statesmanship and never could follow advice implicitly.

His plan had failed. He wanted to strengthen the frontier against Shalva and even the Yadavas by making Chekitaana a loyal friend. Now his pupils had gone and made of him an implacable enemy. Would Krishna go to his assistance and recapture Pushkar?

Krishna had become a major problem, thought Dronaacharya. He was now in Kampilya, possibly soon going to marry Drupad's daughter. With Chekitaana, the Yadava, driven out of his domain, Krishna and his father-in-law were likely to declare a war on the Kurus, particularly at a time when there was disaffection among the Kuru chiefs on account of the death of the Five Brothers. It was not a very happy prospect. Hasty, short-sighted, obstinate fools these, Dronaacharya muttered. How long will it take them to realise that mere exhibition of strength is not valour?

Dronaacharya was so lost in thought that he even forgot to indulge in his favourite pastime of throwing grams to the fish and the tortoises. Even his assistant, who with four new cadets wanting to join the *yuddhashala,* did not catch his eye for a long time.

'Yes, Shankh?' said Dronaacharya when he awoke from his reverie. 'Did you find these boys fit for joining us?'

Shankh, a middle-aged disciple who was in charge of selecting new entrants to the *yuddhashala,* stepped near the Guru and whispered: 'The boy who came the day before is more of a girl than a boy.'

'Turn him out,' said the Guru severely. 'I do not take a pupil who is more of a girl than a boy,' he added with a decisive sweep of his hand.

'He would not go, Gurudeva. He

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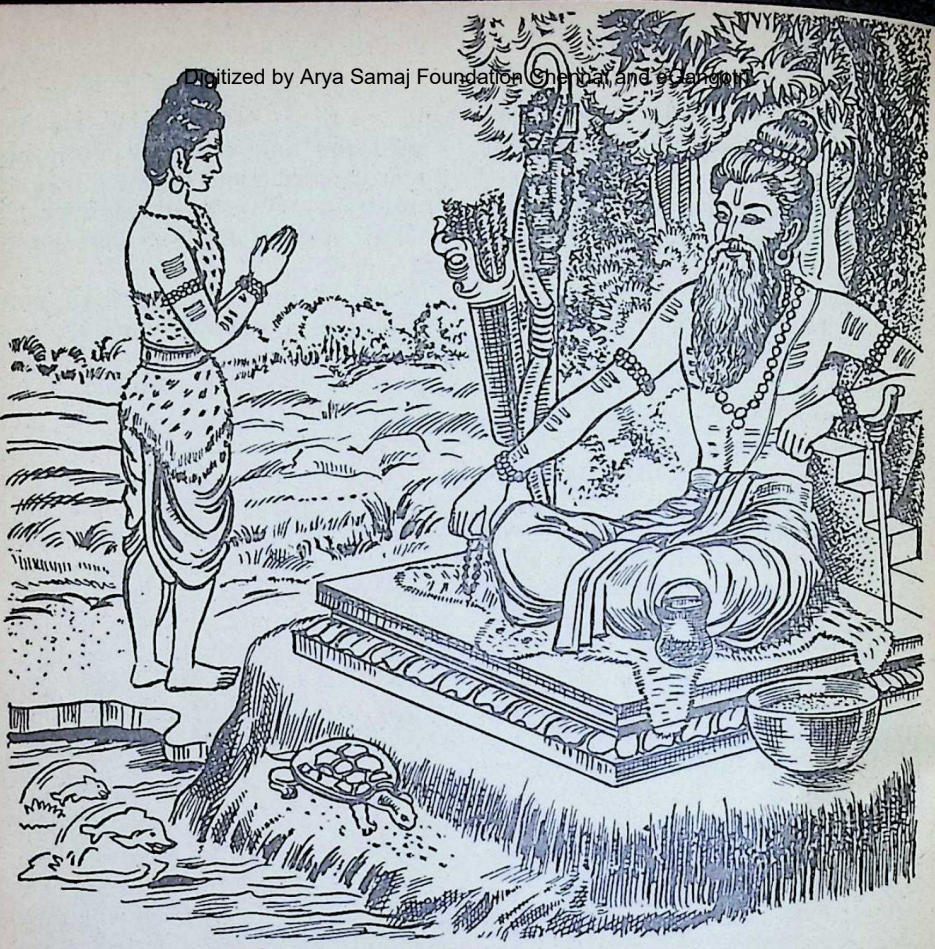

*Shikhandin and Drona.*

refuses to take his food till you have met him yourself,' said Shankh with hands folded.

'What about the others? Call them,' ordered the Guru.

Two boys between the ages of twelve and fourteen, came forward led by Shankh. 'These are the sons of the Kuru chief Subahu from Uttarkuru. He is also here,' said Shankh, pointing to the chief who stood near his sons.

'I do not want the father. I want the sons,' snapped the Guru. Then he turned to the boys. 'You are twelve—and you, fourteen?'

'Yes, lord,' muttered the boys frightened at the severe mien of the Guru.

'What have you been doing all these years?' asked the Guru with a frown. 'Your father ought to have known that the age for joining the Guru, as enjoined by the Shastras, is eight.'

The boys looked down and stood rooted to the spot. Their father stepped forward and, unnerved by the severe demeanour of the Guru, said: 'Their mother would not part with them at an early age.'

'And wasted four years? All right,'

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said the Guru. 'Boys, I take you as my pupils, but you will have to work hard. Are you ready to face it, both of you?' he asked and his eyes suddenly became paternal.

This encouraged one of the boys, who said with joined but trembling hands, 'Yes, Gurudeva.'

Dronaacharya called them nearer him, smiled and patted them on the back. 'If you work hard to learn, I shall also work hard to see that you learn.'

The boys were overwhelmed at this gracious gesture and fell at the Guru's feet. After receiving his blessings, they left.

Then a hefty boy, his face full of ill-concealed pride, came forward. 'Angaaraka is from Kambhoj, venerable Sir,' said Shankh, introducing the young candidate. 'He is related to the noble Princess Bhanumatidevi.'

'What is your age?' asked Dronaacharya with narrowed eyes.

'Sixteen,' said the boy with a superior smile.

'What were you doing all this time?' asked the Guru with a note of disapproval in his voice.

'Wrestling, riding, hunting,' said Angaaraka, setting out his qualifications with self-confidence.

'Then, what do you want to come here for?' asked the Guru.

'Father insists that I should come here. He says that you alone can teach me how to be a good warrior,' replied the boy.

'Have you got it in you to be a good warrior?' asked the Guru in a voice of contempt.

The boy was in no way disconcerted by the attitude of the Guru. He smiled and said: 'Father thinks that I am already on the way to be a warrior.'

'What do *you* think, my boy?' asked the Guru.

The boy smiled. 'If you ask me, I am as good a warrior as any.'

A smile flickered on the lips of the Guru. 'I see,' he said. 'Perhaps you are right. But we must find it out.' Then he called Shankh. 'Shankh, set him to a test—will you?—in hunting, riding, mace-combat and body-combat with Sukarna.' Then turning to Angaaraka, he said: 'He is only thirteen. You can beat him if you can.'

'I will beat him hollow,' said Angaaraka with a smirk.

'Then you do not need any more training,' said the Guru quietly.

'I thought so. Suppose he beats me?'

Drona laughed outright for the first time. 'Then you do not join my *yuddhashala*, boy.'

'Not join? Why?' asked Angaaraka.

'Because you lack the humility to be a good student,' said the Guru and in an authoritative manner, waved him away.

After Angaaraka was dismissed, Shankh brought forward the fourth boy who was dressed as an anchorite and whom Shankh had described more of a girl than a boy. He was a lovely boy with a silky skin, beautiful eyes and a sweet mouth. He walked slowly, hesitantly, with an imperceptible feminine grace. His locks, matted at the top of his head, were long and soft, and his hips below the antelope skin, had tell-tale curves. Yet he was vigorous and strong, and bore himself like a boy. He prostrated him-

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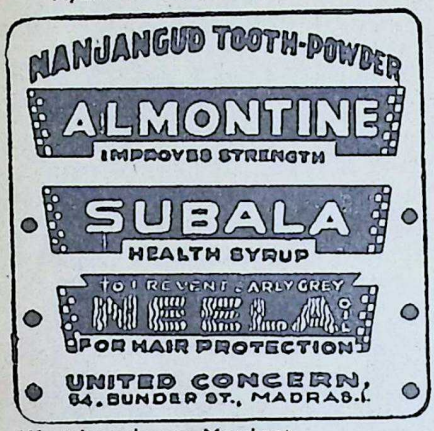


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self before the Acharya with the easy grace of a well-born Arya.

Dronaacharya was interested in the strange personality of the boy, who might as well have been a girl. The boy, conspicuously well-mannered, stood with folded hands, waiting to be spoken to.

'You are the boy who came to the *yuddhashala* two days ago?' asked Dronaacharya in a kindly manner which he scarcely adopted with strangers.

'Yes, lord.'

'What is your name?'

'My name is Shikhandin, lord. It is true that I am the boy who came two days ago by boat.' The voice which the boy tried to make firm and vigorous, was sweet, almost feminine.

'And you refused to take food till you saw me yourself?' asked the Guru.

'Yes, lord,' said the boy, bending his head gracefully over his joined hands.

'Why?'

'To be your pupil is the only aim of my life. If the aim is not fulfilled, I have nothing to live for,' replied the boy modestly.

'What is your *gotra*, brahmachari?' asked the Guru.

'I am not a Brahman. I am a Kshatriya of the Kaushik Gotra, lord.'

'Have you been initiated into the studies of the *Vedas?*'

'Yes, lord.'

'Archery?'

'Yes.'

'Mace-combat?'

'I want to learn it at your worshipful feet,' said the boy, lowering his eyes modestly.

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'What is your age?' asked the Guru, feeling interested in the boy.

'Sixteen, lord,' replied the boy.

'But you look twelve,' remarked the Guru.

'That is my misfortune,' said the boy.

'Have you learnt the elements of body-combat?'

'No, lord.' The face of the boy was red with confusion. In an almost inaudible voice he added: 'No teacher would teach it to me.'

'Why?'

Shikhandin felt confused. Then he summoned up courage to say: 'My teachers suspected that I was a girl.' It was said so modestly that the Guru could not help smiling at the boy's confusion.

'I do not teach girls either,' said the Guru.

'You would, I am sure, lord, if you knew how unfortunate I am,' said the boy almost in a choking voice.

'Where do you come from and who are your parents?' asked the Guru.

●●●

The great military leader, ordinarily severe and authoritative in his dealings with men, looked at the girlish boy with an indulgent smile.

'My mother was the Princess of Kashi,' said the boy, and then paused as if his throat was choking. Then he cleared it and said: 'My father is your enemy, the noble Drupad, King of Panchala.'

Dronaacharya was taken aback. The smile disappeared. 'Then what the rumours say is true. You are the daughter of King Drupad, whom your mother brought up as a boy at her father's house?' he asked.

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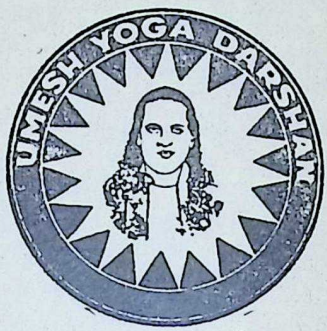


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'Yes, lord,' replied Shikhandin, lowering his eyes. 'I was brought to my father after my mother's death when I was ten.'

'All along you were passed off as a boy?' asked Dronaacharya.

'Yes. Father wanted me to be what I really was. But I resisted stubbornly. I wanted to be a boy, to learn the art of war, to take my rightful place as the brother of noble Dhristadyumna and Satyaajit. Father was angry,' said the boy.

Dronaacharya's suspicions were then aroused and he wanted to go to the bottom of this mysterious appearance of Shikhandin in his *yuddhashala*. 'Why?' he asked.

'Father thought that it was dishonest for me to pass off as a boy,' came the straightforward reply. 'I was in distress beyond words. My tastes, upbringing and training—all were those of a boy. I wanted to be a warrior like my father and brothers.'

'Did you never feel that you would like to be a girl?' asked Dronaacharya.

'Sometimes I did,' replied Shikhandin. 'My heart invariably revolted against harshness, cruelty, wickedness. Often I felt attracted to boys, but in a way different from the ways of boys. I was sensitive and was worked up on occasions. But I crushed this part of my nature. I tried to be a boy.'

'When were you discovered that you were a girl?'

'No one knew that I was a girl except my father, my brothers, my sister and minister Udbodhana, but they all kept it a secret. Many people did suspect that I was not a boy. My teachers, out of suspicion, would not teach me body-combat and mace-combat; for if I had insisted, I would have been discovered for what I was,' said the boy.

'But I have heard that you were married to the Princess of Dasharna even before you came to your father's court,' said Dronaacharya.

'Yes. An offer was made and father accepted it. When we were married, the princess was six years old. And now the King Hiranyavarman insists that his daughter should be called to Kampilya. That is why I have run away,' said Shikhandin frankly.

'Or rather your father sent you to me?' asked Dronaacharya. He had a feeling that Drupad was trying to plant his daughter on him as a spy.

'No,' said Shikhandin and looked up with courage. 'My father does not know that I have come here.'

'No? Do you want me to believe that you, a royal princess, came away without the knowledge of your father?' asked Dronaacharya.

'Yes, I did. I stole away at night from Kampilya. I had to run away or to drown myself before my wife came to me.'

'But why come to me?' asked Dronaacharya.

'I was told that in the three worlds, there was only one guru who could make a great warrior out of a girl,' said Shikhandin almost piteously. He began to fear that Dronaacharya would not accept him as his pupil.

'He must be a fool who told you that I take girls as my pupils,' said the Guru a little impatiently.

'No, lord,' replied Shikhandin. 'The man who told me was the finest man I have come across in my life.'

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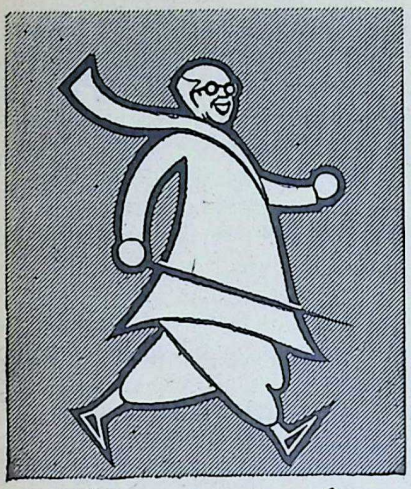


'Who is he?' asked Dronaacharya.

'Krishna V*aa*sudeva.'

On hearing this name, Dronaacharya startled, sat up and caught his breath. Krishna V*aa*sudeva was weaving a magic web around him. He was in Kampilya. He was going to marry the daughter of his enemy. Now he was planting his enemy's daughter in his *yuddhashala*. It was all now clear to him. And he decided to beat Krishna at his own game.

'Does V*aa*sudeva know that you are a girl?' he asked.

'I told him so,' replied Shikhandin.

'What sort of a man is he?' asked Dronaacharya.

'He is a wonderful man, lord,' replied Shikhandin, moved by deep admiration. 'He came to Kampilya and its cloudy atmosphere became joyous. Everyone of us felt different—even father.'

Dronaacharya was now all attention. His alert mind now wanted to know all about things in Kampilya. 'Has he accepted your father's proposal to marry your sister?' he asked.

'You know already about it?' asked Shikhandin raising his eyes. 'Do you want to know what Krishna V*aa*sudeva said to the proposal? He has declined to wed my sister Krishn*aa*. He said that he would not wed a princess to become the instrument of her father's wrath.'

For a moment Dronaacharya felt as if he was hearing the words in a dream. He could not believe his ears. In spite of the transparent honesty of Shikhandin, he thought that he was only trying to deceive him. 'How do you know that Krishna declined to marry your sister?' he asked.

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'I overheard him when he told so to father,' replied Shikhandin.

Dronaacharya felt that the boy was telling the truth and a change came over him. 'How did Vaasudeva come to advise you to come to me?' he asked.

'About the time he came to Kampilya, the message of my fahter-in-law had come. My wife was to be sent for. This created a terrible situation for father, for me and for the whole of Panchala. The moment she came, I would be found out and my family would be exposed to ridicule. Father, who is so honest, would be charged with deception in passing me off as a boy and getting me married to the Princess of Dasharna.'

'Yes, then?'

'Then I made up my mind to run away or to die before my secret was discovered. But curiously, when I saw Vaasudeva, a new hope was born in me,' said Shikhandin.

'How? What hope did he give you? asked Dronaacharya.

'Vaasudeva did not give me any hope. But wherever he moves, he brings the breeze of hope with him.'

'You have lost your heart to Vaasudeva, it seems,' said Dronaacharya with a smile.

'No. I have seen the miracle. The breeze blew on father, on Dhristadyumna, on my sister Krishnaa and on me. Each of us in our own way found a fresh way of looking at things.'

Dronaacharya was lost in thought. He could not understand the mystery of this Vaasudeva, with whom the atmosphere around him appeared to be charged from the day he came to Hastinapur. 'What did Vaasudeva do to you all?'

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Shikhandin was so full of *Vaasu*deva that he was carried away to express himself with eloquence.

'He did nothing in particular,' he replied. 'He spoke to us in an affectionate voice as if he knew all of us intimately. He looked at us and we felt different. His eyes were so flattering; whenever he looked at me then I felt that there were only two persons in this world—he and I—and the two of us shared the truth. He seemed to see into the very depth of my heart and stirred it to a new intensity. This was a challenge to me. Oh, I cannot describe it, but I felt as if I was born afresh.'

Dronaacharya could not help wondering at the impact which Krishna seemed to make on every one. 'So, you decided not to die, is it?' he asked.

'No. I decided to tell him all that I had felt, suffered and was suffering. I begged of his friend, Acharya Shvetaketu, to take me to him at night, so that no one should know that I was going to him,' said Shikhandin.

'Did you see him?' asked Dronaa charya.

'Yes. He came out of the mansion in which he was housed and took me for a walk in the grounds.' Shikhandin could not help bursting out into praise. 'Yes, he was so kind. I began to tell him of my unfortunate life. He heard me with patience. He encouraged me to confess the unexpressed anguish of my heart. I told him how I wanted to be a man all my life and how at every step I was being smothered by my sex. I told him of the frustration of which I was the victim, of the approaching arrival of my wife, of my desire to put an end to my life.'

'What did *Vaa*sudeva say to that?' asked Dronaacharya.

'He heard me with such understanding that my difficulties began to disappear even as I narrated to him my tale of woe. I cried as I told him of my misery. He smiled sweetly and sympathetically as he alone could. He pressed my cheeks as if I was a little child. Then he spoke and his voice was like the life-giving drops of rain on parched soil,' said Shikhadin.

'What did he say?' asked Dronaacharya.

'He said something like this: "My boy, never give up life so long as there is a chance to live it in *dharma*. You have borne your trials bravely. Now do not give up courage." I replied that I had no courage left. He laughed and said: "Do you want to die of cowardice?" I replied "No". Then he said: "If you have courage to face death, I will show you the way to die courageously." He said it with such confidence that I felt that I had seen the end of my troubles.'

Dronaacharya looked at this boy with a new interest—an interest in the miracle worker who could give hope to a dying heart. 'Then?' he asked.

Shikhandin continued: '*Vaa*sudeva said: "Do you want to be a man, a real man, vigorous, brave and noble?" I said: "Yes, lord." Then he put his hand on my shoulders, looked into my eyes, and said: "Go to Guru Dronaacharya. Be his pupil. He alone can make you a man. He is the greatest living Acharya. Even clay become gold in his hands".'

Dronaacharya began to experience what Shikhandin said he had been experiencing when he saw Krishna.

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His heart was full of unexpected joy and pride.

'Did he exactly say that?' he asked.

'Yes, lord. I remember every word of what he said, for each one was a drop of nectar to me. But I was taken aback at what he proposed. I said that father would never permit me to go to you, his greatest enemy,' said Shikhandin.

'Am I so bad?' asked Dronaacharya for the first time laughing without restraint. He himself was now feeling very happy.

'You know the reason, lord.'

'Yes, I know,' said Dronaacharya. 'What was V*aa*sudeva's reply?'

'He said: "Shikhandin, you want to die as a coward without your noble father's consent. Equally you can be brave and go to become a man without his consent. And if you return alive as a hero, your father would welcome you."'

'What did you say?' asked Dronaacharya.

'I asked him: "If the venerable Dronaacharya refuses to accept me as his pupil, what shall I do?"'

'What did V*aa*sudeva reply?' asked Dronaacharya.

'He replied: "He is a great teacher. As a true Brahman he will never say 'no' to a deserving aspirant who wants to learn. But when you approach him, remove every vestige of hatred from your heart. Be frank and honest with him. Serve him as a loyal son, as if you are more his son than your father's. But this thing I know, Shikhandin," he continued. "If any man in this world can make you a man, it is Dronaacharya."' Shikhandin said this in a moving tone, and Dronaacharya, usually self-possessed, was moved himself.

'Did you agree?' asked Dronaacharya.

'There was no question of my agreeing. I fell at his feet. He had been to me a saviour. I immediately changed my dress for a *brahmachari's*. Acharya Shvetaketu took me to a boat in the dead of night and by slow stages I came here,' said Shikhandin.

Dronaacharya felt strangely attracted to this boy. But he could not help expressing his doubt. 'Why should I not take you as your father's spy planted on me by V*aa*sudeva?'

Shikhandin folded his hands. 'Keep me with you, lord, and try me. If in thought, word or deed, you find me a fraud, I will lay down my life at your feet. You are my spiritual father.'

For a moment Dronaacharya sat quiet, thinking. 'Shikhandin, do you want to be a man, a real man?' he asked.

'I want to be a man. But that is impossible,' replied Shikhandin.

'Suppose I make the impossible possible, are you ready to go through the appropriate austerities?' asked Dronaacharya.

Shikhandin's face flashed with joy. 'I will, I will. Please, lord, make me a man.'

'I know a Yaksha, Sthunakarna. He knows the magic of converting a woman into a man. But you will have to go through fearful torture for months. Are you ready to go to him?' asked Dronaacharya.

'I will obey the master in everything. Do with me as you please,' replied Shikhandin.

[*To be continued*]

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# *Sovereign Importance of* Ethical & Spiritual Values*

**H. H. Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar**
*Governor of Mysore*

THE opening of the Bangalore Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and the Silver Jubilee Celebrations at this Centre afford a very welcome occasion for rejoicing to all lovers of learning and culture in this part of the country. The establishment of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan twenty-five years ago through the imaginative insight and initiative of our revered leader Sri K. M. Munshi may well be described as a landmark in the cultural history of modern India. With the enthusiastic co-operation of many eminent men and women of scholarship and practical wisdom the Bhavan has during these years been rendering great service in the cause of the exposition and popularisation of our incomparable legacy of literature, philosophy, art and religion.

Our civilization is among the oldest in the world and as a people we have through the ages played our part in the fields of politics and administration, of art and science, of economic production and commerce. But our greatest pride has been that our ancestors early perfected the art of thinking and reflection and that they consistently gave the first place to things of the Spirit while at the same time attaching due importance to intellectual progress and legitimate material advancement. Our national genius has been equally at home in worldly achievement and intellectual exercise but the supreme goal has always been that of spiritual realization. Art and culture, literature and science, politics and government, have all been important parts of our life and learning, but the most characteristic and the most significant part of Bharatiya Vidya has from immemorial times been what is known as *Brahma Vidya*.

The comprehensiveness of Bharatiya Vidya is truly admirable. Our ancestors laid down in unmistakable terms that *dharma* here and *moksha* hereafter are not only the highest ideals for human endeavour but also the boundaries within which *artha* and *kama*, the ideals of worldly benefit and satisfaction, should properly be pursued. They enunciated with the

*Text of inaugural address at the Bangalore Kendra on 8th June 1963.

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greatest clearness and precision the principles of morality and right conduct. They took elaborate care in the organization of the vital business of teaching and learning. They gave practical guidance in worldly occupations, both individual and social, and in the cultivation of art and good taste. And this wide and varied teaching has been enshrined for ever in *sruti* and *smriti*, in the *Gita*, in works of philosophy and literature, in various *sastras* and *puranas*, and in commentaries of surpassing excellence, conveyed for the most part in the admirable vehicle appropriately called *Samskrit*.

All this is the material with which the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan deals. By study, by research, by publication, by the establishment of numerous centres in the country and abroad, the Institution has been serving with increasing zeal and thoroughness the cause of scholarship and of *dharma*. A very valuable part of its work is the growing Book University of low-priced volumes on a variety of subjects of importance, supplemented by its journals and longer publications. The Bhavan has been setting an admirable example in many ways, by its synthesis of the ancient and the modern, its harmonisation of learning with art, and both with morality, its endeavour in binding together all Bharatiyas, and its promotion of the cause of ancient learning through English publications, inducing a passion for Samskrit without prejudice against another language.

Human nature is so constituted that even good things are constantly in need of propaganda. The proverbial shortness of the human memory can only be cured by perpetual reminders of great and good things. Disregard of history, indifference to philosophy and the subordination of spiritual to material values have been at the root of most of the ills from which the world is suffering at the present day. The need for the experience of history and the wisdom of philosophy and for the realisation of the sovereign importance of ethical and spiritual values has never been greater than in the present age of scientific conquests and material preoccupations. With boundless power and opportunity opening out before mankind, it is essential to realize that moral restraint is an integral part of both strength and freedom. It is in this field of labouring for right understanding, for balance, for proper proportion and for virtue and a good life that Institutions like the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan can render the greatest service.

The opening of the Bangalore Kendra is one more step in the progress of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan towards the fulfilment of its object of service to culture and to humanity. I am sure that this Kendra will afford a valuable opportunity to the citizens of this City and State, men of affairs as well as men of books, to get together and serve the cause of Bharatiya Vidya through the constant and fruitful co-operation of well-stocked and disciplined minds.

On this occasion I would like to urge the Bangalore Kendra to contribute in particular its earnestness and effort to the great work that the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has under-

*(Continued on page 63)*

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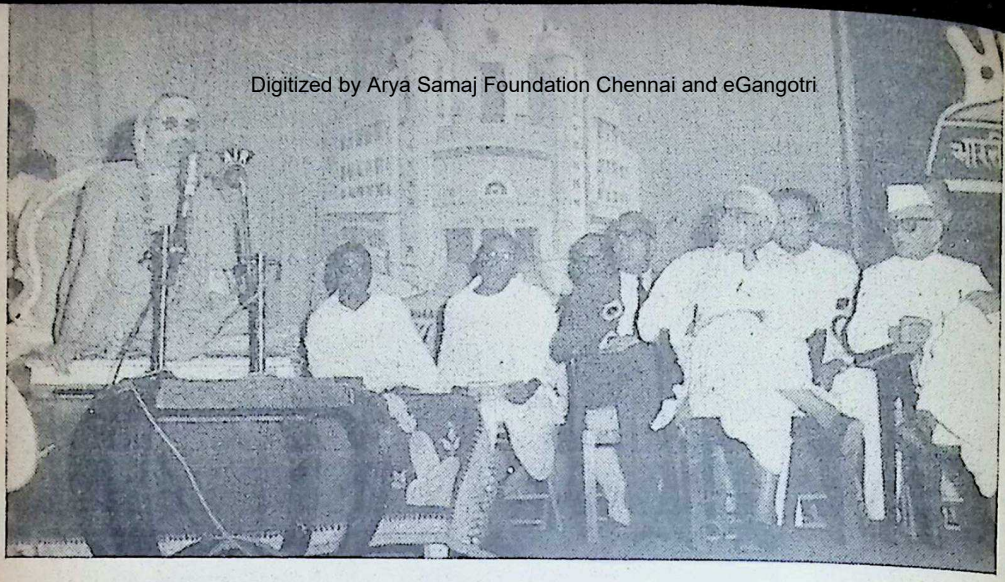

## BHAVAN'S SILVER JUBILEE & INAUGURATION OF BANGALORE KENDRA

*His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri offering his benediction at the inaugural function on June 8, 1963.*

*H. H. Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar, Governor of Mysore and Chairman of the Bangalore Kendra, delivering the inaugural address.*

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*His Highness Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar lighting a lamp in the traditional manner, inaugurating the Bangalore Kendra of the Bhavan.*

*Sri S. Nijalingappa, Chief Minister of Mysore and Vice-Chairman of the Bangalore Kendra, speaking at the inaugural function.*

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*H. H. Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar presenting Kulapati Munshi, on the completion of his 75th year, with a memento—a Gita motif carved on sandal wood.*

*Sri M. P. L. Sastry, Secretary of the Bangalore Kendra, proposing the vote of thanks.*

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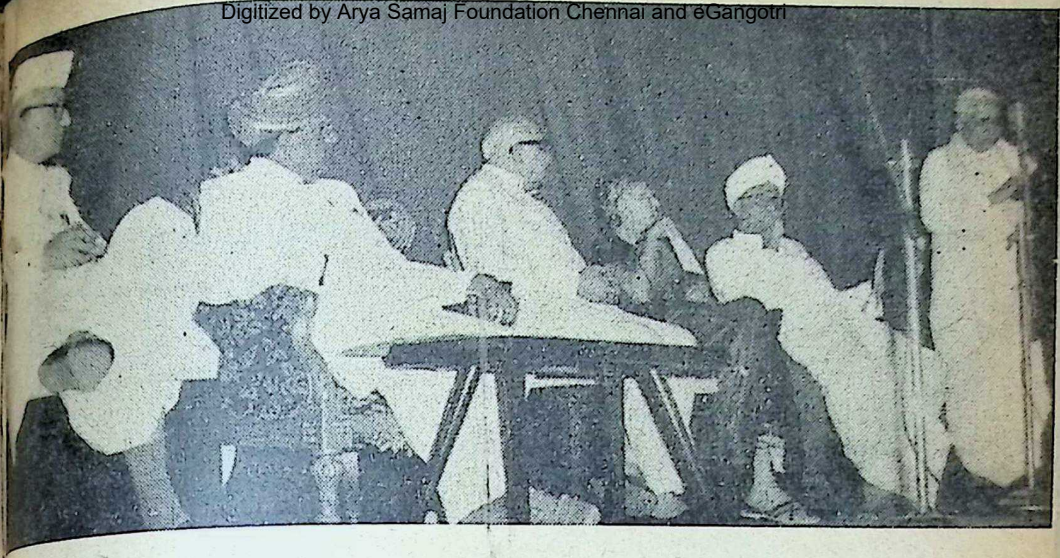

*Symposium on 'Re-integration of Indian Culture', on June 9, 1963. Seated: Kulapati Munshi, His Highness, Sri Nijalingappa, Smt. Lilavati Munshi and Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar. Sri R. R. Diwakar speaking.*

*Kulapati and Smt. Munshi among the actors who took part in the Sanskrit drama "Malavikagnimitram", put on board on the occasion.*

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*Following is the text of Smt. Lilavati Munshi's speech at the concluding session of the Hindu Religious and Cultural Conference on June 2, 1963 at Guruvayur.*

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# LIFE and RELIGION

**Smt. Lilavati Munshi**

I AM thankful to the organisers of this conference for kindly asking me to preside over the concluding session to-day. Since 31st of last month, i.e. from the day I came to this place, I have been seeing the good work being done by the Guruvayur Devaswom and how the organisers are striving to spread religious thoughts. Religion in its true spirit is practised by a few people in their daily lives, but a vast majority only observe the outward forms of it. Without religion, a man's life can be compared to a rudderless ship which is subject to every wind which may sway him hither and thither and may not take him to his destination.

Today's session covers many aspects of religion: such as Religion and Science, Religion and Daily Life, Culture and its Components and Religion and Literature. These are the subjects chosen by the various speakers.

As I mentioned earlier, religion is an integral part of our daily life in some form or the other. Religion does not consist of only doing *Pooja-Path* or performing *Sandhya*. It has a larger purpose. Really it is an attitude of mind. If one feels compassion, charity, honesty, love for his fellow-being, one can be called a religious man. Generally, people come in contact with the members of their own family more than the others. Whether or not a person is religious is determined by the attitude he adopts towards the latter. Is he good, is he forgiving, is he loving, is he honest? If he practises these virtues, whether he is a Hindu, Christian, Muslim, or follower of any other religion, he is a religious man.

*Religion & Science*

Who says science is opposed to religion? The progress of science is the result of the gradual unravelling by the scientists of the mysterious threads of existence and winding them up into a compact and comprehensible unit. The experience of great scientists is that the more one learns of science, the more one wonders about the mysteries of creation, trying to find out, all the time, the elements and how they are formed. Man has advanced very far in his knowledge, but yet he has not found out the Creator or the secret of creation: how complicated is creation and how it functions. Is there a God who created all these? Where is He? What

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is He? The Upanishads explain Him as नेति, नेति. So far, man has created many things, except life, but the more he learns, he finds there is still more to be learnt and he becomes more and more conscious of his ignorance and he is awe-struck at the wonder and mystery of creation and the orderliness underlying it.

From Archimedes, through Copernicus, to Einstein, the scientists have chartered their way through the universe by means of an abiding faith, a rational belief in an eternal law. "I have found it" cried Archimedes in triumph when he hit upon one of the aspects of that law. And Copernicus, in his discovery of the truth about the motions of the heavenly bodies, wrote that he had discerned "an orderly arrangement" and "a wonderful symmetry in the universe." Finally Einstein reiterated the same scientific conviction that "a precise law, devised by a superior intellect, is manifested in the material world."

*Religion and Literature*

There is a great connection between religion and literature. Man cannot fix his mind on the great truth which is God, without the help of scriptures. Scriptures are a kind of literature. Hence, one develops a belief in scriptures.

Further, one must have guidance in one's daily life. This again is provided by the religious literature. It may be the *Gita, Ramayana, Mahabharata* or Vedas or Bible or Puranas which has provided the inspiration to man throughout the ages, to become good, to be God-minded and to practise religion.

Such literature has the further use of providing inspiration in our daily life or providing solace whenever one is in need of it.

There is one other aspect of life which has been included in today's seminar for discussion. That subject is Culture and its components. What is Culture? As it is commonly understood, we say it is an attitude of mind reflected in one's daily behaviour. A cultured man is considerate to others. He controls his passions, is truthful and well-behaved. He does not take advantage of others in distress. He befriends those who are in need. He is not pretentious, but behaves naturally. Now, religion instils all these qualities in man and these inward qualities which religion imparts, strengthen him. Very few men can be truly cultured without them.

*Conclusion*

To sum up: we are living in a scientific world. It has been truly said that science without religion is lame; and religion without science is blind. So we must have both. Similarly culture not only makes life fuller, but in India, during long periods of anarchy, it has done duty for Kings and officers who vacated their posts. Our culture is the silver thread that runs unbroken, gleaming through the entire vista of our history and has sustained our nation in its long travail.

I congratulate the organisers for successfully conducting the functions and generating a delectable atmosphere by good words and religious deeds.

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*PEACE ON EARTH—5*

# MAKE TEMPORAL ACTIVITIES A POSITIVE ANSWER TO PROVIDENTIAL DESIGN

**H. H. Pope John XXIII**

*Continued from last issue*

ONCE again we deem it opportune to remind our children of their duty to take an active part in public life, and to contribute toward the attainment of the common good of the entire human family as well as to that of their own political community. They should endeavour, therefore, in the light of the faith and with the strength of love, to insure that the various institutions—whether economic, social, cultural or political in purpose—should be such as not to create obstacles, but rather to facilitate or render less arduous man's perfections of himself both in the natural order as well as in the supernatural.

Nevertheless, in order to imbue civilization with sound principles and enliven it with the spirit of the gospel, it is not enough to be illumined with the gift of faith and enkindled with the desire of forwarding a good cause. For this end it is necessary to take an active part in the various organizations and influence them from within. And since our present age is one of outstanding scientific and technical progress and excellence, one will not be able to enter these organizations and work effectively from within unless he is scientifically competent, technically capable and skilled in the

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practice of his own profession.

We desire to call attention to the fact that scientific competence, technical capacity and professional experience, although necessary, are not of themselves sufficient to elevate the relationships of society to an order that is genuinely human: that is, to an order whose foundation is truth, whose measure and objective is justice, whose driving force is love, and whose method of attainment is freedom.

For this end it is certainly necessary that human beings carry on their own temporal activities in accordance with the laws governing them and following the methods corresponding to their nature. But at the same time it is also necessary that they should carry on the activities as acts within the moral order: therefore, as the exercise or vindication of a right, as the fulfilment of a duty or the performance of a service, as a positive answer to the providential design of God directed to our salvation. In other words, it is necessary that human beings, in the intimacy of their own consciences, should so live and act in their temporal lives as to create a synthesis between scientific, technical and professional activities on the one hand, and spiritual values on the other.

*Integration of Faith and Action*

It is no less clear that today, in traditionally Christian nations, secular institutions, although demonstrating a high degree of scientific and technical perfection, and efficiency in achieving their respective ends, not infrequently are but slightly affected by the Christian motivation or inspiration.

It is beyond question that in the creation of those institutions many

*Although he is no more with us, Pope John's name will be remembered for a long time to come.*

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contributed and continue to contribute who were believed to be and who consider themselves Christians and without doubt, in part at least, they were and are. How does one explain this? It is our opinion that the explanation is to be found in an inconsistency in their minds between religious belief and their action in the temporal sphere. It is necessary, therefore, that their interior unity be re-established, and that in their temporal activity faith should be present as a beacon to give light, and charity as a force to give life.

*Integral Education*

It is our opinion, too, that the above-mentioned inconsistency between the religious faith, in those who believe, and their activities in the temporal sphere, results—in great part if not entirely—from the lack of a solid Christian education. Indeed, it happens in many quarters and too often that there is no proportion between scientific training and religious instruction: the former continues and is extended until it reaches higher degrees, while the latter remains at elementary level. It is indispensable, therefore, that in the training of youth, education should be complete and without interruption: namely, that in the minds of the young, religious values should be cultivated and the moral conscience refined, in a manner to keep pace with the continuous and evermore abundant assimilation of scientific and technical knowledge. And it is indispensable too that they be instructed regarding the proper way to carry out their actual tasks.

*Constant Endeavour*

We deem it opportune to point out how difficult it is to understand clearly the relation between the objective requirements of justice and concrete situations, namely, to perceive the degrees and forms in which doctrinal principles and directives ought to be applied to reality.

And the perception of those degrees and forms is all the more difficult in our times, which are marked by a pronounced dynamism. For this reason, the problem of bringing social reality into line with the objective requirements of justice is a problem which will never admit of a definitive solution. Meanwhile, our children must watch over themselves lest they relax and feel satisfied with objectives already achieved.

In fact, all human beings ought rather to reckon that what has been accomplished is but little in comparison with what remains to be done: because organs of production, trade unions, associations, professional organizations, insurance systems, legal systems, political regimes, institutions for culture, health, recreational or sporting purposes—these must all be adjusted to the era of the atom and of the conquest of space: an era which the human family has already entered, wherein it has commenced its new advance towards limitless horizons.

*Little by Little*

There are some souls, particularly endowed with generosity, who, on finding situations where the requirements of justice are not satisfied or not satisfied in full, feel enkindled

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with the desire to change the state of things, as if they wished to have recourse to something like a revolution.

It must be borne in mind that to proceed gradually is the law of life in all its expressions, therefore in human institutions, too, it is not possible to renovate for the better except by working from within them, gradually. Pius XII proclaimed: Salvation and justice are not to be found in revolution, but in evolution through concord. Violence has always achieved only destruction, not construction, the kindling of passions, not their pacification, the accumulation of hate and ruin, not the reconciliation of the contending parties. And it has reduced men and parties to the difficult task of rebuilding, after sad experience, on the ruins of discord.

*An Immense Task*

There is an immense task incumbent on all men of goodwill, namely, the task of restoring the relations of the human family in truth, in justice, in love and in freedom: the relations between individual human beings, between citizens and their respective political communities, between political communities themselves, between individuals, families, intermediate associations and political communities on the one hand, and the world community on the other. This is a most exalted task, for it is the task of bringing about true peace in the order established by God.

Admittedly, those who are endeavouring to restore the relations of social life according to the criteria mentioned above, are not many. To them we express our paternal appreciation, and we earnestly invite them to persevere in their work with ever greater zeal. And we are comforted by the hope that their number will increase, especially among those who believe. For it is an imperative of duty, it is a requirement of love. Every believer in this world of ours must be a spark of light, a centre of love, a vivifying leaven amidst his fellowmen: and he will be this all the more perfectly, the more closely he lives in communion with God in the intimacy of his own soul.

In fact, there can be no peace between men unless there is peace within each one of them: unless, that is, each one builds up within himself the order wished by God. Hence St. Augustine asks: Does your soul desire to overcome your lower inclinations? Let it be subject to Him who is on high and it will conquer the lower self: there will be peace in you, true, secure and well-ordered peace.

[*Concluded*]

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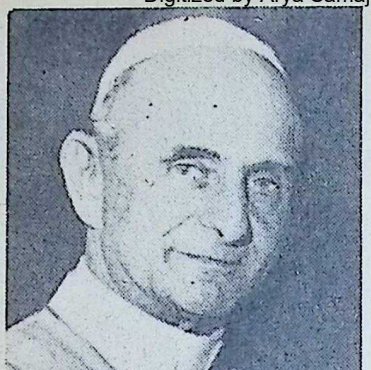

*Our Fortnightly Profile—180*

# Pope Paul VI

THE choice of Cardinal Giovanni Battista Montini, Archbishop of Milan, to succeed Pope John has been widely acclaimed as an act of statesmanship on the part of the College of Cardinals, as indicating the acceptance of the wind of change so ably initiated by the late Pope John. The new Pontiff has taken the name Pope Paul VI. By the time this appears in print, he would have been coronated as the 262nd Supreme Pontiff of 500 million Catholics all the world over and President Kennedy would have paid his respect to him.

Described as one of the progressive and dynamic leaders of the Roman Church, 65-year-old Pope Paul has the unique distinction of being well experienced in the politics of the Vatican and its relation with the rest of the world. This experience has been fortified and enriched by his tour of European, American and African countries and consummated by pastoral experience as the Archbishop of Milan since 1955. He has been one of the Holy See's most important diplomats and policy advisers. At the first Ecumenical Council, he played the role of a moderator between extremes among the Cardinals. It is said that Pope John himself had desired that Cardinal Montini should succeed him which has fortunately been fulfilled now.

Indeed they say, what would have been a surprise would be his non-election; for, well over a decade now Montini had become a bye-word in connection with future Papacy not only among Italian Church circles but down among the Vatican workers too. His progressive views on the happenings of the world, his forthright views on modern art and writing, have won the respect of all. The spontaneous roar of applause that greeted the announcement of his election and his subsequent appearance on the balcony of Basilica to bless the crowd, is testimony to his immense popularity among the masses. Many successfully betted on his election! In fact his

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rather quick election, within 2 days, by the College of Cardinals itself is significant.

During the initial stages of the election, however, it seemed he would, like Adlai Stevenson, be highly commended but not elected ; for according to reports, the conservatives found him too outspoken and the liberals thought him not sufficiently on their side. According to the Vatican newspaper, ultimately his virtues and experience outweighed all else with the electors.

As expected, the very first message of the Pontiff made it clear that he would continue the good work started by his predecessor and seek to bring about Christian unity and continue with the second Vatican Ecumenical Council. His eagerness for the social upliftment of the people of underdeveloped nations, preservation of peace, and fostering religious and spiritual life ; his recognition of the role of workers, scientists and politicians under modern conditions—all these mark him out as creating a landmark in the history of the Roman Catholic Church.

That these sentiments of his are not merely adventitious is seen clearly from his antecedents a few of which can be recalled with profit. Last year, for instance, on the eve of the Ecumenical Council, he described in a speech, the 19th century Italian movement Risorgimento, aimed at curtailing the Pope's temporal powers and abolishing the Papal state, as a blessing in disguise because it forced the Church to return to purely pastoral duties. It was the first time when a Prince of the Church spoke well of King Victor Emmanuel II and Garibaldi who were ex-communicated by Pope Pius IX. Again, he cabled General Franco in October last year asking for clemency for the Spanish students sentenced for anti-Franco activities and a Spanish opposition leader who was sentenced to death.

Thus, there is world-wide interest in the future of the Roman Catholic Church under the new Pope. The very choice of the name Paul, a name not used since 1621, and which is dear to Protestants, is considered significant. As one editor puts it, it is indicative of the continuance of Pope John's policies. If Protestant Church leaders visited the Vatican under Pope John's regime, it is reasonable to assume that under Pope Paul's regime, leaders of Catholic Church may well start visiting Protestant Churches. The circle can thus widen.

Pope Paul was born at Concesio, near Brescia, in Northern Italy, on September 23, 1897. His father, Giorgio, was a Lombard banker and Catholic journalist who was elected three times to Parliament. Both the parents died in 1933. Pope Paul's two brothers are Franceso, and Ludovico, who is a Christian Democrat Member of Parliament.

Ordained in priesthood in 1920, the new Pope entered the Vatican Diplomatic Service. In 1953 he was known to have declined the offer of the Red Cap but accepted the same in 1958 from Pope John. The latter had sent him on tour of African countries.

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- Anaemia and general weakness after long illness or operation.
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# The Vainglorious Rajah

CENTRAL India was a land of Rajas. There were Rajas who ruled vast kingdoms and those who ruled over a few villages. But there were Rajas everywhere and Rajah Ramsingh was one. Of all his riches, he priced his wealth of daughters and he had seven of them. He had formed a habit of calling all his daughters before him, the first thing in the morning, and asking them their views on affairs of State and rewarding them according to the merit of their answers.

One morning when the daughters were assembled the Rajah asked: "My children, by whose luck are you supported? Can you tell me?"

The six eldest daughters gave the same reply, saying: "What a wonderful question to put to us, father! Who else except you can support us and protect us? If your generosity is withheld for a single day, we will feel miserable."

The Rajah was pleased.

The seventh and the most beautiful of all his daughters took courage in her hands to say what she really felt and thought. She said: "My beloved father, who else but God can decree the fate of individuals, however eminent they may appear to their fellow creatures! In my humble opinion man is just an insignificant creation of God, and in his allotted span of life, he just does the will of God. This is sometimes called Fate and I believe that I am dependent on my Fate."

The Rajah was not at all pleased with the reply. His anger was roused and he said: "You ungrateful child, I have decided to put your Fate to the test. I will give you in marriage to the first man on whom I set my eyes tomorrow morning."

"That does not frighten me, father. I am confident that the will of God will be done," replied the girl calmly.

The next morning when the sunbeams seeped through the foliage and illumined the window-sill, the Rajah opened the window of his bed-chamber and peered out. He saw a wood-cutter walking leisurely with his axe on his shoulder. Rajah Ramsingh sent for the wood-cutter and said: "Fortunate indeed you are this day, for I am going to present you with one of my invaluable possessions."

Then he commanded his youngest

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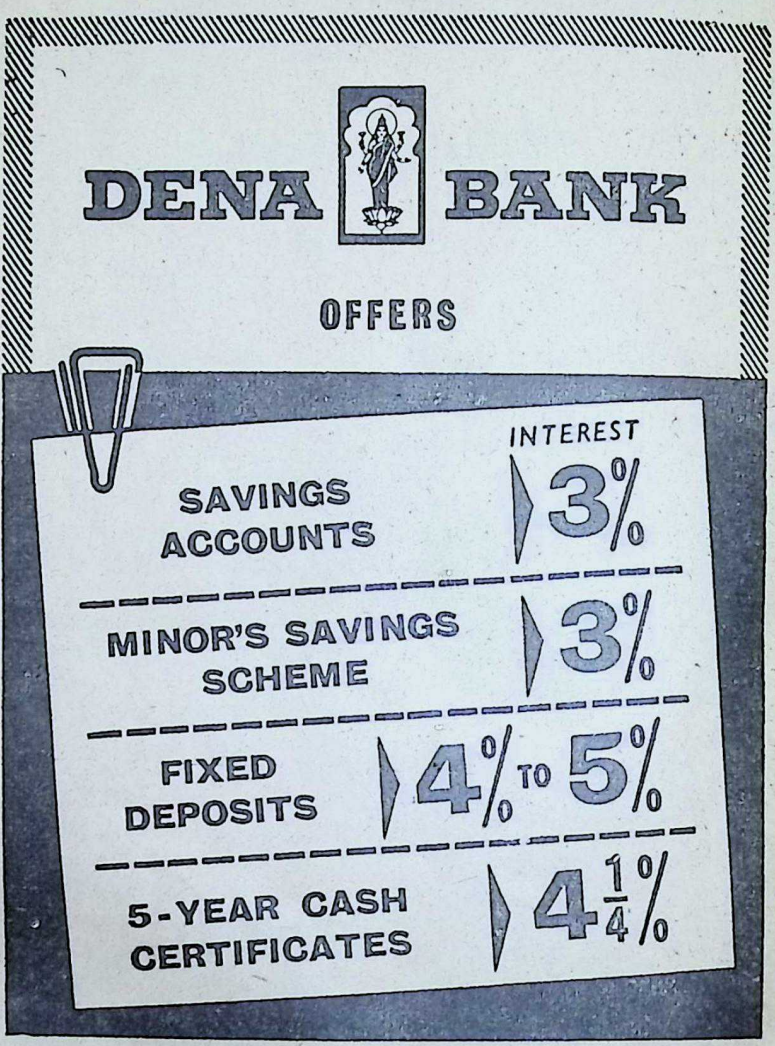


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*... What a wonderful question to put to us, father! ...*

daughter to be brought to his presence, and when Pushpa, the bewitching beauty, came, the Rajah addressing her said: "My dear Pushpa, Fate seems to have willed that you should lead a wedded life with this wood-cutter whom I set my eyes upon this morning first."

The wood-cutter was bewildered and shocked to hear this. He thought the Rajah was making fun of him and said with humility: "Great Sire, is it befitting your position that you should mock a poor wood-cutter like me? I am poor indeed, and I depend on a precarious subsistence by cutting wood. May I submit that my purposeless detention here will deprive me of the day's earnings? Pardon me, Sire, if I have offended you by my speech ; permit me to take your leave."

"You have wrongly judged me," said the Rajah. "I speak just the truth. I am very serious about it, for I had resolved to marry my daughter to the first person whom I set my eyes upon this morning. And fortunately for you, you happened to be that person."

The wood-cutter persisted in saying that his condition of life was so wretched that he could not afford to support a wife, when he lived on starvation diet most of the days.

Now Pushpa intervened and said "Sir, do not hesitate to accept me. I shall make your life rich and happy. If Fate wills that we should be joined in wedlock, none can alter it."

Emboldened by the courageous words of the damsel, the wood-cutter consented and they were married.

●●●

Two days later he took his wife to his hut on the outskirts of the town bordering a wood and. They had pro-

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vision to last just for a day which had been graciously given by the Rajah.

Next morning the wood-cutter told his wife: "You remain in this hut and do whatever you please. I have to start my work with the dawn and have to labour the whole day to cut just a basketful of wood which will bring me just one hundred and fifty coppers."

Saying thus and taking his axe, he prepared to depart when Pushpa enquired whether he sold his wood at the same price every day. The wood-cutter said that it was so. Then his wife told him to bring the wood to her after it was cut before selling it to anyone.

The wood-cutter agreed and went forth to his daily occupation, bringing in at the close of day a basket of wood chips. The wife finding the wood to be none other than sandal-wood chips, told the simple wood-cutter to demand nothing less than five rupees for the chips and that if he could not sell at that price, to bring it back home.

Her husband went to the merchant who usually bought his chips. But the merchant was shocked at the price that he demanded now. "Have you gone crazy?" he asked. "Till now I have been paying you 150 coppers and you were happy with it, and now for the same chips and the same quantity you are demanding more than double the amount you have received previously. It is certain someone has put into your head some foolish notion. I don't need your wood chips today."

"Well, then I will take it home gladly," said the wood-cutter most un-

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concernedly. And he prepared to return home with the wood chips.

The tradesman who knew the real value of the wood chips finally agreed to buy them from the wood-cutter at the price he demanded, but cautioned him that none would pay as good a price as he paid, and that he should not take them to any one else, but should take to him all the wood chips he cut every day.

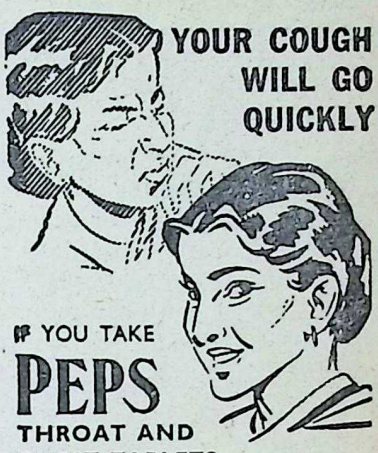
The wife was pleased with the money her husband brought and with it she brought a large stock of necessaries, after which she asked the woodman: "My lord, will you tell me how big is the tree you are cutting, and how long it will take you to cut it?"

The woodman said: "It is one of the biggest trees in the wood, and at the rate at which I am cutting, it would take a little more than a month to hew down the whole of the tree."

The wife said: "In that case you should immediately engage two or more men and cut the whole tree within a day or two. We shall sell the chips according to the demand and at rates prevailing at the bazaar so that we could make the best bargains and enrich ourselves."

The wood-cutter accordingly engaged five men and proceeded to cut the tree. In a week's time the entire tree was cut and the chips were piled up in the hut.

With the huge pile of sandal-wood chips they commenced a flourishing trade and within the span of two years they could collect sufficient money to enable them to build a new cosy home for them.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Now some intuition told Pushpa that some one might have buried some treasure under the sandal tree, for she had heard stories told by her father how people preferred to bury their treasures under the sandal tree rather than keep them under cellars within their house.

One day she told her husband: "My lord, it is my request that you should not consider me foolish or devoid of senses if I ask you to do a thing that may not appear rational, yet something tells me, if you obey me implicitly, a great fortune awaits us."

The wood-cutter, who by experience had known how sagacious his wife was, replied that he was ready to do her bidding even if that would entail great hardship.

"Then listen," said his wife. "It is my belief, though I cannot properly and logically account for it, that under the roots of the old sandal tree you had cut, there lies buried a rich treasure. Go at night and do the digging yourself. Do not seek assistance from any one else, for if you do so, the news will spread, and our neighbours will become curious and jealous and that will end in quarrel. If you find any valuable treasure, bring it home before the day breaks; if your labour proves fruitless, leave the pit as it is and come away."

The wood-cutter carried out his wife's instructions. While he was halfway digging the ground at the foot of the tree, his pick-axe struck a bronze vessel. He laid aside the pick-axe and removed the earth from round the bronze vessel—it was an old vessel he had struck—and lifted it out of the ground. It was heavy indeed. When he brought it home and broke open the lid, to the great amazement of his wife and himself he found the vessel filled with dazzling stones of bright colours, precious stones and countless gold pieces. "God has gifted us with the wealth of a lifetime," said Pushpa to her husband. Now we should live a life of ease and comfort, all the same showing kindness to our neighbours and helping the needy. If we abuse the gift of God, we will certainly end our old days in remorse and sorrow."

Pushpa thought it wise not to make known to her neighbours and others the find of the treasure. So they lay low, for some time, and then under the pretext of celebrating their birthday, invited all the neighbours to a dinner to find out what the people talked about their prosperity.

The guests after enjoying the delicious dishes eulogised the hosts and their generous and charitable disposition and during the conversation one of the guests observed: "Strange are the ways of Destiny. Whatever be the endeavour of the people to better themselves in life, however great may be their inheritance, without the grace of God they cannot aspire for the satisfaction of their wishes. For instance, look at what has befallen the Rajah! Before a few years he was happy having been gifted with enough wealth and seven charming daughters, but today Fate has struck him mercilessly and has reduced him to a manual labourer. He ekes out his existence by hard work for which he was not trained."

Hearing this, Pushpa's eyes were

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filled to the brim with tears, for she recognized in the labourer her father. Though she did not reveal in any manner her identity to her guests, she resolved in her mind to evolve a plan to find out her father and make him happy again.

When the guests had left, Pushpa told her husband: "My lord, now that we have heard how highly the people talk about us, we should spend our wealth in a way that would help hundreds of people. You know yourself the lot of the labourers; they are hardly assured of a steady and continuous work. Of all the people in the society, the lot of the manual worker is the hardest, and hence I think we will be doing God's work if we spend our money in excavating a tank. This work will give employment to many; all the same, when the work is complete, the tank would satisfy the needs of the people of the entire village and the neighbourhood."

The wood-cutter replied: "My dear wife, your thrift, prudence, and intelligence have made us what we are and in my opinion all the wealth we have belongs to you. You can do anything you like with it."

Thus the excavation started.

A few days after Pushpa went to the spot as if to inspect the work. She talked to every labourer and enquired of his welfare. Then she met her father sweating in the sun. She said to him: "Old man, you seem to be very old and feeble for the work you are doing. No doubt you are hungry and fatigued. Come with me. I shall give you lighter work."

When they reached the house, Pushpa told her father who she was.

She bathed her father and gave him suitable attire and feasted him with delicious food. The father, overjoyed with happiness, embraced his daughter and said: "Dear one, excuse me for my folly. My affluence had gone to my head and in my vainglorious mood, I slighted God when I gave you away to the wood-cutter, challenging Fate. Through suffering I have realised the greatness of your wisdom."

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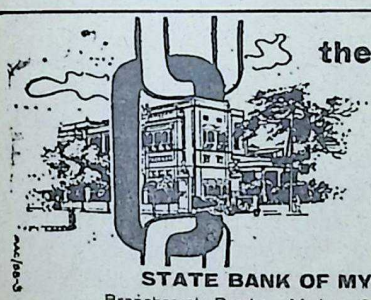
*Salt and camphor look alike; but if you try their flavours and examine them, they are diverse; thus do the virtuous differ from other men.* —Vemana.

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*They Stood for Our Dharma—4*

# Glory of Sacrifice

KING YUDHISHTHIRA, the eldest of the Pandavas, once performed the Asvamedha sacrifice. It was a grand affair gone through in right royal fashion. Everybody was more than satisfied with the bounties conferred during the course of the sacrifice. All the foremost of the Brahmanas, kinsmen, relatives and friends, the poor, the blind and the helpless were all gratified by gifts made in profusion. The king received loud praise from every one. Flowers rained on his pious head in recognition of his generosity.

Then a wonderful event happened. There appeared in the concourse a blue-eyed mongoose with one side of his body turned into golden hue. It spoke with a voice of thunder and said:

"O King! The *yajna* that you have performed and of which you boast in such immoderate terms is nothing in comparison to the simple food given away by a liberal Brahmana of Kurukshetra who lived observing the *Unccha Vritti*."*

Everybody was astonished to hear these words of the mongoose who spoke in a human voice. They gathered round him and asked:

"Whence have you come and who are you? Why do you speak so slightingly of this sacrifice which has been performed so perfectly according to rule? Nothing that should be done has been left undone here. Those deserving to be worshipped have been duly honoured. Libations have been poured into the sacred fire as ordained in the *saastras* to the accompaniment of proper *mantras*. Gifts have been made with humility and with no pride. The regenerate classes have been propitiated in a proper manner. Just battle was given to the Kshatriyas for accepting Yudhishthira's overlordship. The manes of the dead ancestors have been satisfied with prescribed rites. The legitimate desires of all women have been gratified. Every one among the gods and men has been pleased. The remnants of the sacrificial material have been distributed to all and sundry and it has been a perfect *Yajna* in every way. How then do you speak so slightingly of it? You appear intelligent and your words demand credence. You appear celestial in your form. Tell us what you observed to be deficient in this sacrifice."

* *Unccha Vritti* is eking livelihood by picking the grains left on the field after the crop has been harvested and taken away.

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In answer to their query, the mongoose with a smile on his face replied:

It is no untruth that I have spoken. Never have I spoken in pride. In spite of all the munificence displayed in this sacrifice, I must yet affirm that it is not equal to the gift of a few handfuls of powdered barley.

Listen as I unfold to you the tale of what did really happen in Kurukshetra and how one half of my body was turned there into gold.

O! It was a wonderful thing that happened there. I witnessed it myself and it concerns a poor but generous Brahmin who lived by *unccha-vritti*, who as a result of what he did, went to heaven along with his wife, son and daughter-in-law.

He was a Brahmana living in Kurukshetra. Like the pigeons picking the corns after the harvest has been carried away, he used to glean a few corns of barley from the field and support his family with the flour made out of it. Pure of conduct, constant

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in *dharma*, and of stern self-control, he was the embodiment of true nobility. Austere in their habits, he and the members of his family used to take their food only late in the day. If there was nothing to eat on a day, the family would go without food and eat only at the same time next day.

Once a great famine overtook the land. This poor Brahmin's family had nothing to eat. The herbs too had all dried up. The family went without food. This occurred day after day. They were all in great distress.

One day in the month of Jyeshta, when the Sun was high up in the sky, this Brahmin was picking up corn from the fields unmindful of the scorching heat. He succeeded in gathering a small quantity of barley. His wife and daughter-in-law made it into powder and made a dough of it.

After finishing his oblations and austerities and after worshipping at the sacrificial fire as ordained for a *grahastha*, he had the dough (*Saktu* as it was called) divided into four parts.

As they were about to sit for their meal, in came a Brahmin as their guest. Happy at the sight of a guest, they received him with every mark of hospitality. He was given a seat and then he was queried about his welfare. Of transparent simplicity and righteousness, every member of the family was free from malice or wrath. They told him of their lineage and ascertained his ancestry from him; and then, the poor householder addressed the guest and said:

'Here is some *Saktu* acquired in a lawful way. Deign to accept it to appease your hunger.'

The Brahmin accepted the food which was Brahmin's share and ate it with relish. But it was not enough to satisfy his hunger. Seeing his guest still hungry, Brahmin stood perplexed as to how to feed him to satisfaction.

Then the wife turned to her husband and said: 'Give him my share. Let him eat it and go from hence after a full meal.'

But the householder would not agree to this suggestion. He saw that his wife was making a great sacrifice. She was but skin and bone, her life almost hanging by a thread. Bent with age, she was shaking all over. Old and weak, she was exhausted by intense austerities.

Addressing her, he said: 'O beautiful one! Even worms, insects and animals are mindful of the safety and welfare of their female partners. How much more should I be mindful of you! The wife treats her husband with kindness; she feeds him and she protects him. Every religious rite, all sources of pleasure, and all means of wealth depend on the wife. If a man fails to protect his wife, he loses his good name, incurs infamy and goes down to hell. So, how can I consent to your parting with your share of this food and let you starve and waste away?'

But the wife would not listen and she pleaded: 'Please do give my one-fourth share to the guest. You and I are partners in religious life. For every merit and pleasure, the wife depends on her husband. In secular as in spiritual life, we function together.

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And, to a wife, her husband is the highest deity. It is through his grace that the wife gets a son and becomes a mother fulfilling her womanhood. You protect me and so you are my *pati*; you give me the means of sustenance and hence are my *bhartaa*. So, in return for all this that I have received from you when you yourself, weakened by hunger, worn out by fasts could part with your share, why should I not give up mine?'

Unable to resist his wife's arguments, the householder consented to offer her share of the meagre food to the guest who ate it with great eagerness, but still remained ungratified.

Then the son approached his father and said: 'Oh! best of men! Give my share of the barley to the guest. By this, I am sure I shall earn great merit. Mine is the duty to protect you in your advancing years. I must keep you alive to perform your penances. Seeing that you are not able to fulfil your duty of hospitality to this guest in full measure, you would feel wretched and unhappy for having failed in your *dharma*. This consciousness of your lapse may prey on your health and hasten your end. I must stand between you and this eventuality and prevent it by helping you to complete your service to our guest. So, take my portion and give it to him.'

The householder replied: 'Even if you are a thousand years of age, my son, you are still a child to me. I know the pangs of hunger that a child would feel. Though I am old, I shall somehow manage to hold my life-breath. You are a growing child and you need nourishment to become healthy and strong. Old and decrepit as I am, I am accustomed to starve and I can suffer hunger. And, I am not afraid to die. *You* must not starve.'

The son replied: 'I am your offspring. The *saastras* call me *putra* as by my birth, I rescue you from the hell of a childless person. It is declared that one's son is one's own self reborn. So, rescue yourself by your own self in the form of your son.'

The father was pleased with his son's words. 'You take after me in form and feature, in conduct and in restraint. It shall be as you desire.'

With this, he offered his son's portion to the guest who ate that also. Even then his hunger was not appeased. The poor householder felt that he had nothing more to give and felt confounded.

The daughter-in-law now appeared before them in this predicament. Bringing her share of the flour, she begged her father-in-law to feed the Brahmin with it. She said: 'Noble sire! Through your son, I shall obtain a son. You will go to the regions of the blessed by virtue of your grandsons whom I shall raise by your son. Thus, the father, the son and the grandson make a triple whole of domestic felicity even as the threefold sacrificial fires of the home dower one with spiritual merit. And, it is my duty to present you with a grandson for your glorification and also help you to discharge your obligations of hospitality. So accept my one-fourth share of the barley to our honoured guest.'

The householder tried to put his daughter-in-law off by saying: 'Seeing you wasted by wind and sun, your

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complexion lost and your frame emaciated by your austerities, how can I have the heart to deprive you of your food? Woe unto the home where the daughter-in-law is not treated properly. You are a child afflicted by hunger and you deserve to be protected by us. I cannot bear to see you worn out by fasts!'

The daughter-in-law stood firm by her resolve to offer her share to the guest. She said: 'My husband is my god. You, as his father, are god to him. Hence you are the god of my god. If I live, it is only to save my gods, my husband and your good self. My sole joy lies in serving you and assisting you in the due performance of your duties. So, allow me to offer my portion to the guest.'

Praising her for her sense of duty, the father-in-law took her share of the barley to the Brahmin who ate it and felt satisfied.

The Brahmin was the God of Dharma in disguise. Pleased with the hospitality of the Brahmin and his family at the cost of such a sacrifice, he praised them to the skies and said:

'Your gift is pure and obtained in the most righteous manner. The very gods in heaven proclaim the glory of your gift. Lo! See how they rain flowers on your head in admiration of your gift which has no equal. The denizens of Brahmaloka are eager to welcome you to their regions. By your noble deed, all your dead ancestors have been pleased and they have attained salvation. Your children and children's children, generations of your progeny yet to be born will reap the benefit of your priceless *daana*. You gave with earnestness and with a pure mind and a loving heart. By your pious deed in the extremity of your starvation, you have earned an everlasting place in heaven.

'Hunger will cloud the understanding; it will destroy the sense for righteousness. Confused in mind, the hungry man loses his fortitude.

'But he who conquers hunger, surely goes to heaven. He who is inclined to make gifts stands secure in right conduct.

'Unmindful of attachment to your son or to your wife, you have held the sanctity of a gift above everything else. You did not give in to the promptings of natural feelings.

'To earn wealth is good; but better than that is to offer it to a deserving person. Still more important is to give at the proper time when the gift is most needed. More than all, the gift must be preceded by *sraddhaa*, humility and devotion. Such a *daana* alone earns the highest merit.

'The door to heaven is hard to find. Thoughtless men of indifferent faith cannot know it. The door is bolted with greed. Desires stand guard in front of it. It cannot be unbarred easily. It will open only for those who have conquered anger and controlled their passions.

'Heaven's door can be seen only by those of great penance who give without any mental reservation. He who gives away a hundred having a thousand, he who gives ten having a hundred, and he who gives but a handful of water having nothing, all these earn equal merit. King Rantideva, bereft of all his wealth, gave a

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small quantity of water with a pure heart and obtained great merit and went to heaven. *Dharmadevata* is pleased not so much with costly gifts of great value as with things of no value but given with a pure and compassionate heart, with faith and devotion.'

'King Naga gave a thousand cows to the holy ones. But among them was a cow which did not belong to him and that was the cause of his fall.

'Sibi gave the flesh of his own body to protect a sparrow in fear of imminent death by a hawk which claimed it for its prey, and he is now rejoicing in heaven.

'Mere wealth acquired by oneself does not make for a man's glory. Sacrifices however properly performed cannot by themselves dower a man with lasting merit.

'The efficacy of a gift is annulled by anger, and greed bars the way to heaven.

'The merit of your gift of this barley dough is infinitely greater than what will accrue by many *Rajasooya* sacrifices or *Aswamedhas* performed in great munificence. By your humble, but, sincere gift you have conquered Brahmaloka itself. Your fame will resound for ever in the world.

'Behold! The celestials are waiting with their divine cars to take you and your family to their happy regions.'

The Dharmadevata ceased. The Brahmin thereupon ascended the aerial car with his wife, his son and his daughter-in-law and went to the superior worlds.

"Then I," continued the mongoose, "who had been witnessing all this from my hideout came out of my hole. Attracted by the flavour of the flour which had dropped down through the fingers of the guest, I rolled on the ground wet with the waters of hospitality and strewn with the petals which fell on Brahmin's head. And lo! half my body became golden.

"Wishing to get the other half also golden, I repair to the haunts of ascetics and the palaces of kings and frequent places where great *yajnas* are performed.

"Hearing about this sacrifice performed Yudhishthira, impelled by my desire, I came here and rolled on the ground in the hope that the other half of my body also would turn into gold. But alas! that did not happen.

"Hence it is that I said that this sacrifice, grand and glorious though it was, could not equal the *saktu-prasthaana-Yajna* of the pious Brahmin of Kurukshetra."

And, saying this, the mongoose disappeared leaving his hearers in wonder and bewilderment.

[From the *Mahabharata*, Asvamedha Parva]

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*The mind conscious of innocence despises false reports; but we are a set always ready to believe a scandal.*—Ovid

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# BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

## Results of

# SHASTRIYA SANSKRIT EXAMINATIONS

## Held in April 1963

### PRAVESHIKA

*PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS*:

**Second Class** : 20, 29, 30, 32, 38, 92, 94.
100, 1, 3, 7, 27, 29, 31, 33, 37, 44, 52, 65, 78.
233, 38, 39, 40, 43, 44, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 75, 76, 79.
314, 54, 60, 67, 88, 90, 95, 96.
432,33, 34.
**Third Class** : 2, 35, 36, 41, 43, 60.
136, 43, 45, 60.
241, 54.
301, 2, 47, 50, 55, 56.

*PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT*:

**First Class** : 52, 53, 54, 55, 56.
118, 70, 71.
389, 97.
412, 16, 17, 20.
**Second Class** : 3, 23, 46, 48, 49, 51, 57, 59, 60, 62, 63, 64, 71.
108, 9, 10, 12, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 54, 55, 56, 67, 69, 72, 73, 74, 80, 81, 85, 87, 88, 89, 94, 95, 96.
203, 4 to 7, 10, 11, 15, 30, 31, 32, 45, 60, 61, 66 to 69, 71, 80, 93, 97.
303, 4, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 32, 43, 44, 57, 61, 64, 68, 70, 73, 81, 91, 92, 94, 98.
400, 1, 11, 29, 36.
**Third Class** : 4, 6, 28, 31, 33, 39, 42, 44, 47, 50, 58, 69, 72, 73, 75, 83, 89, 96.
113, 14, 20, 34, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 75, 93, 98, 99
200, 9, 12, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 34, 36, 59, 63, 65, 74, 93, 95, 98.
307, 8, 18, 46, 52, 66, and 409.

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*PRIZE WINNERS*:

I. 420—Sri G. R. Meenakshi Sundaram, Tuticorin.
II. 170—Sri Rameshchandra Gupta, Soron.
III. 52—Sri Ramvilas Tivari, Jhansi.

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### PURVA MADHYAMA

*PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS*:

**Second Class** : 1, 4, 7, 9, 21, 38, 61, 84, 85.
139, 49, 66.
267-A, 78, 79.
330, 87 and 402.
**Third Class** : 2, 8, 17, 23, 24, 25, 26, 30, 40, 81, 82, 83.
107, 10,11, 23, 60, 70.
261, 95.
344, 14, 21, 29, 39 and 400.

*PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT*:

**First Class** : 47.
**Second Class** : 3, 5, 6, 16, 46, 48, 49, 51, 55, 64, 80, 87, 99.
100, 1, 2, 4, 9, 29, 38, 44, 45, 47, 61, 63, 64, 65, 68, 76, 77, 80, 85, 87, 92, 96, 97.
202, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 28, 29, 31, 32, 33, 35, 36, 37, 38, 41, 42, 43, 44, 47, 48, 49, 50, 70, 72, 74, 75, 77, 80.
308, 10, 11, 16, 24, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 50, 55, 64, 83, 84, 88, 89.
**Third Class** : 14, 15, 18, 20, 22, 27, 31, 32, 35, 36, 37, 39, 45, 53, 63, 76, 78, 79, 88, 98.
105, 6, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 24, 25, 26, 28, 42, 46, 50, 52, 55, 56, 57, 67, 78, 79, 84, 86, 88, 89, 90, 91, 94, 95, 98, 99.
200, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 19, 21, 22, 23, 30, 39, 40, 46, 51, 54, 58, 59, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 69, 73, 82, 88, 90, 91, 92, 93, 98.
301, 4, 9, 15, 17, 18, 20, 23, 25, 35, 37, 39, 41, 47, 49, 51, 52, 59,60, 75, 85, 86, 90.
403, 4, 10, 11.

### UTTAR MADHYAMA

*PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS*:

**Second Class** : 1, 3, 6, 7, 9, 15, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 29, 36, 53, 54, 58, 60, 61, 63, 69, 72, 74, 75, 85, 86, 99.
104, 36, 37, 41, 57, 68, 89, 90, 92, 93.
**Third Class** : 11, 12, 13, 16, 59, 68, 77, 84, 87 103, 18, and 232.

*PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT*:

**Second Class** : 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 32, 37, 47, 48 52, 55, 62, 64, 76, 92, 93.
100, 7, 9, 11, 14, 19, 20, 21, 25, 26, 27, 33, 38, 39, 40, 42, 45, 47, 48, 49, 50 to 54, 56, 58, 59 66, 67, 76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 84 to 88, 94, 96 to 99, 99-A.
202, 4, 7, 10 to 14, 17 to 21, 23, 28, 31, 38, 41, 42, 51, 52, 53, 54, 59.
**Third Class** : 2, 4, 8, 14, 31, 49, 57, 70, 71, 95.
101, 2, 13, 22, 23, 43, 70, 73, 79, 82, 83, 91.
203, 8, 9, 16, 26, 27, 29, 30, 39, 40, 43, 44, 45, 46, 50, 56, 60, 61.

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*PRIZE WINNERS*:

II. 136—Sri Subhashpal, Haridwar.
III. 18—Sri Mevalal Dikshit, Atarra.

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### SHASTRI PRATHAM KHAND

*PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS*

1, 2, 3, 5, 11, 15, 19, 22, 27, 28, 29, 31, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 46, 47, 48, 49, 53, 67, 78, 79, 88 to 92, 97.
101, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 18, 25, 27, 28, 29, 36, 55.
206, 8, 11, 13, 30.

*PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT*:

7 to 10, 12, 13, 14, 16,17, 18, 21, 23, 24, 33, 34, 40 to 45, 50, 51, 52, 55, 57 to 62, 68 to 71, 73, 74, 77, 81, 83 to 87, 95, 96, 98, 99.
100, 3, 9, 12, 14 to 17, 19 to 24, 26, 35, 40, 41, 43, 44, 45, 48, 50, 51, 53, 54, 57, 59, 60 to 63, 65, 68, 71 to 74, 78 to 82, 85, 88 to 92, 94, 96.
201, 2, 4, 5, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 25, 27, 28 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 41, 43, 44.

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### SHASTRI DWITIYA KHAND

*PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS*:

Second Class: 257, 58, 59, 76, 77, 82, 97.
302, 19, 28, 36.
Third Class: 260, 66, 67, 81, 83, 95,96 and 334.

*PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT*:

First Class: 320, 53, 63.
Second Class: 251, 52, 53, 63, 65, 68, 72, 78, 79, 80, 84, 86, 87, 89, 91 to 94, 98.
303, 5, 6, 9, 10, 13 to 18, 24, 25, 27, 29, 41, 51, 72, 88, 92, 93, 96, 97-A, 99.
407, 9, 10.
Third Class: 261, 85, 88, 90.
301, 7, 21, 23, 26, 30 to 33, 35, 37, 38 to 40, 42, 46, 47, 49, 50, 52, 56, 58, 59, 64 to 71, 73, 74, 77, 80 to 84, 89, 91.
401, 2, 4, 6, 8, 11, 12, 15.

### SAMPURNA SHASTRI

First Class: 428, 55, 61.
Second Class: 422, 24, 25, 27, 29, 33, 34, 36, 40, 45, 47, 52, 53, 54.
Third Class: 431, 32, 42, 49, 51, 64.

*PASS ONLY IN PART I*: 438.

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*PRIZE WINNERS*:

I. 320—Rohiniprasad Tripathi, Jabalpur.
II. 353—Raman Sharma, Ahmedabad.
III. 428—Shyamsundar Chaturvedi, Mathura.

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### ACHARYA PRATHAM KHAND

*PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT*:

5 to 14, 16, 17, 20 to 23, 25 to 28, 30 to 34, 36 to 39, 41, 43, 49, 50, 53, 55, 56.

NOTE:—The results of candidates in Modern Subject Sahitya will be published later.

### ACHARYA DWITIYA KHAND

*PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS*:

66, 77, 90, 91, 95.
101, 13, 15.

*PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT*

68, 70, 74, 75, 76, 82, 83, 84, 87, 89, 92, 94, 96, 98, 99.
100, 3, 7, 9, 14, 18.

### ACHARYA TRITHIYA KHAND

*PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS*:

Second Class: 140, 41.

*PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT*:

First Class: 130, 37, 48.
Second Class: 125, 31 to 34, 36, 38, 39, 42, 45, 47, 49, 50, 51.
Third Class: 126, 35.

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*PRIZE WINNERS*:

I. 137—Srinivas Sharma, Fatehpur.
II. 148—Tarachandra Misra, Narnaul.
III. 130—Katmaprasad Tiwari, Jabalpur.

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# Notes and News

## *DHARMOPANAYANA*

DHARMOPANAYANA or free mass Upanayana of over a hundred boys was celebrated by Sri K. Seetharama Rao, Trustee, Dharmaprakash, etc. on the 16th June at Dharmaprakash, Madras. Kulapati K. M. Munshi presided over the function. Blessing the Vatus, he said:

I never expected to see such an excellent situation as the one as I see before me today. A hundred boys are being given here "Upanayanam". A hundred young men have been born into "Brahminhood" and it is a great sight to see so many parents wishing their sons to become Brahmins. It is all due to the generosity of Sri Seetharama Rao, the most devout "Bhakta" I have ever come across. He is a devout son worshipping his father. His father was a great "Bhakta" who was a disciple of Purandara Das, a great "Bhakta" and his life is an exemplary one inspired by prosperity, who believes in God and I wish him more and more money, more and more prosperity so that he may use it for more and more useful purposes like this. To the "vatus" I have only two words to say. 66 years ago, I went through the same ceremony as you are undergoing today and I got the same feelings as you are having today. I was performing the same ceremony, initiated by Vasishtha and Viswamitra in the Vedic age. I was being reborn into spirituality. I do not know whether you, young boys, feel that thrill or not. But remember that you have joined today the great army of Brahmins who from the beginning of time have upheld Hindu religion and culture. I want you to appreciate the sacredness of the "Yajnopaveetam". For thousands of years it has been the basis of Sanskrit culture. This is the symbol of "satya," "yajna" and "tapas" and today, you have entered the life of truth. You have entered into a life of "yajna", sacrificing your ego for the purpose of doing good to humanity. You have entered into a life of "tapas" i.e. "bhavasamshuddhi". Whenever you are inclined to do something dirty or ugly, remember you wear the sacred thread.

## *BHAVAN'S COLLEGE, DAKOR*

THE Principal, members of the staff and students of the Bhavan's College, Dakor, gave a reception to Sri Justice J. M. Shelat, on the 29th of last month, in honour of his appointment as the Chief Justice of the Gujarat High Court. Sri Fatehally Palejwala, Speaker of the Gujarat Vidhan Sabha, presided. After prayer and welcome address of the Principal, the President addressed the gathering. After garlanding, the Chief Guest spoke. With a vote of thanks and *Jana Gana Mana*, the meeting ended.

## *INTER-COLLEGIATE DRAMA COMPETITIONS*

THE Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has proposed to hold its Annual Inter-Collegiate Drama Competitions from 19th August this year for the 13th year in succession. This year the Competitions will be held in 13 languages, *viz.* Sanskrit, Marathi, Tamil, Kannada, Hindi, Konkani, Gujarati, Malayalam, Sindhi, Bengali, Punjabi, English and Telugu, the last mentioned being a new addition. All Colleges and recognised institutions in Bombay are eligible to take part in them.

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## Ethical & Spiritual Values—*Contd.*

taken in the cause of the promotion of Samskrit learning which is so intimately connected with our culture. The field is so extensive that new paths of advance will always be open to the earnest seeker. Art, science, poetry, philosophy—these are among the rewards which await the worker in Samskrit. Apart from all this there is the field of mysticism in which there is great scope for intensive study. For instance, the conception of the *Bijaksaras,* their potency, their relation to the deities, and the benefits that flow from a proper understanding of these seed letters are all matters which have been treated by various thinkers working in the field of religion, and they will yield rich results to the seeker after truth. There are many other similar fields for research and study.

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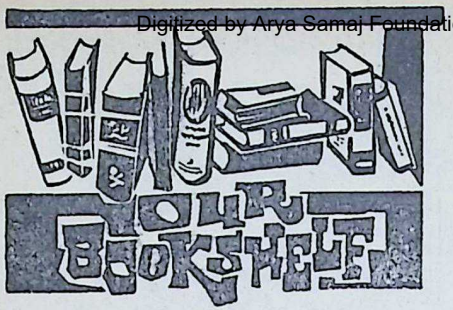


*MIRACLES DO STILL HAPPEN*. By Dilip Kumar Roy. Published by Allies Book Stall, Poona-4. Available also at Popular Book Depot, Bombay-7. Price: Rs. 9.50 nP.

*"MIRACLES DO STILL HAPPEN"*—the name is that of a book by Sri Dilip Kumar Roy, chapters from which were published serially for about two years and attracted considerable interest and warm appreciation from so many seekers. We are happy that in their publication in a book form the unique appeal of these writings will be communicated to a larger circle of the reading public, particularly those interested in the things of the spirit. We accord a very genuine welcome to this rare, revealing document of the abstruse spiritual mystery which narrates with unsurpassed delicacy and charm the vicissitudes of the human soul of the present age in its quest and realisation of God.

Our ancient Scriptures and Vaishnava and Sakta poetry are no doubt replete with the yearning of man for God, the deep agony of the long, chequered quest, and the rare ecstasy of the Supreme fulfilment. But their appeal to the modern mind has been to a certain extent impaired because of the change in our mental constitution and the environment of life. Somehow we cannot imagine ourselves in the place not only of the great seers and sages of antiquity, but of the devotees of the mediæval age who had thrown themselves into the process of God realisation with an intense, undivided ardour far beyond our weaker capacity of feeling and willing. We touch the latter for a moment through their soul-stirring songs but can hardly brace ourselves to tread the steep ascent which they could negotiate with such an easy stride. We do not feel that our problems were their problems too, and that they had to pass through the same slough of despond which bogs our aspiring steps. No doubt there were sceptics and agnostics in those ages, and we hear of them from time to time in our great epics and Scriptures. But they were almost negligible exceptions in an age of abounding and spontaneous faith, as but motes in the air which could be blown off by a mere breath of the Omnipotent will. The river of devotion flowed by our very doors, full to the brim and with a swift, impetuous current and anybody who took the plunge was wafted without any further ado to the confluence of Eternity by merely floating on the tide. Scriptures while stressing to the full the rapture of arriving at the goal were all but silent about the misadventures of the journey, the onsets of doubt and despair, the tortures of indecision and momentary defections, that must have chequered the arduous quest. The impression produced was that of a swift and instantaneous conversion, and the perils of the journey were hinted at in dark, enigmatic symbols or in stray, casual references. In a flood of dazzling light the specks of darkness were all but obscured.

Today the full-brimming river of faith has dried up into shallow sand-logged pools, and the *Sadhaka* has to plough his way through sticky obstructing mud and a stagnant stream whose tiny trickle hardly offers a scope for easy progress. The stream must be replenished at every inch of the journey with the sweat of exertion and the tears of disappointment and agony. The climate round him has lost its tonic, exhilarating quality and has turned unmistakably chill and hostile. A frost in the air has frozen our emotions and made them into a static lump. Thus the shining examples of a remote past are found increasingly unsuitable as models for the modern mind. The rapturous consummation, the ecstatic

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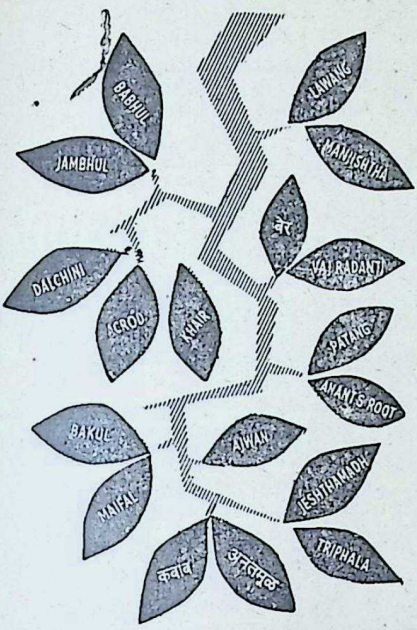


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After long and patient research, M/s. Popular Drugs Coy., Bombay, have marketed ENSOLA CONC. Hair Darkener, which defeats greying hair with all its SOCIAL & BUSINESS handicaps.

ENSOLA CONC. is non-greasy and pleasantly perfumed. ENSOLA CONC. RESTORES GREY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL SHADE. Results will be evident in a matter of days.

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The need today is to LOOK YOUNGER and FEEL YOUNGER than your years and that is why ENSOLA CONC. is regarded as an "absolute blessing" by users in all walks of life. Is it any wonder that grateful letters of thanks pour in by every post from all parts of India?

START TODAY TO TAKE YEARS OFF YOUR LOOKS. THE SOONER YOU START, THE SOONER YOU'LL BENEFIT. Under our unique scheme of "Pay only if convinced", YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE EXCEPT YOUR GREY HAIR.

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All orders will be executed by V.P.P. to any part of India. The cost will be Rs. 8.25 nP. (inclusive of packing, postage and taxes) or you may send M.O. to M/s. Beliram Chimanlal & Co., 308, Princess Street, Bombay-2.


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hymns of prayer and praise, the self-effacing fervour of a complete absolute surrender do indeed crystallise in the aspirations of a modern devotee but they contain no hint of the weary intermediate processes leading up to such a culminating peak of experience. They are like dream-voices wafted from an alien world which can hardly be naturalised in the altered content of today.

It is in its singular contemporaneous appropriateness that the rare merit of Dilip Kumar's book lies. He has revealed the mystery of the Divine presence in the familiar setting of modern life and amidst the tortuous mental processes of the self-conscious modern man. The persons to whom Divine Grace has been vouchsafed in his book are recognised by us as our own kith and kin in whom the spiritual hunger operates as slow consuming fire burning away all obstacles in a gradual process and attaining pure luminosity through a protracted process of tending and nursing. Indeed, Dilip Kumar's approach towards spiritual problems reconciles and harmonises two divergent streams. He has a deep, unshakable faith in the spiritual truths enunciated in our great Scriptures, the covenant of God to His ardent devotees, the certainty of Divine Grace reaching to the eager seeker, the ineffable tenderness and love of the Creator for all His creation.

He has at the same time a wonderful fidelity to the everyday workings of the modern mind. The great hymns of Mira, Tulsidas and the other saints, the tender songs of the Vaishnava and Sakta poets, the resonant, solemn-chanting Slokas of the Bhagavata and the *Mahabharata*—all come in as the appropriate, inevitable climax to the strenuous efforts of the modern man of today and are justly motivated in relation to the dark gropings of his soul. Although he presents us with genuine miracles as a testimony of Divine Grace and a manifestation of the Divine *lila* without any attempt to whittle down their import by tagging on to them any rational explanations, although his faith never temporises with Reason, yet it is to no dream world of wonder and fantasy, no facile atmosphere of myths and legends that he seeks to transport us, but to the solid world which we firmly tread in our everyday rounds. It is no mere modernised version of the Puranas, with their old naivety of faith and with their palpable exaggerations pruned that he has offered to us, but stories of spiritual seeking and realisation subtly attuned to the laws of life and the scientific temper of the age, the very quintessence of Divine truth disengaged from its grotesque and somewhat disfiguring costumes of an incongruous antiquity. Dilip Kumar has wonderfully recaptured the heart-beats of the past without producing its distended heart. Never has there been such a deft combination of trenchant logic with soaring faith, and never the inner history of spiritual *sadhana* with its conflicts and contradictions, brought home so intimately to the rationalising spirit of the age.

The scene of the narrative is laid at New York, the citadel and centre of the aggressive material civilisation of the West. The "Miracles" of wonderful spiritual experiences of several persons engaged in the supreme quest are narrated for the enlightenment of an American young lady, Miss Barbara Browne, and Asit and Tapati, the thin easily recognisable disguises of Dilip and Indira, are the other persons of the party. Barbara is an ardent believer in the miracles of Jesus Christ but a little chary of accepting the miracles of Hinduism. She is ready with her rationalistic yardstick in judging of the latter and frequently interjects her doubts and surprises where happenings that outrage her sense of probability are spoken of. Asit shows great skill in adapting his narrative to the temper of his audience and presents his miracles in as rational a way as the subject would permit and cleverly smothers any incipient objections in the mind of his hearer. Tapati keeps in the background all along but offers such auxiliary suggestions and supplementary

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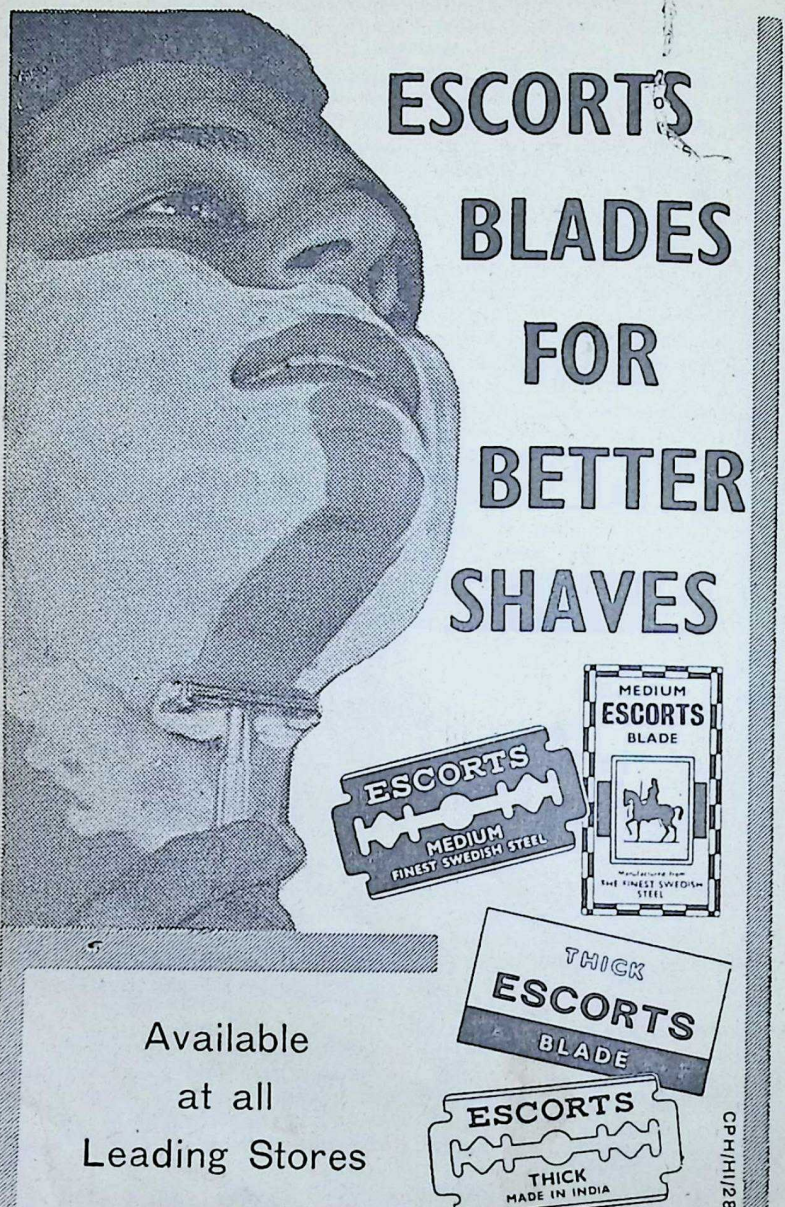



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hints as will close up the chinks in the stories and make them doubt-proof. All this tends to create a very realistic and faintly dramatic setting for the anecdotes of Divine Grace which are told with superb psychological veracity and artistic skill. Amal, Shyam Thakur, Mandira, Sati and Ananda Giri, a religious preceptor who has succeeded in his quest—all pass before us, alive to their fingertips, with their all-too-human reactions to the touch of the Infinite, with their details of personal life, so varied yet really identical in their ultimate purpose, with their alternations of doubt and faith resolved at last into changeless serenity of the final fulfilment, and all with the aureole of a reflected Divinity round their mortal heads—an unforgettable galaxy of knight-errants of the spirits.

What really is the new feature in the pictures of these God-dedicated souls, who grip our interest and conquer our sneaking allegiance to the laws of matter with the vivid colour of seeking of this spiritual conflict and their frequent moments of dramatic tension? It is the old story of seeking and finding God so familiar to us in the Puranas, but yet there is a significant difference which is a concession to the spirit of the age. The old devotees like Prahlad and Dhruva are enwrapped by a sort of fairy atmosphere. We know of their ardour of spirit and their climax of realisation, but the intervening period between the beginning and the end is left quite a blank to us. We know nothing of their inner conflicts, their vicissitudes of fortune, their frequent sinkings of the heart and rekindlings of hope. It is only the brightest moments of their spiritual quest, the supreme joy of realisation that has been pinpointed for us. There are stories of their domestic lives and fortunes and some indication of their impelling motive that drove them towards God, but this background of shadows is all but swallowed up in the divine halo of the last scene. Dhruva, with his child's heart starved of parental love and turned sour under persecution of a domineering step-mother, strikes us somewhat real. But Prahlad is, from the very beginning a special favourite and protege of God and lives close to Abraham's bosom. We realise Dhruva as one of us and sympathise with his travails which ultimately lead him to Divine Grace. If God were to reveal Himself to a seeker of the present age, we might conceive of His appearance in exactly the same way, as a compassionate friend and protector of a destitute child. In fact Mandira is somewhat like a modern Dhruva. His manifestation before Prahlad, in all the plenitude of his might as an immanent spirit of the universe would certainly command our awful and reverent homage but would hardly come to us with an intimacy of appeal and as fulfilment of our natural desires and expectations.

The men and women in this book of Dilip Kumar are all of them people of the modern age who have indeed a passionate yearning to feel the thrill of a Divine contact, but who have nevertheless all the modern man's doubts, their ebbs and flows of will, their psychological complexities of reactions and their ineffaceable impress of the social environment. They belong to the world of the present century and have all the gift of self-introspection about their strength and limitations. They may migrate for a while to the Ashram and surrender their will to the Guru in a moment of spiritual crisis, but despite all this and their adherence to the old processes of *Sadhana,* they have all the eager, probing curiosity, the careful assessment of progress and retrospection, an essentially rationalistic approach to the problems of the soul that marks the modern mind. When they talk and discuss among themselves about their spiritual experiences, they strike the easily recognisable modern note. Such temptations and handicaps as clog their progress are the products of modern ways of life and their triumph over these temporary obstacles is as much due to their fervid religious faith as to their mobilisation of the intellec-

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# I am a born optimist —what about you?

If a man can look at the bills his wife runs up and say: "Thank heavens she has not spent more!"—then he is an optimist. AND THAT'S ME.

Even when it comes to paying more through taxes and compulsory deposits, I grin and bear it. It's not that I'm some kind of heroic nut. I know that some day it's all going to pay dividends, if not for me, for my kids—and they are all that I'm concerned about. Of course, it means tightening the old belt a bit.

Not that I never groan, of course. I groan when the postman brings those premium notices on my Life Insurance. But I pay up and say: "One payment less; one more chunk saved; one step nearer maturity." It *does* make for peace of mind. The thought of my wife and the children having this little security feeds my optimism.

I AM AN OPTIMIST—I think.

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tual resources. They tend to pursue all sophistry and self-deception to its last hidden lair in the soul and scourge self-complacency with the whip-cords of an awakened and unappeased conscience. In the long run they are blessed with visions of the God of their worship and a beautiful peace settles upon their souls and they live in the Light of the Lord.

The gurus are not like the old saints who had a secure grasp of the Divine Mystery and never a moment of doubt or backsliding. They, too, had the trials and tribulations in their apprentice days. The world and its fleshpots had tempted them over and over again and made them waver in their strength and narrow path. They take loving charge of their disciples and strong in their own experience, console them in their struggles and encourage them to persevere. They know that God can never forsake His chosen Vessels and but tests their steadfastness by visiting them with brief spells of doubt and cynicism. They nurse the faint spark until it grows into a luminous fire and act as intermediaries between the blurred eye and the beatific vision. The role of the guru in the Divine quest, the urge for an implicit surrender to his counsel and guidance has never been more strongly emphasised and more forcibly demonstrated than in this book. They have a mystic tie with their disciples, a pre-ordained affinity of soul which eventually bears fruit through many fumblings and wrong experiments. Never was the sanctity of *guruvada* more amply indicated than in this age of scepticism and reason.

And what about the ultimate Mystery, the Last Word, the ineffable nature of Divinity? Is He the same inscrutable, baffling, entity that we find Him in the Upanishads and the earlier Puranas? Baffling and elusive He remains in every age. But the long *Sadhana* of our ancestors, the Vaishnava and Sakta poets and devotees like Mirabai, Tulsidas and Kabir the mystic and eccentric Bauls and roving mendicants of their tribe have wrested

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one aspect of His mystery, viz. His susceptibility to love and His shy, fitful response to our child-like yearnings. We now approach Him with the certain knowledge that by love we shall storm His citadel and by seeking Him in all sincerity we shall find him. We have discarded metaphysical speculation, a knowledge of the Scriptures as a means to His attainment. We are surer of Him by our loving surrender. It is as Balagopala, the child Krishna, as the eternal lover with the dualism of Radha and Krishna melted into one, as the Mother coming out to Her children with an irresistible, instinctive affection, as a Comrade in their naughty pranks and wistful longings that He has revealed Himself to the characters of the story, to Amal and Shyam Thakur and Mandira and Sati and Arun and Rajat, a child precocious in God's ways. To all these He appears off and on, solving their problems for them, illuminating their dark paths, playing hide and seek with them like a truant child, holding colloquies with them in their trances and sleep and changing the whole complexion of life for them. For these blessed beings the riddle of the world has ceased to exist and its inner meaning stands revealed in the Divine light. The weight of the body and its throbbing demands the aching of a wandering, benighted soul, the torture of an unsatisfied intellect have all been drowned in a peace that passeth all understanding. The sure knowledge of living under the eyes of God, the warm sensation of basking in the rays of Divine love has healed all the schisms of life and restored to it its primordial unity. If this appears to modern activists and fiery reformers of the world as a somewhat tame and self-centred ideal—well, it can't be helped. After all, one man who has sought and found God is worth an army of fighters and reformers for the ultimate good of the world.

There is one thing about the book to which I would rather demur—its designation by the author as a novel. A novel has inveterate associations of its own: it calls up the image of a fictitious narrative. We do not want the divine verities revealed in the book to be mistaken for imaginary experiences such as a novel deals with. To be certain, the framework might be that of a novel, and the various persons might appear in new names and in a slightly altered context. But their spiritual experiences, the different ways in which God revealed Himself to them, the trials on the way along which they travelled to beatific joy—these must have the authentic stamp of truth and reality and must have nothing invented or imagined about them. Not merely essential verisimilitude but literal truth is indispensable in documents calculated to pluck the heart out of the ultimate mystery. No doubt, a slight adjustment of lights and shades, a tying-up of the loose threads of the narrative, and a certain dramatisation of the process of conflict is permissible in the interest of artistic effect, but there must be no tampering with the essential truth. The novel must stop short within human limits; it must not take any liberties with God. To be sure, the story never gives us an impression of falsity or of imaginary manipulation. The descriptions and experiences ring true. There is only one incident that gives a slight shock. Amal not merely finds Grace, but is restored to the old beauty of his fire-scorched face—an episode hardly credible in these days of rank scepticism. The author's narrative and descriptive power is seen at its best in the book and his insight into a special problem of the human heart in its aspiration after God splendidly illustrated. May the book serve as a beaconlight in blazing our way to God and in instilling into us the faith that God is always within our reach.

—*Dr Srikumar Banerji*

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Adv. & Prs., Bombay-34. Mg. Ed. J. H. Dave, Associate Ed. V. A. K. Ayer.
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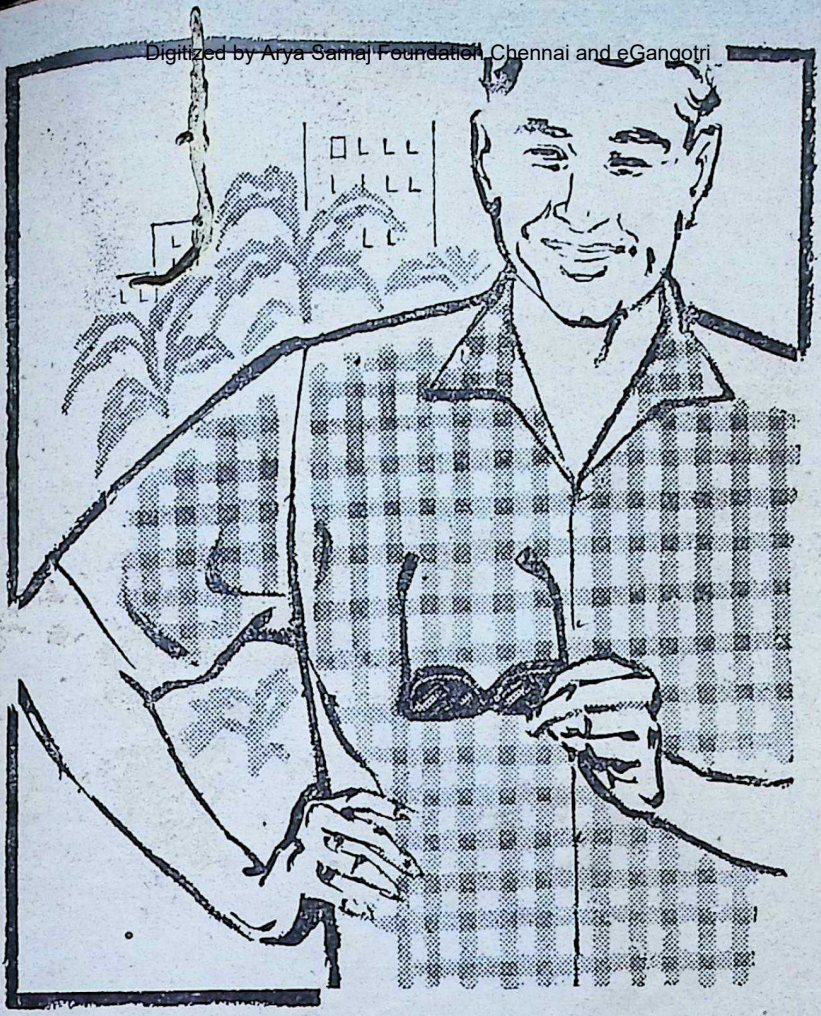

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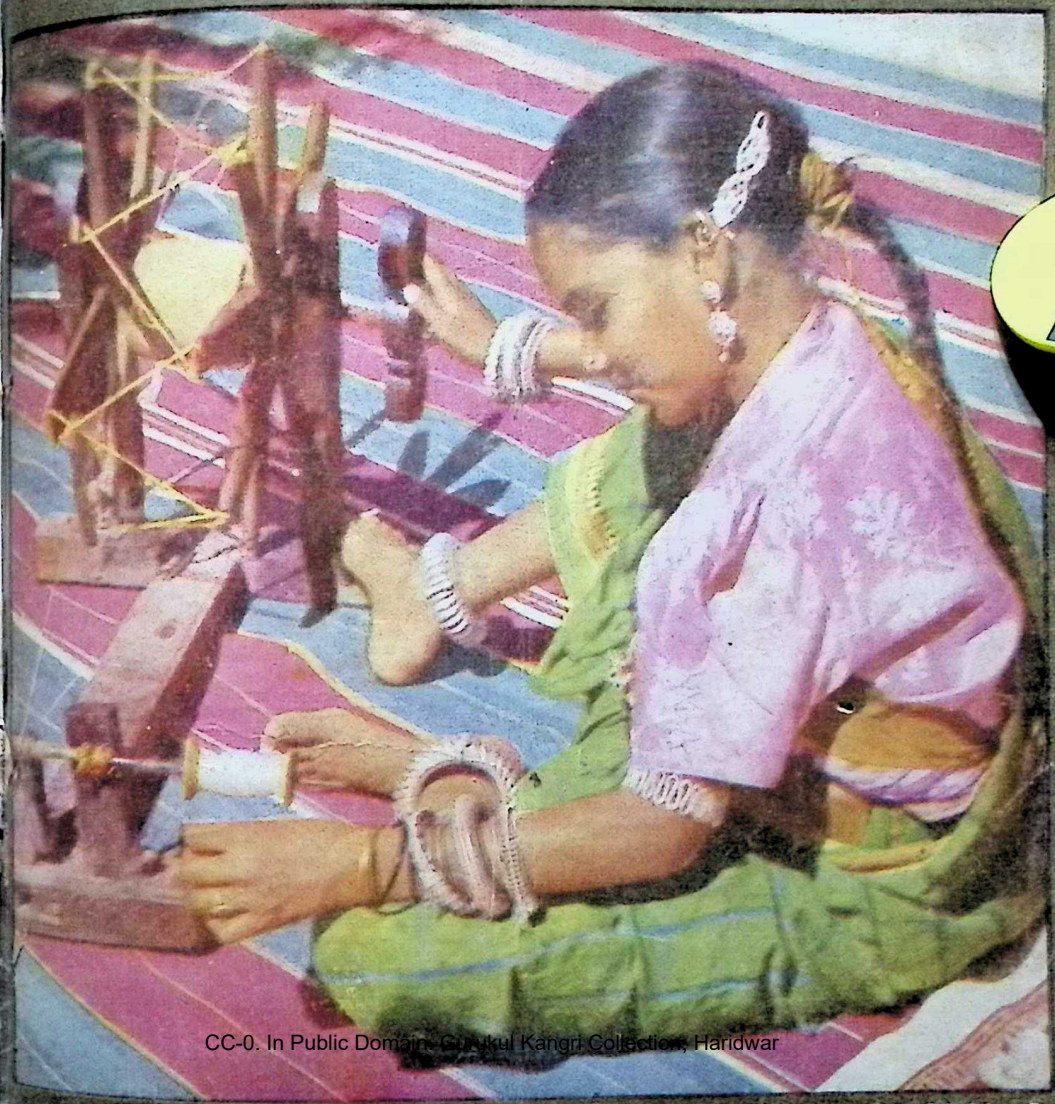

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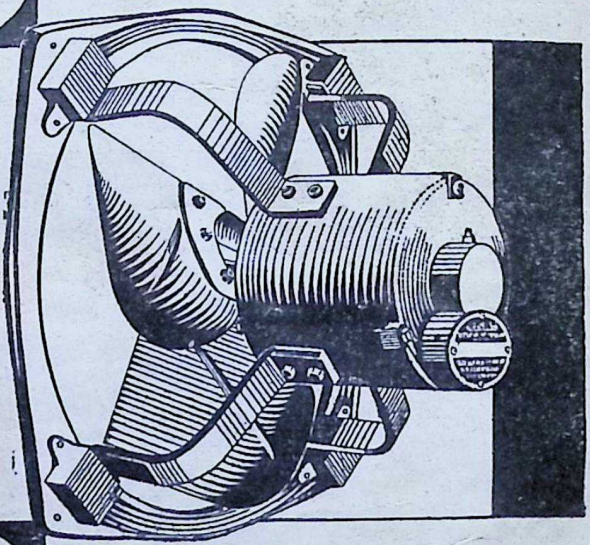

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FORTNIGHTLY

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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# THE GLORIOUS DAWN

सह वामेन नः उषः वि उच्छ दुहितः दिवः
सह द्युम्नेन बृहता विभाऽवरी राया देवि दास्वती ॥

O Dawn, together with prosperity, become quite bright for us, O daughter of heaven, with great glory, O brilliant one, with wealth, O goddess, being a bountiful one.

—*Rigveda* I, 48-1.

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Kulapati's Letter ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 288

# ★ INDIAN NATIONALISM ★ ITS ORIGIN, CONTENT AND SIGNIFICANCE

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
July 21, 1963.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

MODERN Indian nationalism differs from the nationalisms of the West in origin, content and significance.

Nationalism in Europe was born in the 15th and 16th centuries when England, France and Netherlands emerged as 'nation-States'. Their socio-political nationality became articulate in the course of wars of resistance with neighbouring countries. Later, an emotional content was given to the sentiment by Mazzini when he consolidated Italy and by Hegel when he invested the nation-State with a mystic personality.

The origin of Indian nationalism, however, can be traced back to the Vedic times when *Prithivi*, the Earth, was considered a divinity. The well-known *Prithivi-Sukta* of *Atharva Veda*, for instance, refers to the Earth as a "Goddess":

देवी दधातु सुमनस्यमाना (v. 44)

"May the Goddess grant us plenty with a favouring mind".

The Vedic Aryans were strongly attached to Sapta Sindhu. They venerated its seven rivers as divinities. Of them, Saraswati, on the banks of which were situated the *ashrams* of the great *rishis*, evoked the greatest veneration. When it disappeared, it was identified with the Goddess of Learning.

The sentiment was soon transferred to the land in which the Aryans lived, not for social, political or economic reasons, but

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because it was sacred on account of its being associated with gods, heroes, and particularly the *rishis* who upheld the supremacy of the Moral Order.

Kurukshetra was *Dharma-kshetra* because the "Brahmans well-versed in the Vedas"—*Brahmanah veda paragah*—lived there. Later, Aryavarta, a region in modern Uttar Pradesh, came to be considered sacred because it was the home of learning where Brahmans, who devoted themselves to learning and gave up earthly possessions, lived.

This led to the growth of the Tirtha Cult. Places, particularly on the banks of holy rivers, where the *rishis* dwelt or where sacrifices were performed, became sacred in the memory of the race. They came to be associated with legends of heroism, austerity or miracles.

A vivid consciousness of the *tirthas* became a part of the collective mind through literature. We find it reflected in the *Vana Parva* of the *Mahabharata*, in which Rishi Dhaumya narrates to the Pandavas the legends associated with the *tirthas*.

It became the duty of every Hindu to seek religious inspiration by visiting as many *tirthas* as he could, and in doing so, he remained ever conscious of the holy land in which he lived. Even without visiting the *tirthas*, he could do so by reciting the names of sacred rivers and cities on ceremonial occasions.

The Puranas, which form the body of our religious literature and which formed the source of our literature in medieval ages, recite merits of the *tirthas* and the godheads installed in all parts of the country. In this way, the whole land of Bharata was invested with the sacredness of *Punya-bhoomi*. *Vishnu Purana* (II, iii. 24) says:

गायन्ति देवाः किल गीतकानि
धन्यास्तु ते भारतभूमिभागे ।
स्वर्गापवर्गास्पदमार्गभूते
भवन्ति भूयः पुरुषाः सुरत्वात् ॥

"Thus do the gods sing the glories of Bharatavarsha: 'More fortunate than we are they who are born in that land wherein lies the veritable road to heaven and salvation'."

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*Srimad Bhagavata* (V.xix.20) says almost the same thing:

अहो अमीषां किमकारि शोभनम्
प्रसन्न एषां स्विदुत स्वयं हरिः ।
यैर्जन्म लब्धं नृषु भारताजिरे
मुकुन्दसेवौपयिकं स्पृहा हि नः ।।

"Lo! how glorious were the deeds of these which won the favour of God Hari Himself. By His favour they obtained birth among the people of Bharat, the birth which is our aspiration as an opportunity for the worship of Mukunda."

In this way, a sense of unity was maintained throughout the country. The Namboodiri Brahman of Kerala had to be the high-priest of Badrinath—a practice still in force. Twelve thousand and eight *shaligrams* were brought from Nepal to Kerala to make the body of Sri Padmanabha in the sacred temple of Trivandrum. The waters of the Ganga are carried to Rameshwaram in the South for the worship of God Shiva. Dwarka in the West, Puri in the East, Parashuram Kund in the extreme West, Amarnath in the North and Rameshwaram in the South were the outposts of the sacred land.

During the Middle Ages, in spite of the country being over-run by foreign invaders, the consciousness that Bharat was a single and indivisible sacred land continued to form part of the collective mind of the people.

Then came the British conquest. It brought the impact of the West, giving birth to the Indian Renaissance.

I do not know who performed the alchemy of converting the *Punya-bhoomi* Bharat into Bharat Mata, the Mother. I have come across a *stotra* of uncertain authorship and date, containing an invocation to Bharat as the Mother, which ends thus:

"O, Compassionate Mother, bless us that we may, in every birth, serve you with our wealth, heart, body and our progeny."

So far as I know, Bankim Chandra Chatterji was the first to perform this alchemy in literature. Bharat was no longer the sacred land; it was Durga, the Mother Goddess, 'wielding ten arms, whose sixty crores of hands hold the swords aloft.'

Soon Bharat Mata was no longer the Goddess of the Hindus; she was the Mother of all who lived in India. This change in the concept was the result of the impact of Western nationalism on

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the Indian mind. But to the Indian mind, patriotism was not merely a political sentiment as in the West; it was a sentiment charged with high emotional loyalty and deep religious devotion. And so, it came to be reflected in Indian literature throughout the country.

"For the next fifty years", declared Swami Vivekananda, "this alone shall be our key-note—this our great Mother India. Let all other vain gods disappear for that time from our minds. This is the only God that is awake, our own race, everywhere His hands, everywhere His feet, everywhere His ears, He covers everything".

It was Sri Aurobindo, the apostle of militant Indian nationalism, who gave voice to the new urge in the collective mind. "Mother India is not a piece of earth; she is a power, a Godhead. The feeling of almost physical delight in the touch of the mother-soil, of the winds that blow from Indian seas, of the rivers that stream from Indian hills, in the hearing of Indian speech, music, poetry, in the familiar sights, sounds, habits, dress, manners of our Indian life—this is the physical root of that love. The pride in our past, the pain of our present, the passion for the future, are its trunk and branches. Self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness, great service, high endurance for the country are its fruit. And the sap which keeps it alive is the realisation of the Motherhood of God in the country, the vision of the Mother, the knowledge of the Mother, the perpetual contemplation, adoration of the Mother".

Swami Rama Tirtha, in one of his invocations, explains: "I am the whole of India, and its east and west are my arms, and I spread them in a straight line to embrace humanity. I am universal in my love. . . . I am India, I am Shankara, I am Shiva. This is the highest realisation of patriotism, and this is Practical Vedanta."

Gandhiji not only accepted the religious content of nationalism, but gave it a new significance. He infused even politics with a sense of religion. He said: "My politics and all the other activities of mine are derived from my religion. . . . I could not be leading a religious life unless I identified myself with the whole of society and this I could not do unless I took part in politics." His nationalism took the shape not only of working for national freedom, but securing social, moral and spiritual regeneration.

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Gurudev Tagore's nationalism was broader still. He wanted to create a society as "an expression of those moral and spiritual aspirations".

Unlike Western nationalism, Indian nationalism was considerably moulded by the scripture, the *Bhagavad Gita*. It was a source of inspiration for most of the leading architects of Indian Renaissance. Particularly, its philosophy of action, as expounded by national leaders like Lokamanya Tilak, Sri Aurobindo and Mahatma Gandhi, led to heroic selflessness in public activities rescuing Indians from the way of passivity (*Nivrittimarg*) which had come to be considered an ideal way of life in the Middle Ages. As a result, righteousness and *Karma Yoga* (dedicated action) became an essential part of our nationalism giving it a characteristic orientation.

Thus, the content of Indian nationalism was entirely different from that of the European nationalism. It was not arrogant; it was not chauvinistic; it was not expansionist. It was more akin to religious worship. It had the spiritual quality which carried with it a sense of mission.

As the Indian Renaissance unfolded itself under the pressure of nationalistic aspirations, the mystic of Bharat Mata invested many spheres of life with a fiery zeal.

This is illustrated by the hold which Bankim's song *"Vande-Mataram"* acquired over the Indian mind and influenced life, literature, politics and even religion. *"Vande Mataram"* was the Indian Renaissance's song of victory. It assumed the status, first of a national anthem and then of a national prayer. It uplifted the struggle for freedom into a God-given mission. It stirred the hearts of numberless young men and women to invite martyrdom by courting gallows or offering themselves for arrest.

We who were in gaol for years, sang *Vande Mataram* morning and evening. All over the country, crowds responded to its appeal. Saluting the tri-colour flag of the Congress in an appropriate song, men and women shouted: *"Bolo Bharat Mata Ki Jai"*. Inspired by it, they were all happy to offer whatever they could to the Mother.

This mighty influence was not the result of mere politics. The Renaissance literature throughout the country resounded to the

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echo of its stirring accents. To take but one outstanding instance, several poems of Subramanya Bharati, the great poet of the South, sing of the Mother with devotional intensity.

As a result, Indian nationalism naturally received a wider significance. It gave us an emotional bond, linking each one of us to the country, making India the loving mother of us all, to whom prayer was offered by millions in the moving strains of *Vande Mataram*. It became a mission to vitalise the moral and spiritual values of our heritage in the free life of our country, to spread them wherever the voice of India would reach, so that the Life of the Spirit might inspire the human race.

However, being human, our vision of the Mother has very often been dimmed. For instance, some months ago, it appeared as if the creative power of the Renaissance was spent; that forces of disintegration were gathering strength; that the public life was growing squalid; that the unity of the country was being undermined; that hedonism was poisoning our individual and social lives. The vigorous nationalism of the Renaissance appeared as if it was evaporating into a misty sentiment.

Then the sign came. The Chinese hordes flung themselves across the Thagla Ridge. Immediately, politicians ceased to squabble. Linguism lost its edge. The students and the workers were no longer querulous. Love of pleasure received a setback. A universal upsurge swept over the country.

It was a sight for the gods to see. We have never been so united before. Few countries in the world in a crisis have shown such spontaneous enthusiasm to resist the invader.

In this upsurge, Indian Renaissance reached its high expression. In accepting the challenge of the greatest menace to the values we have cherished, nationalism has acquired a new dimension.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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# Atma Darsana

द्वयक्षरस्तु भवेन्मृत्युः त्र्यक्षरं ब्रह्म शाश्वतम् ।
ममेति च भवेन्मृत्युः न ममेति च शाश्वतम् ॥

*Two letters lead to Death and three letters to eternal Brahman. The first are* Mama (*mine*) *and the second are* Na-mama (*not mine*).

कर्म केचित्प्रशंसन्ति मन्दबुद्धितया नराः ।
ये तु वृद्धा महात्मानः न प्रशंसन्ति कर्म ते ॥

*Some men lay too much emphasis on action, actuated by a lower quality of intellect. But the ripe, great souls do not.*

तस्मात्कर्मसु निःस्नेहा ये केचित्पारदर्शिनः ।
विद्यामयोऽयं पुरुषः न तु कर्ममयः स्मृतः ॥

*The far-sighted, therefore, have little fascination for action. Purusha is an embodiment of knowledge and not an accumulation of action.*

य एवममृतं नित्यं अग्राह्यं शश्वदक्षरम् ।
वश्यात्मानं असंश्लिष्टं यो वेद न मृतो भवेत् ॥

*That self-controlled one never dies who thus realizes the soul as immortal, ever present, beyond grasp, indestructible and beyond contact.*

(Mahabharata—*Anu Gita*)

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# TAPAS

**TAPAS**, in its fundamentals, consists in so controlling the mind as (1) to suffer one's own misfortunes cheerfully, (2) refrain from doing harm to others, and (3) doing good to others.

This explanation does not, however, make it any the easier to practise. In fact none but those who have made a beginning in a previous birth, can hope to continue it now. To attempt to do more than what the prior experience can admit of, is to invite disaster.

Like the wish-yielding gem, tapas is capable of conferring all that one desires and this power alone is incentive enough to demand its achievement in this very life.

Tapaswins, further, have the inherent power to punish all that goes against dharma and exalt all that is dharmic.

It follows naturally that tapaswins are the only people who do what is really sustaining in life and all others indulge in wasteful activities.

It is perhaps because of the realization of its paramount importance to society that householders have thought fit to support tapaswins, overriding even their own right to tapas!

Obstacles to tapas are deemed welcome by tapaswins. The gold only increases in purity by heat-treatment, the dross being burnt out in the process. So do left-over sins get wiped out by obstacles enabling atma-gyan to shine better.

Finally, the reason why our world is poor for the most part is that there are far too few tapaswins and far too many non-tapaswins.

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*... Man is at once the scum of creation and the crown of it, the scion of this world and the glory of this world... This dichotomy*

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Dr. S. RADHAKRISHNAN

# NEED for SPIRITUAL ORIENTATION

THERE are people today who profess a doctrine called logical positivism and they claim their descent from David Hume. They tell us that the David Hume form of knowledge consists of matters of fact and relations of ideas. The former are contingent and empirical. The latter are necessary.

If there is a book on divinity or metaphysics which deals with anything less, I shall dismiss it as sheer sophistry and illusion—these are the words which David Hume said. And the logical positivists adding to it the new techniques of linguistics and analysis displayed a creed of their own. They are the people themselves of metaphysics, of a type who are presiding over the extension of metaphysics according to their estimates. That is what they are attempting to do but they do not seem to realize that scientific theories are not mere transcripts of facts but they are interpretations of experience. They look at the world and try to find out whether this world can be accounted for on the basis of mere chance or caprice, or whether there is any guiding principle or not.

If you look at the cosmic phenomena, the way in which it has developed from matter to life, life to mind, mind to intelligence, intelligence to spirit, you cannot put it down merely as due to the accident of nature. In other words, you establish that there is an ordering and purpose, a guiding intelligence, a cosmic mystery. We may not be able to fathom its nature completely, but, all the same, unless you envisage something like that it will not be possible for you to give an explanation which commends itself to your mind. And when they talk of experience, it is not something to be limited merely to

*From his recent speech at Edinburgh University.*

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experience of space and time. There is intellectual experience. There is moral insight. There is spiritual encounter with the Supreme. The highest kind of experience is one where the human individual is able to feel that he is not a mere fraction of nature. That there is something in him which enables him to sit in judgment on nature, enables him to control nature and thus to escape from the necessities of nature.

Unless you regard the individual as a duality of subject and object, as having within himself nature and super-nature, it will not be possible for you to account for all the great work which we have done in this world from the time when we were thrust into it down to our present day. It is essential, therefore, to regard the human individual not as a mere animated instrument but as someone who is a co-creator with the divine, who is assisting the purpose of the universe, trying to lead it from one stage to another.

Unless we feel that there is such a thing as man's encounter with the Supreme and let it constitute an essential element of man's nature, then man is not fulfilled, is not complete, has not reached what he is intended to reach. Unless he is able to develop the spirit in him, unless the spiritual dimension of his nature is also carried out, once we have it in our world, we feel that the way in which we give expression to the Supreme of intellectual ideas, the mental images or relative transient should not be taken as final and absolute. Any finality and absolutism in our concept kills spiritual adventure. By this process of trying to move forward from stage to stage, man is here called upon to complete himself.

What the world requires today is spiritual orientation. We have done so many things in this world and yet we are afraid of what is likely to happen. That is because man is a duality. He is capable of doing great things, and also capable of doing very low things. He is at once the scum of creation and the crown of it, the scion of this world and the glory of this world—this duality.

This dichotomy in his nature has to be overcome. Man must become one so as to reflect the higher tendencies in him. If he is able to do that then he becomes real: what he is intended to become. When that happens it is what we call the fulfilment of man. The redemption of the human race as a whole is the goal of human history. That kind of redemption can happen if each individual exerts himself, disciplines himself, puts himself to all sorts of exercises, understands that religion is a costly business.

The agnostics are complaining about the atrocities of a likely war, and they call upon religious people to speak out clearly, loudly, that what their States are doing is something which they should not do. If it comes to that, it means that some of us who profess to be religious are tolerating these things. I only wish to say that, if we are in doubt, the spiritual outlook will have the courage and the compassion to denounce everything which goes against these fundamentals—the verities of truth, life and goodness.

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# FLASHES FROM SANSKRIT

## (2)

DUST thrown up in the sky fall on one's own head. So are the slanders of the malicious.

* * * *

A glass piece set among gems in a jewel passes off as a gem to the uncritical eye. Hollow men sometimes go undiscovered by virtue of their exalted company.

* * * *

Wicked men flare up even at peaceful words like drops of water on boiling ghee.

* * * *

The lion which kills all other animals is called the king of animals. Paramount rulers too evolve likewise.

* * * *

Kings should treat enemies like bilva fruits, which, when made to knock against each other, break together.

* * * *

The soul is the cool water in the pot called the body. The lighted faggot called egotism heats the pot and radiates its qualities to the soul.

* * * *

The neem twig tastes the same (bitter) to its grower as well as chopper. So does the wicked person both to friends and enemies, the good and the bad.

* * * *

A wicked act is like a debt. Both are unrelenting in their effect. The one has to be expiated and the other fully paid up willy-nilly—if not in this life, in the next.

* * * *

Seeds without husk do not sprout. Dehusking the soul of its vasanas alone will scrap rebirth.

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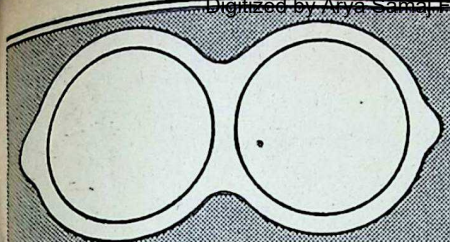

# PERISCOPE ON WAR

WHOEVER examines, with due circumspection, into the Annual Records of Time, will find it remarked, that war is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches—the former of which assertions may be soon granted, but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter; for pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both: and to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out when all have enough: invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels, are lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want.

—Jonathan Swift

★

WHAT distinguishes war is, not that man is slain, but that he is slain, spoiled, crushed by the cruelty, the injustice, the treachery, the murderous hand of man.

The evil is moral evil. War is the concentration of all human crimes. Here is its distinguishing, accursed brand. Under its standard gather violence, malignity, rage, fraud, perfidy, rapacity and lust. If it only slew men, it would do little. It turns man into a beast of prey. Here is the evil of war that man, made to be the brother, becomes the deadly foe of his kind; that man, whose duty it is to mitigate suffering, makes the infliction of his suffering his study and end; that man, whose office it is to avert and heal the wounds which come from Nature's powers, makes researches into Nature's laws, and arms himself with her most awful forces, that he may become the destroyer of his race. Nor is this all. There is also found in war a cold-hearted indifference to human miseries and wrongs, perhaps more shocking than the bad passions it calls forth. To my mind, this contempt of human nature is singularly offensive. To hate expresses something like respect. But in war, man treats his brother as nothing worth; sweeps away human multitudes as insects; tramples them down as grass; mocks at the rights, and does not deign a thought to their woes.

—William Ellery Channing

★

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*...No two modern spiritual leaders ever spoke in such*

# VIVEKANANDA

TWO leaders of modern India who were contemporary have had such profound psychological affinities and significant similarities of views and ideas as Sri Aurobindo and Swami Vivekananda. Not that there were no differences, but they were not, except on one crucial point, fundamental. And, strangely enough, just where Sri Aurobindo differed basically from Swami Vivekananda, he concurred fully with his Master, Sri Ramakrishna.

According to Sri Aurobindo, Sri Ramakrishna foreshadowed and even inaugurated the new era of the rebirth of man into a synthetic, integral, and dynamic spirituality. A grand synthesis of spiritual experiences he had realised in his own life. "... of all these souls Sri Ramakrishna was the last and greatest, for while others felt God in a single or limited aspect, he felt Him in his illimitable unity as the sum of an illimitable variety. In him the experience of millions of saints who had gone before were renewed and united. Sri Ramakrishna gave to India the final message of Hinduism to the world. A new era dates from his birth, an era in which the peoples of the earth will be lifted for a while into communion with God and spirituality become the dominant note of human life."

Swami Vivekananda, unlike his Master and Sri Aurobindo, had deep-rooted quietistic leanings—and this was the one radical difference between him and Sri Aurobindo—and was an ardent advocate and follower of Mayavada. His lecture on Maya was perhaps the best he ever delivered. But his Master drastically inhibited this tendency in him, and made him do "the Mother's work." It must, however, be admitted that Vivekananda could never completely get over

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*identical terms of the destiny and mission of Mother India...*

**Rishabhchand**

# AND AUROBINDO

this inherent leaning. About a couple of years before his passing, even after he had constantly felt the guidance of the Mother in his work, and the drive of his Master's force in him, he wrote to Mrs. Macleod: "Siva, Siva, carry my boat to the other shore! After all, I am only the boy who used to listen with rapt wonderment to the wonderful words of Ramakrishna under the Banyan tree at Dakshineswar. That is my true nature. Works and activities, doing good and so forth are all superimposition."* Works and activities were, indeed, a superimposition on him. He would rather have preferred to get away from them into the luminous calm of spiritual contemplation. But his Master had poured all his Yogic force into him on the eve of his passing, and it was that force that overrode his quietism and impelled him into ceaseless action. And the whole world knows what world-shaking, creative action he was capable of! He convulsed the whole country from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, galvanised the nation, sent torrents of surging energy into its torpid veins, and sowed the seeds of the future greatness of mankind. But for his superhuman work, India would not be what she is today. There was no aspect of the national renaissance that did not receive a quickening impetus from his spiritual power. It was only at the intervals of his stupendous work, that he would lapse into his old quietistic mood and indulge in a sweeping denunciation of all action, and long for the peace and silence of the immutable Brahman. "The world is like the dog's tail," he would say, "straighten it as much as you like, the moment you let go your hold, it curls up again." But, in spite

* On some other occasions also he spoke and wrote in the same strain.

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*For the next fifty years, this alone shall be our key-note—this our great Mother India...*

of this strong polarity to the peace and silence of Samadhi, what he achieved in the sphere of action, in his own country and abroad, has no parallel in modern history. Much of the spiritual virility he infused into his country is still working under the threshold of the national consciousness, and preparing its evolution. He created the field and the general conditions for the great work outlined by his Master, but the work itself, in its composite wholeness, was taken up by Sri Aurobindo, and carried to its consummation. He started with politics, for without political freedom the nation could not be raised to a higher level of spiritual culture, and marched forward to the conquest of the supreme creative Light of the Divine, which alone can transform human nature and regenerate mankind.

But, except for that one radical difference, Sri Aurobindo's and the Swami's thoughts and ideas ran mostly on parallel lines. I propose to study some of them here, side by side, in order to see how two spiritually illumined souls of modern India foresaw and moulded the destinies of India and the world.

## LOVE FOR INDIA

Love of India was the ruling passion of the Swami's heart. As Nivedita says: "India was the queen of his adoration." "For the next fifty years," declares the Swami, "this alone shall be our key-note—this our great Mother India. Let all other vain gods disappear for that time from our minds. This is the only God that is awake, our own race, everywhere His hands, everywhere His feet, everywhere His ears, He covers everything." On the eve of his return from the West, an English friend asked the Swami: "Swami, how do you like your Motherland now after four years' experience of the luxurious, glorious West?" Quick and sharp came the retort: "India I loved before I came away. Now the very dust of India has become holy to me, the very air is now to me holy; it is now the holy land, the place of pilgrimage, the Tirtha." "India throbbed in his breast, beat in his pulse", writes Jogesh Chandra Datta.

Sri Aurobindo's love for India is overwhelming in its mystic intensity and spiritual sublimity. "Mother India is not a piece of earth; she is a power, a Godhead." "The feeling of almost physical delight in the touch of the mother-soil, of the winds that blow from Indian seas, of the rivers that stream from Indian hills, in the hearing of Indian speech, music, poetry, in the familiar sights, sounds, habits, dress, manners of our Indian life, this is the physical root of that love. The pride in our past, the pain of our present, the passion for the future are its trunk and branches. Self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness, great service, high endurance for the country are its fruit. And the sap which keeps it alive is the realisation of the Mother-

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hood of God in the country, the vision of the Mother, the knowledge of the Mother, the perpetual contemplation, adoration of the Mother."

## THE DECADENCE OF THE NATION

Both the Swami and Sri Aurobindo were painfully aware of the decadence of the nation. Both of them saw that the nation was sunk in Tamas, the inertia and immobility of exhausted vitality, and they endeavoured to rouse it, each in his distinctive way. "I will go to hell cheerfully a thousand times", said the Swami "if I can rouse my countrymen, immersed in Tamas, and make them stand on their own feet and be Men." He injected into his people the heady wine of Rajas. Though himself a spiritual man and Sannyasi, he called upon his countrymen to develop muscles of iron and nerves of steel, characterised weakness as the greatest sin, and had the boldness to declare that the football would take the young men to Heaven sooner than the Gita. He knew the universal truth of *adhikara* and did not ask the torpid masses to rise at once to the height of Sattwic virtues. He was no fanatic of any mind-made ideal, but an illumined leader on the path of man's natural evolution. "Yes, the older I grow, the more everything seems to me to lie in manliness. This is my new gospel. Do even evil like a man! Be wicked if you must, on a grand scale!" He detested the "virtuousness of death."

Sri Aurobindo's Yogic force and fire-breathing pen produced a wonderful effect by consuming the Tamas of the nation and kindling its heart. "Subjection makes a people wholly *tamasic*, a sort of physical, intellectual and moral palsy seizes them and keeps them down to a low level of being; they are like insects grovelling in the dust, and before they can be lifted up to the higher plane of Sattwa, they must pass through Rajas." "When Tamas, inertia, torpor has benumbed a nation, the strongest forms of Rajas are necessary to break the spell..." The passage from the torpor of Tamas to the enlightened calm and poise of Sattwa is through the storms and whirlwinds of Rajas.

## GLORIES OF ANCIENT INDIA

Vivekananda's spiritual vision had revealed to him the marvellous glories of ancient India. "Study the history of the world", says he, "and you will see that every high ideal you meet with anywhere had its origin in India. From time immemorial, India has been the mine of precious ideas to human society; giving birth to high ideas herself, she has freely distributed them, broadcast over the whole world." "Hence have started the founders of religion from the most ancient times, deluging the earth again and again with the pure and perennial waters of spiritual truth. Hence have proceeded the tidal waves of philosophy that have conquered the earth...." "Like the gentle dew that falls unseen and unheard and yet brings into blossom the fairest of roses, so has been the

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*For 3000 years at least India has been creating abundantly, lavishly, republics, kingdoms, empires, philosophies, sciences...*

contribution of India to the thought of the world. Religious researches disclose to us the fact that there is not a country possessing a good ethical code but has borrowed something of it from us, and there is not one religion possessing good ideas of the immortality of the soul but has derived it directly or indirectly from us."

Let us now hear Sri Aurobindo's description of the manifold achievements of ancient India and her contribution to the world: "She (India) saw the myriad gods beyond man, God beyond the gods, and beyond God his own ineffable eternity; she saw that there were ranges of life beyond our life, ranges of mind beyond our mind and above these she saw the splendours of the spirit. Then with that calm audacity of her intuition which knew no fear or littleness and shrank from no act whether of spiritual or intellectual, or ethical or vital courage, she declared that there was none of these things which man could not attain if he trained his will and knowledge; he could conquer these ranges of mind, become the spirit, become a god, become one with God, become the ineffable Brahman. And with the logical practicality and sense of science and organised method which distinguished her mentality, she set forth immediately to find out the way. Hence from long ages of this insight and practice there was ingrained in her her spirituality, her powerful psychic tendency, her great yearning to grapple with the infinite and possess it, her ineradicable religious sense, her idealism, her Yoga, the constant turn of her art and philosophy.

"But this was not and could not be her whole mentality, her entire spirit; spirituality itself does not flourish on earth in the void...When we look at the past of India, what strikes us next is her stupendous vitality, her inexhaustible power of life and joy of life, her almost unimaginably prolific creativeness. For three thousand years at least,—it is indeed much longer,—she has been creating abundantly, lavishly, with an inexhaustible many-sidedness, republics and kingdoms and empires, philosophies and cosmogonies and sciences and creeds and arts and poems and all kinds of monuments, palaces and temples and public works, communities and societies and religious orders, laws and codes and rituals, physical sciences, psychic sciences, systems of Yoga, systems of politics and administration, arts spiritual, arts worldly, trades, industries, fine crafts,—the list is endless and in each item there is almost a plethora of activity...She expands too outside her borders; her ships cross the ocean and the fine superfluity of her wealth brims over to Judea and Egypt and Rome; her colonies spread her arts and epics and creeds in the Archipelago; her traces are found in the sands of Mesopotamia; her religions conquer China and Japan and spread westward as far as Palestine and Alexandria, and the figures of the Upanishads and the sayings of the Buddhists are re-echoed on the lips of Christ. Every-

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*...One vision I see as clear as life! The ancient Mother has awakened once more...*

where, as on her soil, so in her works, there is the teeming of a superabundant energy of life...Thus an ingrained and dominant spirituality, an inexhaustible vital creativeness and gust of life and, mediating between them, a powerful, penetrating and scrupulous intelligence combined of the rational, ethical and aesthetic mind each at a high intensity of action, created the harmony of the ancient Indian culture."*

## INDIA'S RENAISSANCE AND HER MISSION

It was not with the eye of faith or imagination, but with the clear vision of the Yogi that the Swami saw that India was awakening to illumine the world. "One vision I see as clear as life before me, that the ancient Mother has awakened once more." "Up, up, the long night is passing, the day is approaching, the wave has risen, nothing will be able to resist its tidal fury." With the same vision which revealed to him the glorious past of India, he contemplated, enraptured and inspired, the rising of the ancient Mother in all the majestic splendour of her renewed youth. "The longest night seems to be passing away, the sorest trouble seems to be coming to an end, and at last the seeming corpse appears to be awaking, and a voice is coming to us. Like a breeze from the Himalayas it is bringing life into the almost dead bones and muscles, the lethargy is passing away, and only the blind cannot see, or the perverted will not see that she is awakening, this Motherland of ours, from deep long sleep. None can resist her any more, never is she going to sleep and more, for the infinite giant is rising to her feet! Believe, believe, the decree has gone forth—India must arise." "Here is the life-giving water with which must be quenched the burning fire of materialism, which is burning the core of the hearts of the millions in other lands." "Rejoice! The flood of spirituality has risen. I see it rolling over the land, resistless, boundless, all-absorbing. Every man to the fore, every good will be added to its forces, every hand will smooth its way, and glory be unto the Lord!" These impassioned words, aglow with the light and vibrant with the power of a Yogi, can flow only out of the depths of a spiritual vision and experience. They are unmistakable, and irresistibly creative. They are at once an evocation and a prediction. They are winged messengers from the spiritual realms where India's glorious destiny is already an accomplished fact, and they accelerate the pace of the present towards the future in the physical world. The thunder-roll of the Swami's utterances set in motion gigantic vibrations of force which have still been carving the future of the nation. "This is the land from whence, like the tidal waves, spirituality and philosophy have again and again rushed out and deluged the world. And this is the land from whence once more such tides must proceed in order to

* *The Renaissance in India* by Sri Aurobindo.

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*...The sun of India's destiny will rise and fill all India with its light...*

bring life and vigour into the decaying races of mankind."

On the reawakening and mission of India, Sri Aurobindo says: "She is rising to shed the light entrusted to her over the world. India has always existed for humanity and not for herself, and it is for humanity and not for herself that she must be great." "The sun of India's destiny would rise and fill all India with its light and overflow India and overflow the world." "The world waits for the rising of India to receive the divine flood in its fullness." "God has set apart India as the eternal fountain-head of holy spirituality, and He will never suffer that fountain to run dry. Therefore Swaraj has been revealed to us...Once more in the land of the saint and sages will burn up the fire of the ancient Yoga and the hearts of her people will be lifted up into the neighbourhood of the Eternal." "...The function of India is to supply the world with a perennial source of light and renovation. Whenever the first play of energy is exhausted and earth grows old and weary, full of materialism, racked with problems she cannot solve, the function of India is to restore the youth to mankind and assure it of immortality. She sends forth a light from her bosom which floods the earth and the heavens, and mankind bathes in it like St. George in the well of life and recovers strength, hope and vitality for its long pilgrimage. Such a time is now at hand."

No two contemporary spiritual personalities ever spoke in such almost identical terms of the destiny and mission of Mother India. In no other leader, past or present, do we find the same global, revealing vision, and the same electrifying voice of inspiration.

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PART III

CHAPTER XXV

# Invitation to the Swayamvara

WITH a frown on his brow, Dronaacharya got into the waiting chariot with a slow, decisive movement which was characteristic of him. Though apparently self-possessed, he was in a temper.

The rains had come and gone. The roads were now open to traffic. The Ganga was no longer a roaring, muddy flood as during the rains, but a placid highway.

Only the day before, boats coming from Kampilya had brought a delegation of learned Brahmans headed by a minister to invite the Kuru princes to the *swayamvara* of Draupadi, the daughter of King Yajnasena Drupad, which was fixed for the first day of the bright half of the month of Chaitra.

The report that the delegation had come with the invitation to the *swayamvara,* spread like wildfire in Hastinapur and reached the ears of the Acharya. That very morning, Princess Bhanumati, wife of the Crown Prince Duryodhana, also had come to him with it.

The Acharya loved this beautiful Princess of Kamboja as his own daughter. Impulsive, sprightly and possessive, she brought sunshine into the life of the warrior, dominated as it was by lust of power. He was her father's great friend and had brought about her marriage with

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Duryodhana after her eldest sister, his first wife, had died.

In her effusive, child-like way, Bhanumati worshipped her big, self-willed husband. She gloried in his exploits and gave him complete loyalty. At times she exercised even a soothing influence over him, who found comfort in the arms of his doting and admiring wife.

This happy world of hers developed a crack when she heard that her husband had decided to go to the *swayamvara* to win Draupadi. Very much shaken by this situation, she came to the Acharya to tell him of the impending calamity, and beg him to intervene.

The news shocked the Acharya. Poor, sweet Bhanumati! Such a loving wife, wasted on this irrepressible Duryodhana. And what time and energy had he himself not wasted in trying to make a hero out of him? The Acharya sighed. If only Arjuna, his devoted pupil, had been alive!

The Acharya would have certainly liked one of his pupils to inflict a defeat on his bitterest enemy, Drupad, and extract the hand of his proud daughter as a tribute. But for Duryodhana to go like an ordinary suitor and seek her hand was intolerable. It was a blow to his prestige and pride.

Immediately on hearing the news, the Acharya made up his mind. He would not allow Duryodhana to go to the *swayamvara*. Grandfather Bheeshma, he was sure, would not think of permitting the Kuru Crown Prince to suffer such a humiliation.

As the chariot was swiftly being driven to the royal palace, the Acharya's mind went back to Krishna Vaasudeva. Vaasudeva was not his enemy, as he once thought he was; he was a friend who held him in great admiration. He had the perception to acknowledge him, Dronaacharya, as the greatest military leader, able to make a man out of a woman. He was a splendid fellow, this young cowherd, Vaasudeva. What a pity, he could find no opportunity to meet him when he visited Hastinapur!

Again his mind went back to the folly which Duryodhana was ready to commit. If, against his advice, his pupil went to the *swayamvara*, he would leave the Kurus. He was an unrivalled warrior, a pupil of Parashurama, and a Brahman who would not stoop to gain position or wealth at the cost of his self-respect. If Duryodhana married Draupadi, he would leave Hastinapur.

The Raja-sabha had already been considering the problem when the Acharya arrived. Grandfather Bheeshma sat on his throne, tall and straight and stern as ever. The blind King, Dhritaraashtra, sat on a throne by his side, turning his blind eyes from one person to the other, his mouth often sagging—a pitiable embodiment, the Acharya thought, of the great power which Bheeshma and himself had built up.

Duryodhana, the Crown Prince, sat near his father, his eyes indicating truculence. Next to him sat his brother Dushaasan, lean and hungry-looking, his shifty eyes watching everyone warily. There was their uncle Shakuni too, the Prince of Gandhara and the King's brother-in-law, fat and unctuous as ever, a deceptive image of good nature, his

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deep-seated, small eyes beaming mischief.

Karna, the charioteer's son, sat next to him, his brilliant eyes flashing disapproval of the lengthy discussion on a matter which, in his view, was capable of an easy, straightforward solution. And by his side sat his own son Aswatthaama, now Duryodhana's right-hand man.

The Acharya was surprised to find that Vidura, the saintly, who carried the confidence of Grandfather, was not among the ministers present. However, old Kunik was there, the astute minister, his eyes dim with age twitching. His own brother-in-law, Kripacharya, who had already arrived before him, was seated next to him.

Folding his hands before Grandfather and the blind King, the Acharya, as a Brahman of learning, gave them blessings in the hallowed Vedic *mantras* suited to the occasion. And as he did so, he could not help thinking of what a different Rajasabha it would have been had his favourite pupils, the Five Brothers, been alive and present.

For a moment, regret shot through his heart; it was a foolish impulse which had prompted him to help Duryodhana to put Yudhishthira out of the way. Then he had thought that with Duryodhana as the Crown Prince, it would be easy to dominate the scene in Hastinapur. But his judgment was at fault, perhaps for the first time. It would have been easy to guide a man of reason and virtue; it was impossible to deal with an egregious fool.

When the Acharya had taken his seat, the King informed him as to

*....Vidura came into the hall....*

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what had been going on before he came.

'Respected Acharya, we have to take an important decision. Should we accept the invitation of King Drupad and send our Princes to the *swayamvara* of Draupadi?' he asked.

Turning his blind eyes helplessly towards Duryodhana, he added: 'It is a matter of high policy for us. We should not come to any hasty decision. The King of Panchala, as we all know, is hostile to us. To bring his daughter into our family might mean endless intrigues and ultimate disaster.'

The Acharya tried to fathom the intentions of Grandfather whose eyes were fixed on the blind King, but the old man mechanically moving his hand over his flowing beard, sat inscrutable as ever.

'Kunik, will you please tell the Acharya what you told us?' the blind King asked.

Kunik, the old minister, his eyes twitching ceaselessly, folded his hands and, with sententious loquacity, said: 'As the noble lord commands. With Grandfather's permission, I may repeat what I stated. Panchala has been a thorn in our side. It has prevented us from making any conquest in the east. King Drupad is a very determined king and has been preparing for a war with us for a long time. He looks upon Guru Dronaacharya, our great military leader, as his enemy. His son, Dhristadyumna, is a highly trained warrior and very ambitious and also unforgiving. Reports also have it that Krishn*aa,* the Princess, is a a very strong-minded woman, with all the faults of her father. The affairs of Hastinapur, so zealously looked after by the venerable Grandfather, would be seriously affected if she comes into the royal family of Emperof Bharat of sacred memory. As has been said by the ancient Manu, "before selecting a wife, look to the ways of her parents." And there is a blot on the family too. One of the sons of Drupad is neither a man nor a woman. Noble lord, he was married to the Princess of Dasharna. When she had to be brought to live with her husband, this prince or princess —whatever you may call—was secreted away by King Drupad to hide the disgrace which would follow if it was found out that what had been passed off as a man was really a woman.' Having delivered himself of his speech, Kunik again joined his hands ceremoniously.

The Acharya was highly amused at the way Shikhandin's disappearance was being explained away by the world. Kunik did not know that it was he, Dronaacharya, who was making a man and a hero out of Shikhandin.

Duryodhana, for a moment, looked angrily at Kunik and interjected: 'You think that the Kuru Princes are such weaklings that they could become the playthings of their wives?'

'I crave forgiveness of the Crown Prince,' said Kunik who, brought up in a very old tradition, could never address any member of the royal family except with ceremonious courtesy. 'No man and no family can escape from the clutches of a daughter-in-law. As the ancient proverb has it, "a wife, however docile,

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invariably ends by taming the husband and his family." Then what of a strong-minded wife?'

Dronaacharya could see what was passing in the mind of Duryodhana. Bhanumati was right; he had made up his mind to win Draupadi.

Now the King's eyes were turned towards where Shakuni was sitting. 'Prince of Gandhara, what have you to say?'

The Acharya could not suppress a look of contempt. He hated this villain who exercised such a baneful influence on his pupil and filled the Court of the Kurus with interminable intrigues.

Shakuni laughed and said: 'I cannot match the wisdom of the learned and respected minister Kunik. But he is not fair to the royal house of Bharat of glorious memory.' And he looked triumphantly at Duryodhana and Dushaasan. 'The Kuru Princes are lions. If the Princess of Panchala weds any one of them, how can she be anything but his devoted slave?' He winked imperceptibly at Duryodhana, and again in his half-sarcastic and half-mocking vein, continued: 'With Grandfather as the guardian of the Kurus, Duryodhana as the Crown Prince and minister Kunik to give sage advice,' then throwing a smile at the Acharya, he added: 'and with the great Acharya to win our wars, what can a princess do?'

Duryodhana took up the thread impatiently. 'Venerable Grandfather, we must go to the *swayamvara*. One or the other of us is sure to win Draupadi. Who can compare with us?' Then he turned to Kunik and added: 'What greater humiliation can we inflict on Drupad than carrying away his daughter by the strength of our arms?'

The Acharya saw an imperceptible smile creeping over the stern face of Grandfather. The old man was definitely on his side, he thought.

'Suppose none of you are selected by the Princess. Then it will be a humiliation for us, won't it be?' The King raised the doubt, his blind gaze fixed on Duryodhana.

Uncle Shakuni laughed loudly, rolled his body, folded his hands and in a mocking voice said: 'Noble King, *swayamvara* is a sacred occasion hallowed by ancient tradition. There is glory if you win the bride. There is no disgrace if you lose her, for,' he continued laughingly as if it was a huge joke, 'a bride can marry only one prince .....'

The stern look of Grandfather arrested Shakuni's mocking speech. Then in his guttural voice, Grandfather asked: 'Acharya, what do you think about this matter?'

The Acharya folded his hands before Bheeshma and spoke in a solemn voice: 'Venerable Grandfather, noble King, I am pained at the attitude of Duryodhana. It would be humiliation for a Kuru Prince to go to Drupad's Court to seek the hand of his daughter. I would expect him to destroy the power of Drupad once for all and carry away his daughter as a prize for leaving him in peace. How utterly have I failed to inspire my pupils with the noble pride which goes with heroism?'

'Do you doubt our courage, Acharyadeva?' asked Karna. He

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would never let anyone doubt his bravery.

Grandfather raised a hand to stop the conversation flowing in irrelevant channels. 'Acharya, it seems you are against our Princes attending the *swayamvara*.'

'Venerable Grandfather, it is difficult for me to reconcile myself to our Princes attending the *swayamvara*. I do not know what you would like to do in the matter. But this thing I know: Neither Duryodhana nor Karna, nor even my son Aswatthaama, is likely to bring strength to the Kurus if they go. If any one of them wins Draupadi, the Kuru power would be torn by factions. If none of them wins her, our prestige would have gone. In either event, our strength is sure to be shattered. And let me for myself make this clear: I .....'

Before, however, the Acharya could complete his sentence and deliver his ultimatum of renouncing his office if Duryodhana went to the *swayamvara*, Vidura came into the hall, approached Grandfather and whispered something into his ear. Everyone silently watched this whispered conversation which must have been of great importance, interposed unceremoniously as it was in the middle of grave consultations.

The Acharya watched the face of Grandfather, whose eyes, as he heard Vidura, grew interested and then shone with a momentary glow. When the conversation was finished, there was a distinct smile on Grandfather's lips.

As Vidura finished the conversation, he received a nod from Grandfather, giving him silent permission to go ahead. Vidura turned to the King with folded hands and said: 'Noble King, Uddhava, the son of noble Devabhaaga of the Shooras, has brought a message which has a bearing on what the noble lord is going to decide. He is waiting outside. Is it your command that he should be brought in?'

Everybody was taken aback and looked at Vidura in surprise. The Acharya looked at everyone present to discover what this development meant. Evidently, Vidura, in spite of his saintliness, had an unfathomable way of doing things.

'What is the mission which brings Uddhava, son of Devabhaaga, here?' asked the King.

Grandfather slowly went on moving his hands over his beard, his attitude now completely detached.

'Uddhava came suddenly this morning and sent me word from outside the city gates that he would like to stay with me,' said Vidura. 'I went and received him with appropriate honour. He has brought an urgent message from the Best among Yadavas, Krishna V*aa*sudeva.'

'Krishna V*aa*sudeva!' exclaimed Duryodhana. There was a scowl on the face of Karna. Aswatthaama glared angrily at Vidura.

Disregarding the interruption, Vidura continued: 'But before bringing the message to Grandfather, Uddhava wanted to pay his respects to the Most Venerable Mother. So I took him to her and after the interview was over, brought him here to

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meet the noble lord. I have already sought the permission of Grandfather.'

'Krishna Vaasudeva!' Duryodhana again interjected in excitement. 'We are already in the midst of important deliberations. Why should we make our deliberations more difficult by allowing Krishna Vaasudeva to intervene in this manner? Why can't Uddhava wait?'

The guttural voice of Grandfather cut into Duryodhana's speech. 'Any message which the Best among Yadavas, Vaasudeva, chooses to send, is welcome at the Court of the Kurus. Vidura, please request the son of Devabhaaga to come in. We shall be glad to meet him,' he said authoritatively.

Dronaacharya's mind was in a whirl. Vidura's coming into the hall had interrupted his delivering the ultimatum. Normally he would have liked to deliver it before Uddhava came, but at the mention of Krishna Vaasudeva, a thrill passed through his body. Was Vaasudeva miraculously going to intervene?

[*To be continued*]

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Marriage resembles a pair of shears; so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

—*Sydney Smith*


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*Prof. J. K. Galbraith, the outgoing U.S. Ambassador in this country, is a great intellectual and an economist of the highest calibre.*

*Prime Minister Nehru praising him said the other day: "I am sorry he is going. He is a brilliant man and has helped India in many ways. We are thankful to him for all that he has done." He expressed the hope that Prof. Galbraith would continue to take interest in India.*

*On the eve of his retirement from his Indian assignment, the learned Professor gave expression to certain thoughts, born as a result of his experience, in an address at the Bombay University in June this year, which deserve to be pondered over by all concerned.*—Ed.

**PROF. J. K. GALBRAITH**

# a strategy f

FOR the past two years and something more, my life has been intimately bound up with your country. These have been among the happiest and certainly the busiest and most informative years of my life. It has occurred to me that perhaps there are a few lessons from this experience —a few thoughts on economic, military and other public policy—which I might usefully leave behind.

In dealing with the public problems of a country it is useful to have what the Germans call a "schwerpunkt"—a central theme around which one builds the larger structure of ideas and policy. In dealing with India as also many of the other new countries of Asia and Africa, the established point of concentration is the need to escape from the poverty which, in turn, is the legacy of past neglect. The economists have defined the problem as the need for increased investment in industrial and agricultural plant and for a minimum annual increase in total output. This point of concentration is a sound one. No poor country today can conten-

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# gy for India's prosperity

tedly accept the *status quo*. No government can long survive if it does not offer the prospect of economic progress.

The conflict between political systems—Communist on the one hand and the more liberal systems on the other—is in some measure a competition between designs for economic progress. One suspects that some of the trouble between China and India in these last months has to do with this difference in design. The Indian design is not regarded with great approval from across the Himalayas. That is at least partly because it works rather better in practice than in strict Marxian principle as interpreted by the Chinese. One senses, not for the first time in history, that jealousy played a part in the military adventures of last autumn.

Ultimately, however, the purpose of economic advance is not investment and economic growth. Rather it is the ends that these things are meant to serve, and that is improvement in well-being and popular enjoyment of life. This, the well-being or enjoyment of life by the average person, is the ultimate goal. Moreover, a poor country must make good on this promise with considerable promptness.

The basic comparison in human affairs is always the present with the recent past. The average person does not compare his economic position with that of the remote rich. He does compare his position this year with his position last year. If his income is improving he naturally takes the credit to himself, but he also takes a benign view of the government that makes it possible. The result is political contentment and stability.

If his income and living standard are deteriorating, he unhesitatingly blames it on the state. He will be in a difficult and angry and possibly even a revolutionary mood. The result will be damaging to orderly progress and perhaps to democratic process.

This brings us to the central test of any policy. We must test every course of action by whether it promises to improve the position of the average person. And we must look

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with the gravest concern on anything which promises to be damaging. This is a simple test but a valid one.

A few moments ago I expressed doubts about the accepted tests of the economist—the rate of investment and of economic growth. An undue emphasis on the rate of growth can, and in important cases has led to undue emphasis on current saving and on increase of these savings through taxation. As a result, in the name of increasing output in the long run there has been reduction in the well-being of the average person in the short run. This, it will be evident, can be dangerous policy.

The average person may know of the hopes for the future. But he knows even more acutely that he is now poorer than before. This can rarely be accepted with grace and contentment when living standards are close to the margin.

This simple test of average well-being throws strong light on the role of economic aid in development. All economic advance requires savings. If these must be squeezed in toto from the small budget of the average citizen, the process of improvement will be very painful. If savings can come from abroad in the form of grants or low interest rate loans, then the process of growth is much less painful.

I venture again to think that one of the differences between China and India in these last years is that India has had friends on whom she could call for help. The Chinese by contrast have had to face the grim task of getting wherewithal for their advance out of their own limited resources. There are other differences but this is an important one.

The test of average well-being bears also on development strategy. Thus individual well-being in a country such as India is overwhelmingly a matter of food supply, education, clothing, health and simple shelter. For the average person these are what count. If these are available in growing amount and at reasonable prices, the well-being of the average person is secure. And so is the development process. And so most likely will be the political and social institutions which depend on the consent and well-being of the people at large.

As a student of economic development I have long been concerned about the tendency to disperse energy and effort. Too many things compete for the attention of planners. One of the best ways of introducing a sense of strategic concentration is to apply this test. It does not mean that the developing country concerns itself only with agriculture, education, or simple industry. These, in their turn, require other industry and power and transport to support them. It does mean that agricultural and industrial structure are geared to the improvement of average living standards. The burden of proof is strongly on anything that does not do so.

The test of average well-being also keeps our minds sharply focussed on the growth of population. This is the problem which has impressed me most during these last years in India. I would not minimize the threat from beyond your frontier. I venture to think that it may be just as great from within.

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When one considers that you add each year something close to the population of Australia, one has a measure of the magnitude of the task which population growth imposes.

There are many countries in the world where the economic system is such that added hands mean added production. In India this is not the case. An increase in the labour force means, in general, a smaller division of the opportunities for work and an even smaller division of the income from work. Thus population growth is a clear and present threat to average well-being.

One can carry this test of average well-being somewhat further afield, for example, an indispensable guide in such a seemingly distant matter as military planning. For here too planning must take account of the need for economic advance. The Chinese threat on your northern borders has made urgent the matter of devising a larger strategy of defence. This defence is something on which we have given you substantial help; we have just taken the decision to provide more. We are doing this because we do not like to see our friends humiliated; we have no intention of allowing it to happen if our help can avoid it.

It is the high privilege of anyone in a democracy to offer advice on any subject. I have a feeling, however, that a certain amount of advice on how to defend the sub-continent against the Communists is coming from people who have never believed such defence to be really necessary at all. I would sense that some of the complaints concerning American aid is coming from individuals who believe that the major threat to India lies in some entanglement associated with our assistance. They are in the rather ambivalent position of complaining that we are not doing enough and warning that we want to do too much. There is one rule here which is worth keeping in mind. The best advice on what to do rarely comes from those whose basic preference may be to do nothing.

Let me return to the larger problem of defence. I noted at the outset that one of the reasons that India is subject to the attention of the Chinese is not because she is a failure but because she is a success. If India's postwar economic development had been demonstrably inferior to that of China, there is little likelihood that China would have seen the need for

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a demonstration of military superiority. She would have felt that sooner or later superior economic performance would have induced India to accept her model.

This means therefore that improving economic performance is part of the fundamental strength of your country. And it means obviously that anything that impairs Indian economic performance is a source of weakness.

I have heard it said that China attacked India last autumn because she wished to divert your energies from peaceful development to barren military outlay. I wonder if the Chinese calculations are quite so Machiavellian and complex. But clearly there is a suggestion here of the danger. One could imagine a design for Indian defence which would place an inordinate demand on Indian resources which would be sustained by heavy taxation of the average citizen and which would forestall all economic advance. This defence would be at the cost of India's ultimate strength. It would be no defence at all.

By contrast there are designs emphasizing good equipment, high morale and high competence which—with the help of your friends—will raise high the horizon against attack across your borders and give immunity to threat and humiliation. It would allow of continued improvement of the economic well-being of the average Indian family. I venture to think that what happens to the average man once again shows itself to be an imperative test. I think that improvement must continue.

There is a deeper point here. The strength of a country is, after all, what unites people in support of their common purpose. People who are asked to share responsibility will ordinarily insist on sharing the reward. Effective democracy does ask something from everyone but it is equally important that it offers something to everyone. We should not be surprised if we find it valuable to test practical politics by these elementary rules of the democratic ethos.

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*There is no gain so certain*
*as that which arises from*
*sparing what you have.*

—Publius Syrus

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*. . . education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, including men and their ways, and the fashioning of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony . . .*

# TRUE LIBERAL EDUCATION

THOMAS H. HUXLEY

LET us ask ourselves, what is education?

Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education?—of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves—of that education which, if we could mould the fates to our own will, we would give our children.

Well, I know not what may be your conception upon this matter, but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check?

Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation, even scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess.

It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own.

The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature.

The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance.

To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which

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the strong shows delight by strength at this elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education, which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And one who plays ill is checkmated —without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture, a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws.

For me, education means neither more nor less than this.

Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigour of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past, for any one, be he as old as he may. For every man, the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe of which we are all members—Nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honours in Nature's

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university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with wilful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her displeasure, without waiting for the box on the ear.

In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards, which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchor of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such a one, and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

---

*There can be but a single goal of education and that—education to courage.*

—Adler.

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# EDUCATION IN INDIA

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Education is said to be the first means of overcoming poverty which is, by admission, the first charge on our different Five Year Plans. How far we have succeeded in increasing education will be seen from the following provisional statistics as on March 31, 1962.

## (1) AREA AND POPULATION :

| | |
|---|---|
| Area (in square miles) .. .. .. .. .. | 11,76,251 |

ESTIMATED POPULATION (1962)—

*In thousands.*

| Males | Females | Total |
|---|---|---|
| 2,31,606 | 2,18,148 | 4,49,754 |

ESTIMATED POPULATION

*(in thousands) for the age groups*

| | *boys* | *girls* | *total* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6–11 years .. .. | 29,726 | 27,919 | 57,645 |
| 11–14 years .. .. | 14,519 | 13,863 | 28,382 |
| 14–17 years .. .. | 13,308 | 12,654 | 25,962 |

## (2) NUMBER OF RECOGNISED EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS :

| | Type of Institutions | Total number of Institutions |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Universities .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 45 |
| 2. | Board of Secondary and/or Intermediate Education .. | 12 |
| 3. | Research Institutions (In Arts and Science only) .. | 46 |
| 4. | Arts and Science Colleges .. .. .. .. .. | 1,118 |
| 5. | Colleges for Commerce .. .. .. .. .. | 55 |
| 6. | Colleges for Physical Education .. .. .. | 18 |
| 7. | Teacher Training Colleges :— | |
| | (*i*) Basic .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 259 |
| | (*ii*) Non-Basic .. .. .. .. .. .. | 280 |
| 8. | Schools for General Education :— | |
| | (*a*) Higher Secondary Schools .. .. .. | 4,320 |
| | (*b*) Multipurpose Schools .. .. .. .. | 1,389 |
| | (*c*) High Schools .. .. .. .. .. | 13,526 |
| | (*d*) Post-Basic Schools .. .. .. .. | 49 |
| | (*e*) Middle/Senior Basic Schools .. .. .. | 55,250 |
| | (*f*) Primary/Junior Basic Schools .. .. | 3,49,789 |
| | (*g*) Pre-Primary Schools .. .. .. | 2,202 |
| 9. | Schools for Commerce .. .. .. .. .. | 1,095 |
| 10. | Schools for Physical Education .. .. .. .. | 44 |
| 11. | Teacher Training Schools :— | |
| | (*i*) Basic .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 853 |
| | (*ii*) Non-Basic .. .. .. .. .. .. | 258 |
| 12. | Pre-Primary Teacher Training Schools .. .. .. | 32 |
| 13. | Schools for Handicapped .. .. .. .. .. | 153 |
| 14. | Schools for Social Workers (Janta Colleges) .. .. | 46 |
| 15. | Schools/Centres for Adults .. .. .. .. .. | 2,31,677 |

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(3) NUMBER OF STUDENTS BY STAGE OF EDUCATION

| Stage of Education | Boys | Girls | Total |
|---|---|---|---|
| (1) University Stage :— | | | |
| (a) Ph. D/D.Sc./D. Phill./etc. (In Arts and Science only) .. | 4,233 | 681 | 4,914 |
| (b) M. A. .. .. .. .. | 27,059 | 7,701 | 34,760 |
| (c) M. Sc. .. .. .. .. | 10,392 | 1,670 | 12,062 |
| (d) M. Com. .. .. .. .. | 5,333 | 48 | 5,381 |
| (e) M. Ed. .. .. .. | 972 | 424 | 1,396 |
| (f) B.A. (Pass & Hons.) .. .. | 1,39,034 | 52,841 | 1,91,875 |
| (g) B.Sc. (Pass & Hons.) .. .. | 1,11,638 | 19,027 | 1,30,665 |
| (h) B. Com. (Pass & Hons.) .. | 51,181 | 697 | 51,878 |
| (i) Teacher Training (B.T/B.Ed. and equivalent Diplomas) :— | | | |
| (i) Basic .. .. .. | 3,238 | 1,550 | 4,788 |
| (ii) Non-Basic .. .. .. | 10,442 | 4,954 | 15,396 |
| (j) B.P.E. (Bachelor of Physical Education) and equivalent Diplomas) .. .. .. | 613 | 120 | 733 |
| (k) Teacher Training (Undergraduate level ) :— | | | |
| (i) Basic .. .. .. .. | 14,603 | 4,696 | 19,299 |
| (ii) Non-Basic .. .. .. | 6,430 | 5,687 | 12,117 |
| (l) I.A. .. .. .. .. .. | 1,77,603 | 33,942 | 2,11,545 |
| (m) I.Sc. .. .. .. .. | 23,818 | 3,071 | 26,889 |
| (n) Pre-University :— | | | |
| (i) Arts .. .. .. .. | 1,05,504 | 36,023 | 1,41,527 |
| (ii) Science .. .. .. | 82,671 | 8,965 | 91,636 |
| (iii) Commerce .. .. .. | 23,034 | 561 | 23,595 |
| (2) School Stage :— | | | |
| (a) Classes IX and above .. .. | 24,69,165 | 5,81,773 | 30,50,938 |
| (b) Classes VI-VIII .. .. .. | 56,80,711 | 18,78,681 | 75,59,392 |
| (c) Classes I-V .. .. .. | 2,57,48,556 | 1,26,83,341 | 3,84,31,897 |
| (d) Pre-Primary .. .. .. | 1,33,359 | 98,432 | 2,31,791 |
| (e) Teacher Training (Primary) :— | | | |
| (i) Basic .. .. .. .. | 85,477 | 29,124 | 1,14,601 |
| (ii) Non-Basic .. .. .. .. | 10,830 | 5,167 | 15,997 |
| (f) Teacher Training (Pre-Primary) .. .. .. | 178 | 1,661 | 1,839 |
| (g) Commerce .. .. .. .. | 78,271 | 14,897 | 93,168 |
| (h) Physical Education .. .. .. | 2,885 | 438 | 3,323 |
| (i) In Schools for the Handicapped .. | 6,723 | 1,885 | 8,608 |
| (j) In Schools for Social Workers (Janta Colleges) .. .. .. | 3,243 | 507 | 3,750 |
| (k) In Schools/Centres for Adults .. | 14,97,389 | 8,01,156 | 22,98,545 |

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(4) NUMBER OF TEACHERS :

| Type of Institution | Men | | Women | | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | Trained |
| | | | | | Untrained |
| 1. High/Higher Secondary/ Multi-purpose/Post-Basic Schools .. | 1,61,216 | 92,769 | 54,438 | 18,289 | 2,15,654 |
| | | | | | 1,11,058 |
| | | | | | 2,52,445 |
| 2. Middle/Senior Basic Schools .. .. | 1,81,668 | 90,295 | 70,777 | 22,634 | 1,12,929 |
| | | | | | 5,46,531 |
| 3. Primary/Junior Basic Schools .. .. | 4,20,310 | 2,37,270 | 1,26,221 | 38,021 | 2,75,291 |
| | | | | | 2,536 |
| 4. Pre-Primary Schools .. | 290 | 435 | 2,246 | 1,513 | 1,948 |

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...Self-control is strength;
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Right Thought is mastery; Calmness is power...

# Serenity

JAMES ALLEN

CALMNESS of mind is one of the beautiful jewels of wisdom.

It is the result of long and patient effort in self-control.

Its presence is an indication of ripened experience, and of a more than ordinary knowledge of the laws and operations of thought.

A man becomes calm in the measure that he understands himself as a thought-evolved being, for such knowledge necessitates the understanding of others as the result of thought, and as he develops a right understanding, and sees more and more clearly the internal relations of things by the action of cause and effect, he ceases to fuss and fume and worry and grieve, and remains poised, steadfast, serene.

The calm man, having learned how to govern himself, knows how to adapt himself to others; and they, in turn, reverence his spiritual strength and feel that they can learn of him and rely upon him.

The more tranquil a man becomes the greater is his success, his influence, his power for good.

Even the ordinary trader will find his business prosperity increase as he develops a greater self-control and equanimity, for people will always prefer to deal with a man whose demeanour is strongly equable.

The strong, calm man is always loved and revered.

He is like a shade-giving tree in a thirsty land, or a sheltering rock in a storm. "Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life?" It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what changes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm.

That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the best lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is precious as wisdom. More to be desired than gold—yes, than even fine gold.

How insignificant mere money-seeking looks in comparison with a serene life—a life that dwells in the ocean of Truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the Eternal Calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character, and make bad blood! It is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and

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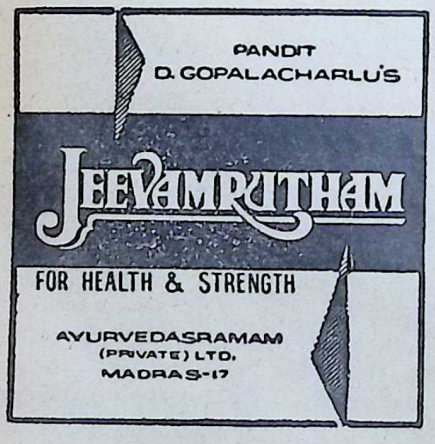


mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well-balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!

Yes, humanity surges with uncontrolled passion, is tumultuous with ungoverned grief, is blown about by anxiety and doubt. Only the wise, only he whose thoughts are controlled and purified, makes the minds and the storms of the soul obey him.

Tempest-tossed souls, wherever ye may be, under whatsoever conditions ye may live, know this—in the ocean of life the isles of Blessedness are smiling, and the sunny shore of your ideal awaits your coming.

Keep your hand firmly upon the helm of thought.

In the barque of your soul reclines the commanding Master; He does but sleep; wake him.

Self-control is strength; Right Thought is mastery; Calmness is power.

Say unto your heart, "Peace, be still."

———*———

## FIVE GOLDEN RULES

1. Hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.
2. Believe nothing of the kind till you are absolutely forced to it.
3. Never drink in the spirit of one who circulates the ill report.
4. Always moderate the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

*—C. Simeon*

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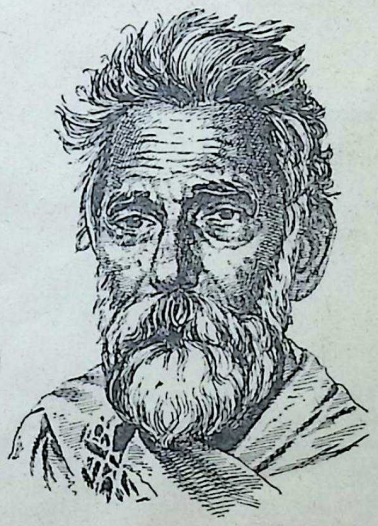
# ASCETIC SCIENTIST

*Chinmoy*

ACHARYA Prafulla Chandra Ray's was a life of genuine celibacy and lucid serenity. This illustrious savant of Bengal came into the world a century ago. The year 1861 is indeed memorable in the history of awakening India. In one and the same year Mother India gave birth to three mighty sons. Pandit Motilal Nehru's name shall shine perpetually in connection with the freedom movement of India. Tagore the International Figure is an everlasting name. P. C. Ray's contribution to the world of Chemistry is simply wonderful.

Ray's very name awakes an unflagging zeal, arduous *tapasya* in the hearts of indolent and ease-loving youths. His great sacrifice should be familiar to us all irrespective of age. He carried out his self-imposed duties not only devotedly but also successfully. While investigating the principles of Chemistry, he fought like a giant in the atmosphere of bondage in a poverty-stricken country. In him we find a superb scientist, industrialist and educationist. In the fields of politics and social reform too he lent a helping hand. But he always wanted to remain behind the silent curtain of anonymity. Many of his pupils have become great in the world of Chemistry. As he was the pioneer he had to fight against stupendous odds. However, his contribution to the history of chemical science is highly original. Among his dear pupils, nay, his intellectual heirs, Meghnad Saha, Nilratan Dhar and Jnanendra Chandra Ghosh have won world renown.



No doubt, Acharya Ray cannot be classed with Newton, Faraday and such others. But in his case the most striking achievement is that he held the banner of science and marched through the stormy night of India's prolonged bondage under the foreign yoke.

It is quite interesting to note that Sir J. C. Bose and Acharya Ray were life-long friends. For about thirty years they worked side by side. They inspired and appreciated each other highly. These two eminent personalities—Jagadish Chan-

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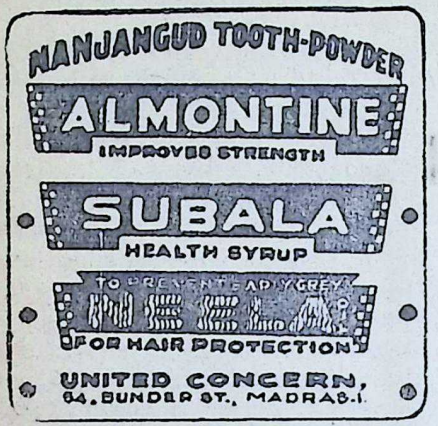


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dra and Prafulla Chandra—were also ardent adorers of literature.

"The Laboratory of Sir P. C. Ray is the nursery of the young chemists of New India," was the tribute paid to him by the well-known French scholar Sylvan Levi.

Prof. Sir William Ramsay at the end of a lecture by P. C. Ray at the Chemical Society in Burlington House, London, said: "We had the privilege and pleasure of listening to-night to that eminent Indian chemist whose name is already familiar to us for his most interesting researches on nitrates, and who unaided has kept the torch burning for years in that ancient land of civilization and learning."

In 1901 he founded the Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works with a sum of Rs. 800. It has now an authorised capital of Rs. 34 lakhs. And we are not to forget his firm conviction that there is no royal road to success. He sowed the seed, we now reap the fruit thereof.

Like Tagore he too was knighted. On the occasion of his receiving Knighthood, Sir W. J. Pope in his capacity as President of the Chemical Society congratulated him thus:

"It is the sincere hope of the members of the Council that you may long be spared to continue your unique work in connection with the development of chemical research in India."

Dr. P. C. Ray (A D.Sc. of Edinburgh) when he came to attend a conference in Madras was asked how many issues he had. He took out of his pocket a long list of seventy-three, all of them his eminent pupils. He loved them more dearly than he could ever love his own children if he had them.

Rabindranath said of him that Dr. Ray was a living illustration of *Ekoham Vahusyam* (I am alone, I want to be many). Truly has Ray diffused his own being among his intimate disciples—his love of science, his love of free Indian culture, his love of country.

Finally, we can say that his was the life that perfectly synthesised the nobility of character of ancient Indian sages and the love of equality of the West.

---

*We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial; we should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.*—Bailey

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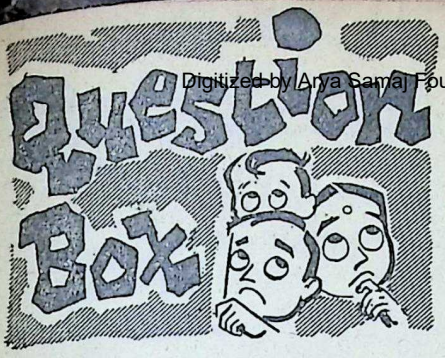


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ANSWERS BY

**K. M. MUNSHI**

1098

Mr. X, Deolali.

Q: *Please let me know* (1) *if more people change over to non-vegetarian diet, it relieves the strain on our agricultural resources;* (2) *if flexibility in eating habits is a virtue, particularly among people of whom physical stamina is expected, say the army personnel. I need your help in meeting a friend's argument.*

A: I cannot make confirmed non-vegetarians convinced about their ways. I can only write to you what appeals to me.

First, it is a myth that non-vegetarians are stronger than vegetarians. Vegetarians have lived as long as, if not longer than, non-vegetarians. In the army, the Chitpawan warriors of the Peshwa period were all vegetarians. Today quite a few vegetarian soldiers have acquitted themselves with equal toughness as non-vegetarians.

Scientifically, a land can support six times more population on vegetarian diet than on non-vegetarian diet. Don't forget that when a man turns non-vegetarian, he does not merely live on fish. He wants meat, an edible substance which has passed through the digestive system of animals which live on vegetables and vegetable side-dishes. If all people in India became meat-eaters, it would be impossible to maintain even one-third of the population which it sustains today.

Does your friend know the difference in the cost of living on eggs and fish, and living on rice and wheat? As it is, eggs and fish that are produced in the country are not sufficient even to feed those who are, by tradition or habit, accustomed to take this type of diet. It is, again, not correct to say that a soldier cannot live on vegetarian diet. Vegetarian diet does not mean vegetables; it also means rice, wheat and jowar.

In extreme circumstances, during wars, soldiers may have to live on anything—frogs, eels, rabbits and horse flesh. But how many of our soldiers during World War II were driven to live on this starvation fare?

One may not make a religious fetish of vegetarianism. Special difficulties might create situations in which one may have to take to non-vegetarian diet. But this is not the same thing as holding up non-vegetarianism as a solution for all ills. The fact of the matter is that non-vegetarians have acquired the snobbery of the Westerner and try to look down upon everyone who does not conform to Western standards.

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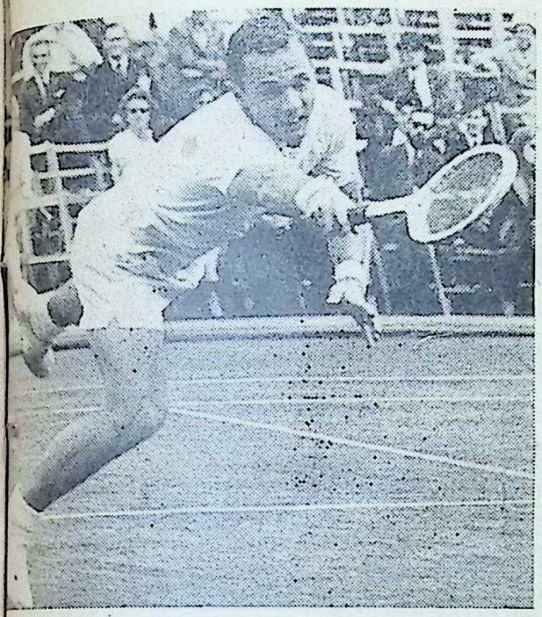
# 'Chuck' McKinley



THIS year's Wimbledon in men's singles had been an exciting spectacle of lawn tennis, full of tensions and uncertainties. To begin with, the seeding was revolutionary, stalwarts like India's Ramanathan Krishnan not having found a place while others much less known and previously unseeded having been seeded. It was explained that current form rather than past fame was the criterion in seeding. Nevertheless, as the results have turned out, even that criterion was faulty.

Among the competitors, including the seeded, there was no towering personality like Rod Laver of last year, who has since turned 'pro'. With the result that lesser players become sharper in competition and prediction became difficult. There were, of course, players of proved skill like Roy Emerson of Australia the first seed, Santana of Spain, the second seed, McKinley the fourth seed and unseeded Krishnan. It was obvious that, as things stood, 1963 Wimbledon was bound to interest more sensation-seekers than the connoisseurs of the game.

It was a pity Krishnan did not survive the earlier rounds, having been pitched against Roy Emerson. Among other Indian competitors Naresh Kumar was eliminated in the first round and Premjit Lall in the Second while Jaideep Mukerjea and Krishnan moved ahead. Mukerjea gave a good account of himself putting up a brave fight against doughty champions of the game. But Krishnan's performance might be considered disappointing having roused expectations of at least reaching the semi-finals.

One of the reasons that contributed to this unfortunate result is that Krishnan drew against top-seeded Roy Emerson at the quarter and was

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physically not quite tops according to Wimbledon standards. In fairness to himself, therefore, he ought to give himself one more chance at the Mecca of Lawn Tennis next year, after preparing himself adequately for the all-important event.

Now to the winner of the crown, the most glittering prize of the amateur tennis-world. McKinley is the first American born player to take this title since Tony Trabert did it in 1955. He is the first man in the 77-year history of these All-England lawn-tennis championship to win it without meeting a single seeded player! He is the third man to win it without losing a set. (Don Budge of the United States did it in 1938 and Trabert in 1955.)

Charles Robert (Chuck) McKinley is a 22-year Texan who is currently studying in the Trinity University. His life for the last eight years, from table tennis in a St. Louis Y.M.C.A. to the majestic centre-court at Wimbledon is a saga of unwavering devotion to the net and ball. Described as a dynamo, a rubber ball and what not, he is a study in perpetual motion on the court.

In the early stages of the recent winning match, for example, towering Stolle was dealing a shower of hammer blows, volleyed with crispness and authority. It looked as though McKinley would crumple under the strain. But the mathematics student that Chuck was, he "carried the chart of the court in his head" as one correspondent puts it. His recovery was superb. He soon fought like a tiger for every point. Without once dropping his own delivery, he

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returned the Australian's fierce service with a high degree of accuracy and eventually swept through, to the utter surprise of 18,000 strong crowd, by gentle lobs delicately placed in the fore-hand corner.

This America's Number One amateur is an aggressive 5′ 8″, 162-lb. athlete. It was in St. Louis that McKinley first made contact with a ball and net. An outstanding baseball and basket-ball player, McKinley took to table tennis one winter and soon became the city champion. At the urging of Bill Price, an expert at both regular tennis and table tennis, McKinley turned to tennis. but he did it reluctantly because he thought it was a "sissy" game.

By the time he had reached his school, he found tennis so well suited to his fighting tastes that he gave up baseball. He stayed with basket-ball in the winter, however, switching to tennis in the spring and summer. From high school, McKinley went to Trinity College in San Antonia, where he is majoring in mathematics.

If McKinley's competitive spirit is his greatest asset on the court, it also has occasionally hurt him. When he misses a shot, he has a tendency to lose his temper—and control as well. Two years ago he threw his racquet during a Davis Cup match in Australia and it resulted in his being suspended by the United States Lawn Tennis Association. The racquet landed among spectators and although McKinley apologized, the U.S.L.T.A. acted with alacrity.

A favourite with tennis fans, McKinley plays the power game to the hilt. He goes to net, volleys and hits his serve and ground strokes as hard as he can. Drobney of Czechoslovakia, the 1954 Wimbledon Champion, once described McKinley as having the best reflexes of any player he has seen. McKinley, however, attributes his success to his ability to relax.

After his Wimbledon victory, McKinley declined professional offers of $ 50,000 a year but however left the door open. He expects to be graduated in January and then he and his wife, a former chess leader at Trinity, will consider the attractions of professional tennis.

His partiality for chocolate milkshakes, however, makes his weight a problem.

---

*LOYALTY is the great lubricant in life. It saves the wear and tear of making daily decisions as to what is best to do. It preserves balance and makes results cumulative.*

*The man who is loyal to his work is not wrong nor perplexed by doubts—he sticks to the ship, and if the ship founders, he goes down a hero with the colours flying at the mast, and band playing.*

—E. Hubbard

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# GOD THAT DID NOT FAIL

MANDHAN was a great grass-cutter. For thirty summers he had been cutting grass and selling it to eke out a living. Years of physical strain had weakened his strength, and whenever he felt his growing weakness, his endurance began to fail him too.

Now anxiety set in and apprehension of the future made him brood over God's purpose in creating life and making that life difficult to live. One day as he trod his way to the field, he espied a few men sitting at the foot of a tree engaged in animated discussion. 'What could they be talking about?' he asked himself and being curious, approached them and listened to them.

One of them was saying: "Trust in God brings the richest reward. That is what the wise had said in all the ages and God never failed them."

*Another*: "It is all right with the wise men. What about the layman? How can he acquire the wisdom to know gods and their ways?"

*First man*: "Trusting is not knowing. Blind trust is as much effective as knowledgeable trust. It is like this. Some people eat food knowing its protein content; some people eat food because of its delicious taste; and some other people eat it, for without it they cannot live. The result is the same."

The grass-cutter with a little hesitation ventured to ask: "Learned men, if a layman like me trusts in God, will He provide me with goods?"

*First man*: "God has never failed anyone however humble he may be, if he has put implicit trust in Him."

Hearing this the grass-cutter walked away, but reflected: 'All these men could not be wrong. I would give up this labour of cutting grass and start the work of trusting in God.'

He selected a huge tree with its spreading branches. He hung up his bamboo basket on a branch and laid aside his sickle. He sat cross-legged at the foot of the tree, closed his eyes and meditated on God.

Four days and nights rolled on, but there was no sign of God or His angels. The grass-cutter's throat was parched with thirst and his stomach pained. He was assailed by doubts.

Perhaps those men had cheated him, he thought. 'They might have talked just to fool me, for the very fun of it. No, no! That could not be. All those men could not purposely fool a poor man like me. Yes', he thought,

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'they had said that one should have implicit trust in God. I would hold on.'

Thus he continued to meditate for another eight days.

On the morning of the thirteenth day it happened.

The Sun-god was ascending a stray fleecy cloud far behind the hilltop. The bright, but gently warm, sunbeams descended through space and roused the birds in their nest on the tree tops. The sunbeams penetrated through the boughs and leaves and touched the grass-cutter's face. He opened his eyes to witness a wonder.

There glided, as it were, on the sunbeams a divine angel, with a godly face and a kindly smile. At first the angel was only faintly visible in the far-off sky; but with lightning rapidity she glided down to the foot of the tree and asked the grass-cutter:

"Oh poor man! What on earth are you doing here? If you idle days and nights as you are doing now, how will you find your food and how will you keep up your life in the body?"

"Oh! Good one!" exclaimed the grass-cutter, his eyes filled with tears of joy. "You cannot be anyone other than the God's angel. I am not idling, but am meditating on God. Had not those men said that God would provide for those who trust in Him? I am only putting my trust in God, if there be one such God; I am determined not to give up my trust in Him so soon."

The angel said: "I am God's messenger and God has commissioned me to enquire what exactly you do want."

*The grass-cutter*: "My wants! (exclaimed he in amazement) "Oh! Very little. Just a piece of bread and a cup of water, as I was getting as the fruit of my labour."

*The Angel*: "So is it granted by the Grace of God. Every day, when the Sun-god rises in the mid-sky, you will receive a piece of bread and a cup of water as wished for by you."

Then the angel vanished.

●●●

In that country lived a Raja who ruled justly and hence was loved by all his subjects. But strangely enough during the past thirty-five years of his existence, the Raja had not stepped out of his palace, and therefore, was not aware of the way in which his people lived.

The news of the outside world given to him by his councillors and officers painted before him a world of joy and pleasures, where men, women and children, and even birds and animals and the lowest of creations basked in the sunshine of the Raja's generosity and through his grace led a contented life, unaware of any pangs of pain or sorrow.

The Raja believed every one of their words and directed his efforts and energy to bestow on them every care and comfort and the riches of the state for sponsoring expanded welfare-schemes in the interest of his subjects.

The Raja was getting curious to know to what extent his welfare-schemes were benefiting his subjects and more than once he expressed his wish to the officers to go about in the streets and meet the people face to face. But to his amazement the very

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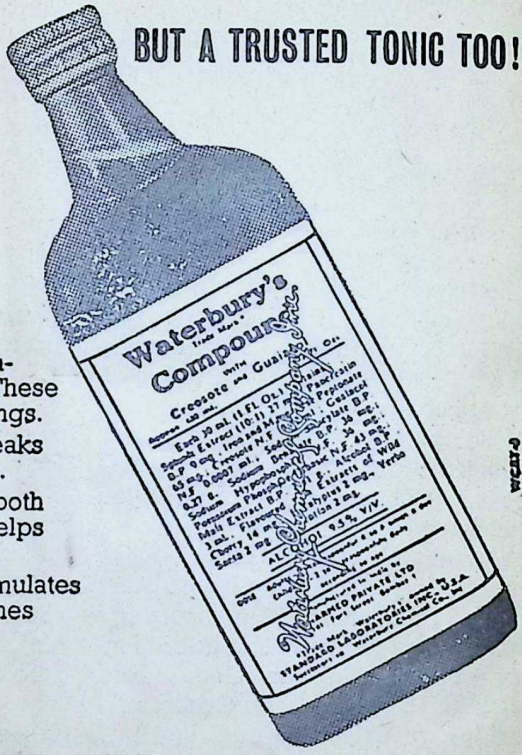


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councillors who had painted before him rosy pictures of his people's joyous life, now dissuaded him from coming into contact with the ordinary men lest he should be polluted by their sins.

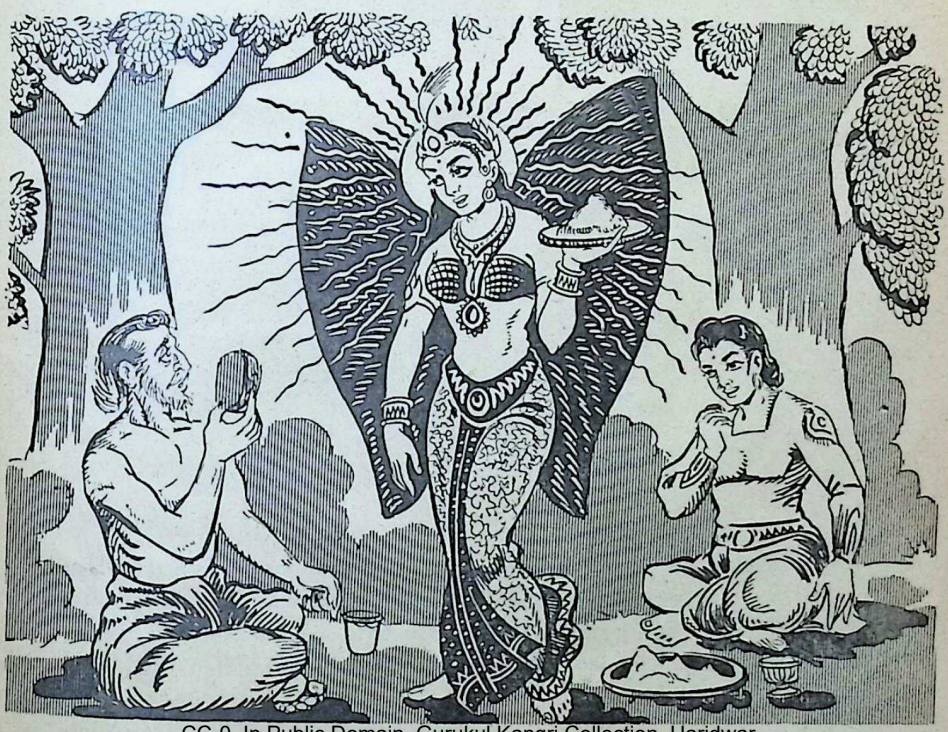
The Raja could hardly comprehend the peculiar attitude of his councillors; but he kept his thoughts to himself, though he decided in his own mind to get out of the palace unaccompanied except by his trusted servant.

Thus it happened that one morning disguised as a mendicant, followed by his trusted servant, the Raja walked out of the palace and wended his way along the bazaar and out of the city limits.

Coming across a camel lying motionless on the road, the Raja enquired of his servitor why the beast lay still like a log and what ailment he was afflicted with.

The servitor replied, "Sire, the poor beast is inflicted not with any ailment to speak of, but with that state of immobility that overtakes all in course of time, calling halt to the activity called life. When the human organism attains such a state as it should inevitably do, we call it death and then this body that we meticulously maintain, becomes more worthless than the carcass of animals."

"Is that the end of all life, then?" enquired the Raja in a tone that betrayed some anxiety.



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"Yes, Sire, that is certainly the end of mundane life..." said the servant.

"Is there any life other than the one that obtains on the earth? interrupted the Raja.

"That is not for a small man like me either to comprehend or to express an opinion on. To me it strikes that the mystery of a life after death can be solved only by self-introspection."

"In that case, I am on this adventure of self-introspection from now onwards," said the Raja decisively. "Go you, to the palace and ask the ministers to manage the business of ruling the land as they deem fit."

So saying the Raja walked away towards the woodland in the outskirts of the town.

●●●

It was Monday when the Raja reached the foot of the shady tree where sat the grass-cutter awaiting the arrival of the divine angel with the food.

Suspecting that the man (Raja) was advancing towards him with the wicked intention of sharing his food, he indicated to him to proceed to the next tree and to leave him undisturbed.

The Raja willingly obliged and seated himself at the foot of the next tree and was soon engrossed in thoughts oblivious of the presence of the grass-cutter in the neighbourhood.

At the appointed time the angel came and served the grass-cutter with a piece of bread and a cup of water, while the Raja was served with delicacies in a silver plate!

The grass-cutter was angered by the flagrant discrimination of the angel.

Inflamed by jealousy he asked the angel: "What justice is this? I who have been meditating on God for over a month now is served with just a piece of bread while that person who has not yet begun to meditate seriously is treated to a sumptuous feast!"

The angel said: "One gets what one aspires to. If you are not satisfied you can take your sickle back and start back the labour you have been pursuing."

"But the other man has not even asked for anything," retorted the grass-cutter.

"But compared to his sacrifice, your performance is nothing. Your meditation on God has not cured you of the worldly passions in you. Therefore it is ordained by God, my Master, that you shall resume your life where you left it earlier."

Saying this the angel vanished.

---

*In all his dispensations God is at work for our good.—In prosperity he tries our gratitude; in mediocrity, our contentment; in misfortune, our submission; in darkness, our faith; under temptation, our steadfastness; and at all times, our obedience and trust in him.*

—John Jay.

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S. P. LANCASRER

# OH FRIENDS OF THE TREES!

*Friends of the Trees, Oh Friends of the Trees,*
*With Trees so familiar, you call them by name,*
*Do you know where they come from, what family they claim?*
*Can you read their lip language, their emotions e'en tell?*
*When they are sick, do you know it, and when they are well?*

*There is a language undoubted that all trees do speak;*
*But it is not Hindi, not Latin, not Greek!*
*Perhaps you can hear them, let it be assumed,*
*To their odd wave-length, that you are attuned.*
*Poor anchored animals! How they moan! How they cry!*
*May be good for baby's lungs—but plants fade and die.*

*Friends of the Trees, hear my plea if you please,*
*Love your plants; learn their language; and know every tree;*
*What soil, or what compost with it doth agree;*
*Their likes and dislikes; which are dwarf; which are tall,*
*Those deep rooted and those that will fall,*
*If struck by a high wind. The root rot below*
*Unseen, kills the roots, as they downwards go.*

*Know your Trees; know their habits; know their weaknesses too.*
*Don't treat them harshly—and no coddling too!*
*You are their MA-BAP, and midwife, and physician as well.*
*So nurse well the weaklings; you never can tell*
*What gem might be hidden beneath homely guise,*
*In due time a-blossoming to wondering eyes.*

*Friends of the Trees, be assured of this please,*
*Your care and attention in culture of Trees,*
*Appreciated will be, though you may not hear*
*Any words of gratitude, not reaching your ear,*
*They will bless you, caress you, and pray God to give*
*A life just as long as the longest they live!*

[A *vanamahotsava* tribute.]

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*They Stood for Our Dharma—5*

# CHAKSHUSTEERTHA

ON the southern bank of the Gautami river, there is a holy spot known as *Chakshusteertha*. There is an interesting story respecting this *teertha*.

A king named Bhauvana ruled over a city of the same name flourishing on a hilltop. In that celebrated city lived an old Brahmin of the Kusika clan. He had a son named Gautama. The infidelity of his mother had affected his character though he was learned in the Vedas and Sastras.

Gautama had a friend, Manikundala by name, who was a Vaisya. Gautama was poor, but Manikundala was rich. The poor Brahmin and the rich Vaisya soon developed an incompatible friendship.

On a certain day, Gautama accosted his friend in private, and said: "Let us go abroad across mountains and seas in search of wealth. Youth is the period of life for enjoyment and let us not waste these years of our youth."

Kundala replied: "Great is the wealth that my father has bequeathed to me. What need have I of more wealth?"

Gautama argued: "Who can be content in respect to *dharma*, wealth, wisdom and sensual desires? Every man wants always more of these than he ever has.

"All creatures subsist on what they have acquired themselves. Hard is the life of those who live on what others may give to them.

"Dear is that son to his father who does not desire any patrimony, but is prepared to live on what he himself earns.

"He lives who lives on what he has gathered by the labour of his hands and does not touch his father's wealth.

"He alone is worthy to be called a son who makes over his self-acquired riches to his father and to his kinsmen. Others are but uterine vermin!"

Hearing these words of the Brahmin, the Vaisya set out with a capital of his previous wealth. Manikundala said: "Let us go forth to trade in foreign lands, and we shall return gathering wealth in plenty." He did not, however, know Gautama's deceitful nature.

And so, both of them left their homes without the knowledge of their parents. Many were the countries that they passed through in quest

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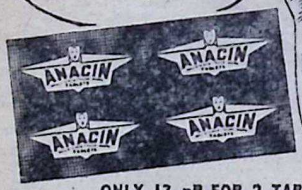

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of wealth. All the while, the Brahmin was scheming to defraud his friend out of all his riches.

He told himself: "I shall get all that wealth from the Vaisya by some means or other. Many are the pleasure-spots in the world peopled with divinely beautiful damsels. With this wealth that I shall acquire from my friend, by fair means or foul, I shall let myself go, enjoying their dance and music and lead a life of absolute abandon to my senses."

Indulging in these thoughts, and with a smile on his face, Gautama said to Manikundala: "My friend! It is only by practice of *adharma* that men attain prosperity and happiness. Is that not so? Those who stand by *dharma* invariably come to grief. So what avails *dharma* which leads only to unrelieved sorrow?"

"No," said the Vaisya, and added: "Happiness is founded on *dharma*. *Adharma* which is sinful leads to fear, grief, poverty and weakness. Where there is *dharma*, there is liberation. Would a man ever perish who is intent on his appointed *dharma*?"

The argument led to a wager by which it was agreed that he who lost should part with his wealth to him who won it. They agreed to refer the dispute to the passers-by. Addressing those whom they met, they said: "Tell us truly, which is more powerful, *dharma* or *adharma*."

Those whom they questioned replied: "Those who pursue the path of *dharma* suffer in the world; the evil ones prosper."

The wager went against Manikundala, and he made over his wealth

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to the Brahmin. And yet, he kept on extolling the greatness of *dharma*.

The Brahmin was surprised and asked: "Do you still consider *dharma* worthy of pursuit?"

"Yes," affirmed the Vaisya.

"I have annexed all that you possessed, my friend," replied Gautama, "and still, unabashed, you speak in praise of *dharma*. See, I myself have conquered *dharma* and go forth to live as I please."

Hearing these words of the Brahmin, the Vaisya retorted: "I look on those who do not respect *dharma* as chaff among grains and as a mere clay model of a bird. Of the four *purushaarthas* which behoves a man to strive for, *dharma* is the first and foremost. Then only follow *artha*, wealth, and *kaama*, desire. When I still stand steadfast on *dharma*, how do you say that you have conquered *dharma*?"

The Brahmin replied: "We shall again refer our dispute to the men of the world. And this time, our arms shall be the wager."

The Vaisya agreed. They both approached those whom they met and put the question to them. They too replied like the others and declared

*....The King dowered on him with his domain and daughter....*

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that *dharma* and misery went together.

"I have won!" cried the Brahmin and cut off the arms of the Vaisya.

"Do you still praise *dharma?*" the Brahmin demanded.

The Vaisya stuck to his conviction and said: "I hold that *dharma* is absolute and I am prepared to proclaim its greatness even if I am on the point of death. *Dharma* is the mother of every man; it is his father, his friend and his kith and kin."

Disputing thus, the Brahmin in possession of all the wealth and the Vaisya divested of his arms, and bereft of his wealth, wandered far till they came to the banks of the Gautami Ganga conversing with each other.

The Vaisya continued to talk in praise of the Ganga, Yogeswara and *Dharma.*

The Brahmin got angry and retorted: "You have lost your wealth; your arms have been cut off and you are left barely with your life. If you differ from me still, I shall sever your head with this sword."

None the worse for the loss of his arms and his riches, still smiling, the Vaisya affirmed: "I still maintain that *dharma* is superior; do as you please. He who speaks ill of the learned ones, the teachers, the gods, the Vedas and the Supreme Being, is a sinner and should not be touched. The reviler of *dharma* is to be shunned as the evil one."

Upon this, the Brahmin said in anger: "If you still keep on praising *dharma,* we shall hold our lives in wager and refer the dispute to others again."

Agreed, said the Vaisya.

And the worldly men whom they met answered like others before them that *dharma* did not go with happiness.

Gloating in his success, the Brahmin plunged his knife into the Vaisya's eyes and pulled them out. Adding insult to injury, he exclaimed: "Look! My friend, see to what pass your praise of *dharma* has brought you. You have lost your wealth; your hands have been cut off and now you have lost your eyes. And I go forth happy. Do not sing the praise of *dharma* after all this."

When the Brahmin had gone, the Vaisya lost in thought, exclaimed: "What a fate has befallen me despite my constancy to *dharma!*"

Still faithful to *dharma* and with unabated fervour, but greatly agitated and groaning in anguish, he sat on the ground exhausted and unable to move.

It was the eleventh day of the bright half of the month. At the end of the day, as the silver moon was filling the sky and the earth with her radiance, Vibhishana, King of Lanka came to that spot, attended by his sons and *rakshasa* subjects. After bathing in the holy Ganga, he proffered devout worship to Yogeswara on the bank of that sacred river.

Vibhishana's son, the reflection of his father, and himself called after his father as Vibhishani beheld the Vaisya sitting disconsolate at that spot.

In reply to the Prince's query, the Vaisya narrated to him his doleful tale. The Prince told it to his father. Hearing it, the King said: "In times

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of yore, Hanuman, my friend, most dear to Rama, whom I worship, brought for some purpose a mighty hill full of medicinal herbs. One among them was known for its power to heal all wounds and the other would restore the dead to life. His purpose over, Hanuman went back to the Himalayas to replace the hill in its place on the mountains. As Hanuman was hurrying back, the healing herb fell down on these banks of the Gautami river near the temple of Lord Yogeswara. Now, my son, bring that herb, and praying to God, place it on the heart of this man. Surely this good man will get all that he desires."

Vibhishani said: "Quickly, my father, pray show that herb to me. "There is nothing more meritorious in the three worlds than removing the distress of others."

Vibhishana pointed the tree to his son who immediately cut off a branch from it. Vibhishana desired him to place it on the heart of the Vaisya, adding that as soon as it touched his body, the man would regain his original form and features.

Hearing this, Vibhishani did as he was told and placed a twig of the tree on the Vaisya's breast. The Vaisya immediately regained his arms and eyes. Who does not know the efficacy of talisman's charms and medicines?

The Vaisya dipped into the Gautami Ganga, worshipped at the shrine of Yogeswara, made his supplications to those gathered there, and, taking the twig in his hands, wandered through the great city.

The King of that city did not have a son. But he had a daughter whom he brought up as a son. She had lost her eyesight. The King had caused it to be proclaimed that whoever restored the eyesight of the Princess, be he a Deva or an Asura, Brahmana, Kshatriya, Vaisya or Sudra, be he good or evil, would be given the Princess in marriage and would also succeed to his kingdom. This was proclaimed aloud day and night.

The Vaisya heard it and said: "I shall surely restore the Princess's sight." He hastened to the King's presence and, no sooner the twig was placed on her body, than the Princess got her eyesight back.

Filled with wonder and gratitude, the King asked the Vaisya who he was. The Vaisya told him his story and said: "By the grace of the Brahmanas, by the power of *dharma* and the strength of my austerities, by virtue of the gifts I made and the sacrifices I performed, by the merit of the largesse that I distributed and by the power of the divine herb, I was able to work this miracle."

The King was filled with amazement and joy when he heard what the Vaisya told him. "This is a noble person," said he, "of superior virtue and excellence. Else, who can obtain this great power? And so, I shall give my daughter to him, preceding it by the gift of my kingdom."

Thus making up his mind, the King dowered the Vaisya with his dominion and his daughter.

Going out for recreation, the Vaisya was filled with an overpowering sadness. Without his friend Gautama, he felt forlorn and the joy of royalty had no glamour for him. He was

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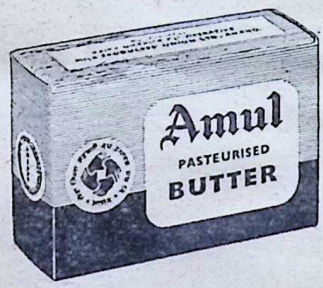


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ever thinking of his Brahman friend and could not delight in his new-found fortune. For, that is the nature of good people in the world. Even to those who do them injury, they are merciful and kind.

The old king went to the forest, entrusting the kingdom to the Vaisya. Manikundala now became the King.

One day he met the Brahmin Gautama forlorn and unhappy, his entire wealth lost in a game of dice. Manikundala took him to his palace and honoured him with due hospitality. He spoke to him about the sanctity and value of *dharma*. He made his friend bathe in the Ganga to get rid of his sins.

Along with the Brahmana, Manikundala invited his kinsmen and those of his friend, and performed a number of *yajnas* near the temple of Yogeswara and worshipped the gods. And, in due time, he went to heaven.

From that time onward, this holy spot came to be known as *Chakshusteertha*. Devoutly remembered along with God Yogesa, it gives mental peace and happiness and destroys everything that is evil.

[From the *Maha Purana*]

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*Fate is not the ruler, but the servant of Providence.*

—Bulwar.


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# Notes & News

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## BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM

IN the first batch of 122 students who sat for the Diploma Examination of the Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing held in May, 86 students came out successfully.

The breakdown figures are as follows. Out of 24 students who appeared for the Journalism group, 21 passed, one in the first and six in the second class. 72 students appeared in the Advertising group, out of whom 45 passed. There were no first classes, but 10 students obtained second class. Out of 26 students who appeared in the Printing course, 20 passed, three with first class and 12 with second class.

The Times of India Gold Medal goes to Sri S. R. Madhu in the Journalism group. The National Advertising Services' Gold Medal goes to Sri Subodh Das Gupta in the Advertising group. Kulapati's Gold Medal goes to Sri K. S. Phadnis in the Printing group.

Kulapati's Silver Medals have been awarded to Sri M. N. C. Pal (Journalism), Sri I. R. Menon (Advertising), and Sri G. A. Mulye (Printing).

## SCHOLARSHIPS

EVEREST ADVERTISING PVT. LTD. has instituted a full-term scholarship of Rs. 250/- for a deserving candidate for the diploma course in Advertising at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing.

The scholarship is to be awarded to a meritorious candidate who is unemployed and interested in taking up advertising as a career.

Other scholarships and awards already instituted besides the Kulapati's Gold Medal for the best student of the College, are the *Times of India* Gold Medal for the best student in Journalism, National Advertising Services Gold Medal for the best student in Advertising and a *Free Press Journal* Scholarship of the value of Rs. 250/- to a deserving student in Journalism.

## OUR LAST COVER

*The photographer of "Gift of Providence" published in our last issue is Sri Devidas Kasbekar.*

## VYASA JAYANTI

VYASA JAYANTI was celebrated at the Bhavan on the 6th instant at the Gita Mandir under the presidentship of Justice N. H. Bhagwati, former Supreme Court Judge and presently Vice-Chancellor of Banaras Hindu University. Passages from *Rigveda*, *Sukla Yajurveda*, *Krishna Yajurveda* and *Sama Veda* were recited. Swami Sri Akhandanandaji who was the principal speaker, explained Sri Vyasa's various excellences as a poet and philosopher and stressed that Vyasa was a poet belonging to the whole world and he saw the Universe as a whole, an indivisible entity. The poet spoke for the whole world and for all times. The function ended with the usual Panditasatkar.

## IDOL OF LORD KRISHNA

AN idol of Sri Krishna made of stone excavated in the little village of Thiruvanvandur in Alleppey district of Kerala has been attracting large numbers of devotees from all over the state and adjoining areas of Madras state for over months now. The excavation is said to have been undertaken at the instance of a local drawing teacher, a devotee of the Lord of Guruvayur. He is said to have had a vision of the Lord telling him that he would find an idol of Him at Thiruvanvandur where he could offer his prayers. Those engaged in the excavation work lighted upon the idol on the 56th day of its starting at a depth of 35 feet.

The idol carved out of granite is 13¼ inches high, with a flute hanging on its waist and a lump of butter in its left hand. The Travancore Devaswom Board which has taken over the responsibility of its installation, has a proposal to construct a temple costing rupees one lakh for the purpose.

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## KUMBHABHISHEKAM IN MADURAI

THE Mahakumbhabhishekam which was performed at Sri Meenakshi Temple at Madurai on the 28th of last month marked the renovation of the great Temple of the South. Over three lakhs of people watched the ceremony being performed according to strict Vedic prescription. His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetam was an active participant in the ceremony. Among the spectators were Sri Bishnuram Medhi, the Governor of Madras, Sri V. V. Giri, the Governor of Kerala, a number of distinguished ministers and public men and heads of mutts, besides large numbers of Muslims, Christians and foreign visitors. The Kumbhabhishekam at 10 in the morning was followed by Deeparadhana and special decorations and Abhishekams for all the deities. The whole ceremony presented a splendid spectacle of devotion, piety and sanctity.

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## CHRISTIAN CELLS

THE 'Time Magazine' of America carries reports of a significant movement that has taken shape in America where dedicated Christians, instead of congregational prayers, have chosen to form study groups in small numbers, learn about theology and the Bible. These groups, or Christian Cells as they are called, do not meet on Sunday or in a Church. Business executives, Congressmen, etc. belonging to this group, meet at monthly meets for lunch, prayer and private discussions of how Christian ethics apply to their official lives. It is said that the U.S. Church has embraced the cell concept warmly. One editor explaining this movement says: "Faith is hard to communicate in a congregation but easy in a small group."

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*Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen. Like friends, too, we should return to them again and again—for, like true friends, they will never fail us—never cease to instruct—never cloy.*

*Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.*

—Colton.

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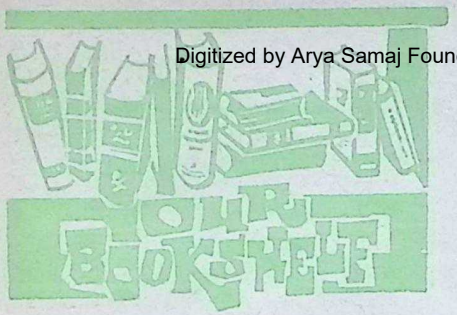


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*SRINGERI SOUVENIR (SMRITI KUSUMANJALI)*. Published by the Sringeri Souvenir Committee for the Akhila Bharata Sankara Seva Samiti, Madras. Price: Rs. 6.

MARCH 3, 1963 marked a milestone in the hoary history of the Sringeri Math. For on that day *Kumbhabhishekam* was performed to the renovated temple of Sri Saradamba as also the shrine on the Mahasamadhi of H. H. Chandrasekhara Bharati Swamigal consecrated. It was a holy occasion, twice-blest. Naturally the disciples and devotees of the Math joined together, under the auspices of the Akhila Bharati Sankara Seva Samiti, Madras, and to commemorate the event, decided upon the publication of the bumper Souvenir, under notice.

As its name indicates, it is a loving tribute of affection and reverence paid to holy Sringeri and its *gurus*.

The first part of the Souvenir, Sanskrit Section, contains a large number of learned articles by scholars, well versed in our ancient lore. They recapture for us the glory of Sringeri and its natural beauty; the sublimity of Advaita and the pioneering, crusading, religious zeal of Adi Sankara, the founder of the Math. Then follows the English section containing contributions from scholars and eminent men in our national life. Quite a few in the English and Sanskrit sections give their personal reminiscences of the exalted, noble and sparklingly spiritual life of H. H. Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati Swamigal. It is meet that it should be so. For the grand and holy life of the Swamiji was a beacon-light unto spiritual aspirants and a bye-word with the *asthikas* all over the world. Some of the articles deal with the present Pontiff, H. H. Jagadguru Sri Abhinava Vidya Tirtha and his extensive tours. It is heartening indeed that the present Holiness, in keeping with the hoary traditions of the great Sringeri Pitha, has been tirelessly working for the propagation of *Sanatana Dharma* and spiritual enlightenment. So long as seats of piety and learning like the Sringeri Math function so well, we have a powerful bulwark against the forces of atheism and materialism, which are trying to undermine our ancient culture.

Beautifully got up and attractively printed, this Souvenir Volume has a wealth of eye-filling photographs, some in colour, of Sringeri and its environs and some of the great and high-souled Jagadgurus who adorned the *Sringeri Pitha*.

It is a "must" for the Art Collector, the scholar and the student and each will have his interests well served by this delightful guide and companion.

—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar*

*THE POLITICS OF RACIALISM*. By Iqbal Narain, Ph.D. Published by Shiva Lal Agarwala & Co. (P) Ltd., Hospital Road, Agra. pp. 304. Price: Rs. 15.

THIS is an objective study of racial struggle in South Africa which though still raging there in full vigour, had its origin in the middle decades of the past century when the Indians of the British colony of India were invited for indentured labour by the European settlers of South Africa. The story is unfolded through Sri Narain's painstaking examination of the legislative measures adopted by the South African government in relation to indentured labour and various other documents of historical importance. They reveal that the labourers of the European farm owners worked under appallingly bad conditions of slavish existence. Many of the conclusions are derived from governmental enactments which bear them out.

It is interesting to note that anti-Indian feelings in South African na-

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tional life was a later development, and actually arose not till the 'eighties of the past century, though Indian labourers had begun to migrate to that country by 1860. 'The anti-Indian sentiment,' the author significantly remarks, 'was born of trade competition.' When the people of Indian origin grew in number and the more enterprising of them prospered in various trades and the Indians assumed the character of a separate community, the European minority that ruled the country felt that the numerical superiority of the coloured races was a potential threat to their own domination of African life. This is the germinal fact about the policy of racial discrimination and segregation which the South African government was soon to pursue.

Anti-Indianism found expression in legislative measures restricting immigration of and trade by people of Indian origin, by the end of the century. This led to discrimination, segregation and deprivation of the civic and political status of Indians—all designed to keep them under perpetual subjection. A real attempt at resisting this policy against coloured people was not ventured on till Mahatma Gandhi started his Passive Resistance Movement.

The author has thrown much light on the little known facts underlying racial struggle and probed deeply to show forth its real nature through illustrations. Errors in spelling in an otherwise neatly got-up book are to be regretted.

—*P.V.*

*STORIES OF KING MADANA KAMA.* By V.A.K. Ayer. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS is an age of waste. In the name of civilization we produce more and more superfluities and waste them faster and faster. For example, the mass of literature produced for children is developing into a deluge, yet the children themselves receive hardly any delight and even less light from these books. Their senses are dangerously stimulated by a few flashy photographs printed deceptively as a visual help. The elders who surround the child have no patience to tell stories, for they are themselves in a permanent hurry. But time was when in India the old grandmother or aunt would for hours retell our great epics and *puranas*, and bunches of stories like the *Panchatantra* and the *Hitopadesa*. The stories of King Madana Kama and his minister Chaturya are another such cycle, now almost unknown to the growing child. Hence it is a welcome thought that induced Mr. Ayer to retell these delectable stories in a simple manner, so that we can relate these stories to the tiny tots at home for their mental happiness and growth.

—*Dr. K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar*

(GN)

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## SANSKRIT

*PANCARATRA - PRASADA - PRASADHANAM.* A Critical Edn. of ch. i-x, of the *Padma Samhita* of the Pancaratra Canon on Temple Build-

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ing. Edited with annotations by Dr. M. Daniel Smith, Syracuse University (U.S.A). Text pp. 183; bibliography (pp. 185-98) with Editorial Foreword and an Introduction in Sanskrit by Varadaraja Bhattar. Price: Rs. 3 (India), $ 2 (U.S.A.).

MUCH meticulous labour, careful study and extensive research have gone into the edition of this work which is a part of the Editor's Ph. D. thesis on the subject of "Temple Building Activities of Srivaisnavas in S. India according to available and extant Pancaratra texts with special reference to the Padma Tantra."

The present work is a critical edition of the basic text utilized for the thesis viz., the first ten chapters of the Kriyapada of the famous *Padma Samhita*, which enjoys wide popularity in the Pancaratra and one in which the subject has been dealt with with great clarity and fullness of detail. Being a 'critical edition,' the text has been prepared with the help of several Mss. recensions and two printed texts, collated for the purpose. Important variants in readings have been given in the footnotes. Critical exposition of the subject and illustrative notes are also provided in them. Very great value attaches to the plethora of collateral references to numerous other Samhitas of the Pancaratra such as the Hayasirsa, Kapinjala, Sriprasna and the works of Vaikhanasa school, not to speak of standard works on Silpasastra like the *Manasara* and modern studies, monographs and treatises on temple-architecture and Rituals written and published in English and Tamil.

Dr. Smith has rightly pointed out that the treatment of this subject in the works of the Pancaratra school is often inadequate, truncated and faulty as compared with that in works on Silpasastra proper. But then the importance of the present group of texts lies in being more helpful in giving us an insight into the *meaning* and *symbolism* connected with the Hindu temple as such and its architectural paraphernalia and the significance of the elaborate rituals conducted therein. It is for this reason that he has based his study on the works of the Pancaratra-canon and in particular on the relevant chapters in the *Padma Samhita* whose exposition of the architectural and iconographic data is the best of its kind.

The text is provided by the Editor with topical headings which help to indicate the scope of the chapters and main contents at different stages, at a glance. It would, however, be difficult for a layman to understand the technicalities of the subject as presented in the text without the aid of a free or faithful translation. A glossary of technical terms naturally so numerous here, would be of decided advantage to the reader. It is interesting to note that the Editor has taken the liberty of correcting certain misconceptions of tradition in the original texts themselves.

To the various explanations he has cited on pp. 59-60 of the "sex of stones" may be added one more from the *Tantrasara* of Sri Madhvacarya.

*Svare sthulatvabhedena pumstryadya jatitas silah*

(*Op. cit. iii*, 50).

which is authenticated by a text of the *Vaikhanasagama* also as pointed out on p. 252, f.n.1. of my *History of Dvaita School of Vedanta*, (Vol. I). The words 'plough' and 'ploughing' have been misspelt in un-English fashion, on pages 32 and 33.

Dr. Smith's work is a solid piece of research work and a notable example of Western scholarship and research in the field. It will be read with abiding interest by all those interested on the subject of Hindu temples.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

## SANSKRIT-ENGLISH

*SRIMAD BHAGAVATAM*: Original Sanskrit text, English translation and elaborate purport. By A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami. Published by the League of Devotees, Vrindaban, U. P. pp. 364. Price: Rs. 16.

THE volume under review is the first instalment of the mighty project to pre-

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ent the entire *Bhagavata Purana* verse by verse) in sixty parts. The present volume covers the first seven chapters of the first *skanda*. The translation is easy and flowing. We have first the verse in *Devanagari* script, its transliteration in Roman script and then word for word meaning. In the end we have the purport *(tatparya)*. This elaborate method is very helpful to the ardent student of the *Bhagavata* who lacks Sanskrit knowledge. It is admitted on all hands that the *Bhagavata* is the most difficult text among the *puranas*. The author richly deserves the gratitude of the devotees for his pious and learned labour of love. The introduction of 48 pages is a moving account of Chaitanya Mahaprabhu, the great *Bhagavata*, the storehouse of God-Love. *Bhakti* and *Vairagya* are the two sides of the *Bhagavata sadhana*. The more we love God, the easier it becomes for us to be detached to the trifles in life. *Anuraga* in the Lord secures *virakti*. The great efficacy of the *Bhagavata*, the circumstances under which the *purana* was given to King Parikshit by Suka and the account of Narada etc., are all covered in the volume. The four long pages of errata could have been avoided if the proof could have been looked into more carefully. The purport under each verse is very helpful.

*—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

## GUJARATI

*AITIHASIK LEKH-SAMGRAHA*. By Pandit Lalchand Bhagvandas Gandhi. Published by Prachya Vidya Mandir, Maharaja Sayajirao University, Baroda. First edition, 1963; pp. 27+ 676; Price: Rs. 14.

THE book under notice which appears as the 35th number of the well-known and valuable Sri Sayaji Sahityamala holds out a Jaina background of the history of India in general and that of Gujarat in particular. It contains sixteen articles bearing on historical, literary and linguistic researches based on Jaina sources. They were originally contributed to periodicals, Journals and commemoration volumes on different occasions and they are reproduced here in a book form with a reshuffle of a theory here and a theory there in the light of added and revised knowledge and experience of its learned, painstaking, but somewhat orthodox writer, Pandit Lalchand Bhagvandas Gandhi. Four exhaustive Appendixes provide much facility in getting information on a desired point at a glance.

Panditji, who occupied the chair of Jaina studies in the Oriental Research Institute of Baroda, is a versatile scholar of Jainism, especially Jaina history. As such he is looked upon as almost an authority next only to the profound savant Acharya Jinavijayji Muni, so far as the medical history of Gujarat is concerned. His articles on Siddharaja, Samarasimha and Sajjana at once reveal even to a casual reader the vast fund of information which the Panditji has got at his command. The reader needs only refer to Panditji's articles No. 6, 12 and 13 of the book to have an idea of his originality and honest interpretation. He has tried very convincingly to unfound the hitherto established facts, one of them being the date of Udyotana on the strength of material in the manuscripts inaccessible till then to many.

*—Dr. A. S. Gopani*

## TELUGU

*MANI MAKUTAMU* (Part I). Edited by Sri Pubha. pp. 231. Published by Sobha Prachuranalu, Vijayanagaram-2. Price: Rs. 5.

THIS is an anthology containing select poems of poets belonging to the period 1860-1909. Towards the last quarter of the 19th century, there was a general awakening of political and social consciousness throughout the length and breadth of India and no poet worth the name could remain uninfluenced by this great change. Later with the spread of English education, there was a widening of horizon in the realm of ideas and this led to a renaissance in the field of letters in al-

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most all the languages of India. And Telugu was no exception. The younger generation of poets who had become conversant with the works of the Romantic poets of England rather started a revolt against the conventional poetry and this saw the birth of 'Khanda Kavya' in Telugu which is a characteristic of Modern Telugu Poetry.

Anthologies are very few in Telugu and it is more so with regard to modern poetry. The present book will therefore be a welcome addition to the very few we have had already. But this collection suffers mainly from two drawbacks. Firstly, the poems included herein do not fully represent the thought and art of the poets in many cases. Secondly, the selection does not have any object in view, and the result is that we can neither appreciate the poet's art fully nor follow the different trends in modern poetry.

*—Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

## KANNADA

*ASHTAANGA HRIDAYA of VAAGBHATA—Part III. (Kalpa and Uttara Sthaanas).* Translation with Text printed in Devanagari, copious and explanatory notes in Kannada. By Vaidyaguru Ananthacharya Adya, Editor, *Dhanvantari*, Bijapur. Published by the Academy of General Education, Manipal, S. India. pp. 521. Price: Rs. 10.

WITH this part III of Vaagbhata's work Ashtaangahridaya, Adya Ananthacharya, the veteran Vaidya who has now stepped into his 77th year doing yeoman service in the cause of Ayurveda for nearly half a century, has placed the entire work of the ancient medical savant before the world of scholars. Divided into 8 *tantras* and spread out in 40 chapters, the author's work is really encyclopaedic and the translator's task has been splendidly accomplished. Diseases of the face, children's ailments (paediatrics), poison or toxicology along with their treatment are some of the topics discussed.

Surgery was known and practised in ancient India. This is abundantly proved by the learned Vaidya who has provided illustrations of 34 'Shastras' and 51 'Yantras.' As many as 125 surgical instruments are mentioned by Sushuta who mainly dealt with surgery. Indian materia medica is considered to be the most comprehensive in the world and still constitutes in the modern and scientifically developed form as the mainstay of Allopathic and other systems of medicine. Thus the anxiety of the introduction to prove that the author should have been a votary of the Vedic Sanatana Dharma alone is rather overzealously done, but it must be admitted that he has accomplished a Herculean task and deserves sympathetic encouragement.

*—Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

## PERIODICAL

*ASTROLOGY AND ATHRISHTA.* Edited and published by Jyothisha Praveena K. S. Krishnamurti, 13, Brahmin Street, Saidapet, Madras-15; April, 1963; Vol. No. I. pp. 124. Price: Re. 1|-

WE welcome the above-mentione magazine as one more valuable addi tion to the already existing number astrological magazines.

Its editor-publisher is, in the wo of Sri P. S. Raman who has written article for the magazine introduci him, an erudite scholar of deep under standing and keen insight.

The magazine, as is clear from the Foreword, is brought out with a view to educating those who cannot attend the course either in Madras or Delhi.

There are six articles and at the end there are monthly predictions both in English and Tamil.

We recommend the magazine to those who are interested.

*—Dr. A. S. Gopa i*

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bha at Associated Advs. & Ptrs., Bombay-34. Mg. Ed.: J. H. Dave; Associate Ed.: V. A. K. A

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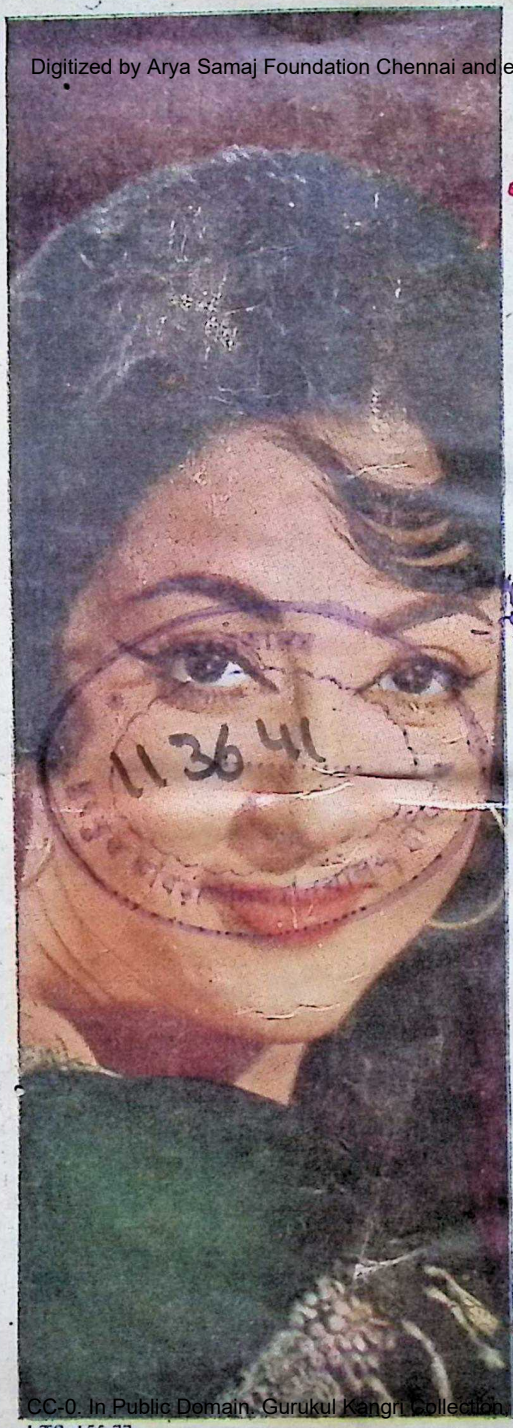

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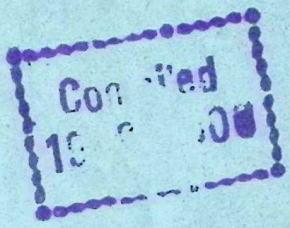

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